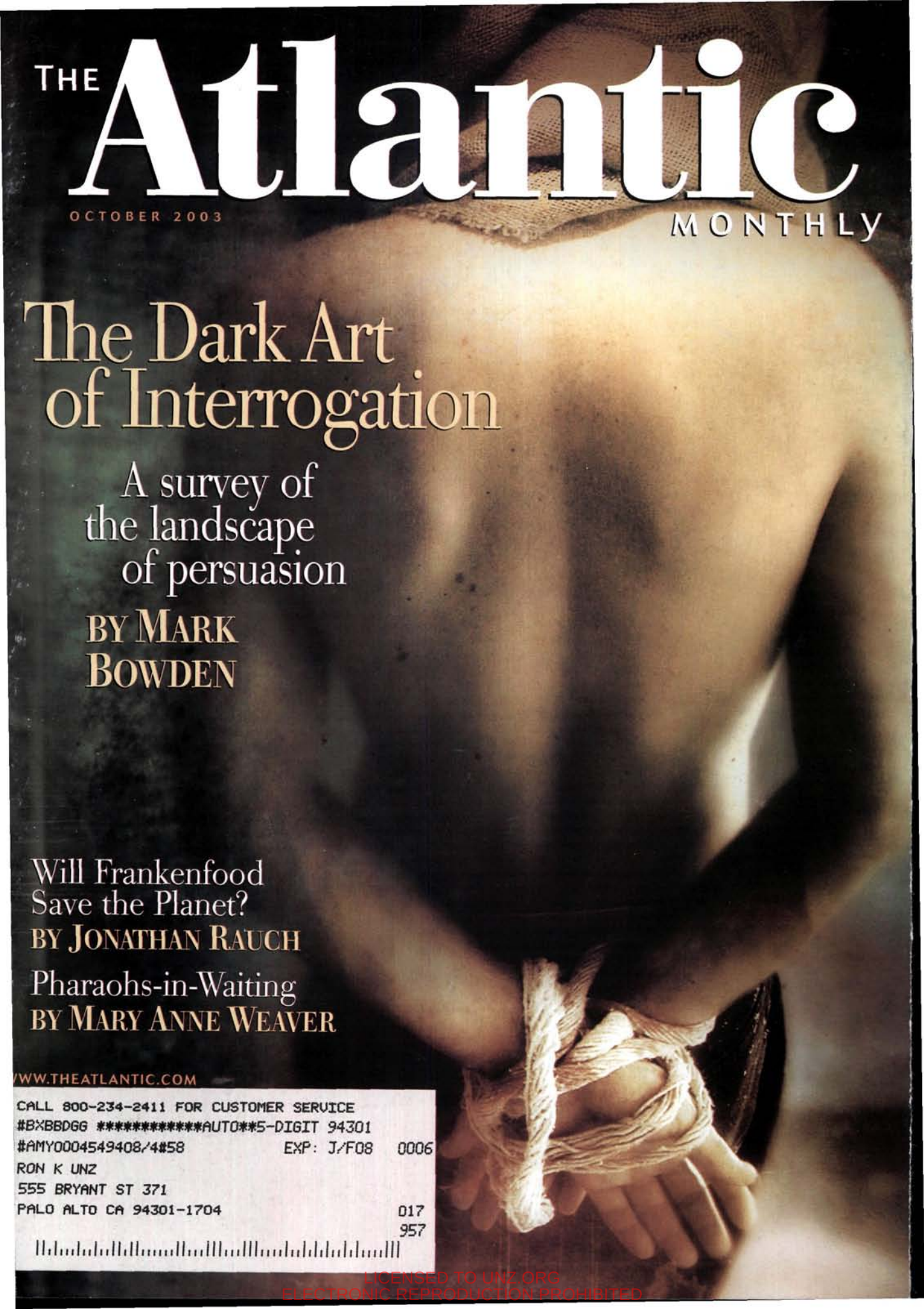


THE Atlantic MONTHLY

OCTOBER 2003

The Dark Art of Interrogation

A survey of the landscape of persuasion

BY MARK BOWDEN

Will Frankenfood Save the Planet?

BY JONATHAN RAUCH

Pharaohs-in-Waiting

BY MARY ANNE WEAVER

WWW.THEATLANTIC.COM

CALL 800-234-2411 FOR CUSTOMER SERVICE
#BXBBDGG **********AUTO**5-DIGIT 94301
#AMY0004549408/4#58 EXP: J/F08 0006
RON K UNZ
555 BRYANT ST 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704 017
957

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUILT TO WITHSTAND THAT HARSHEST OF ALL ENVIRONMENTS: THE SPIN CYCLE.

The Washable Seattle Suede™ Collection

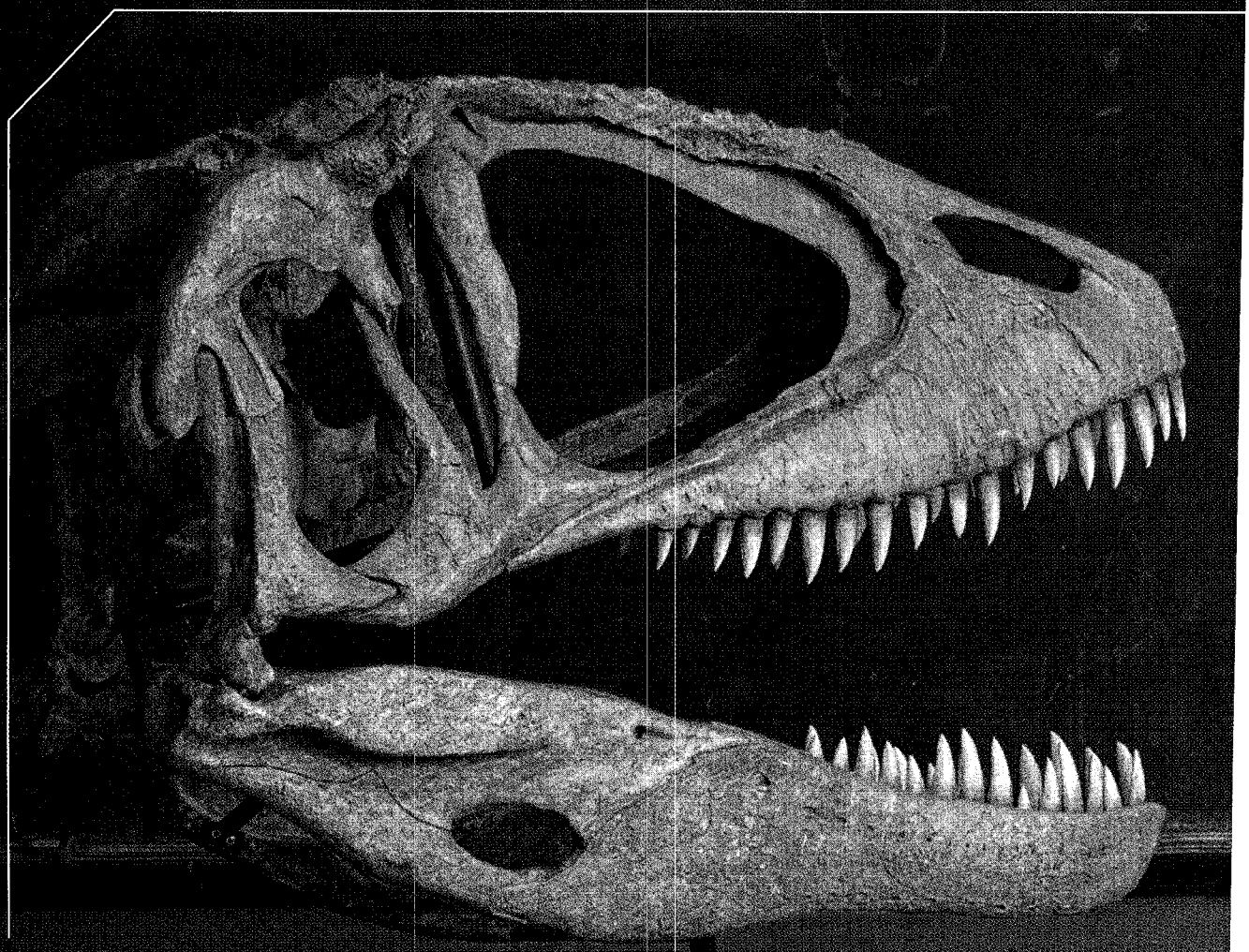
Eddie Bauer specialized in keeping people comfortable outdoors. But you can't be comfortable if you're afraid of getting dirty. Enter Seattle Suede:™ functional, durable, comfortable and extremely low maintenance. All the comfort and style of genuine suede leather minus the hassle of dry cleaning.

Eddie Bauer®

RUGGED OUTDOOR AMERICAN STYLE
EST. 1920

Visit an Eddie Bauer store | For a free catalog, 1 800 426 8020 | eddiebauer.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Paleontologist Paul Sereno has encountered some of the weirdest creatures that ever walked the earth. Yet some of the scariest things he's discovered aren't likely to become extinct anytime soon. Sad to say, investment fees and expenses will probably outlast us all. That's why Dr. Sereno **was afraid of getting eaten alive.** So he turned to a company famous for keeping costs down. That meant more money for him and less for the monsters.

Log on for ideas, advice, and results. TIAA-CREF.org or call 800.842.1924

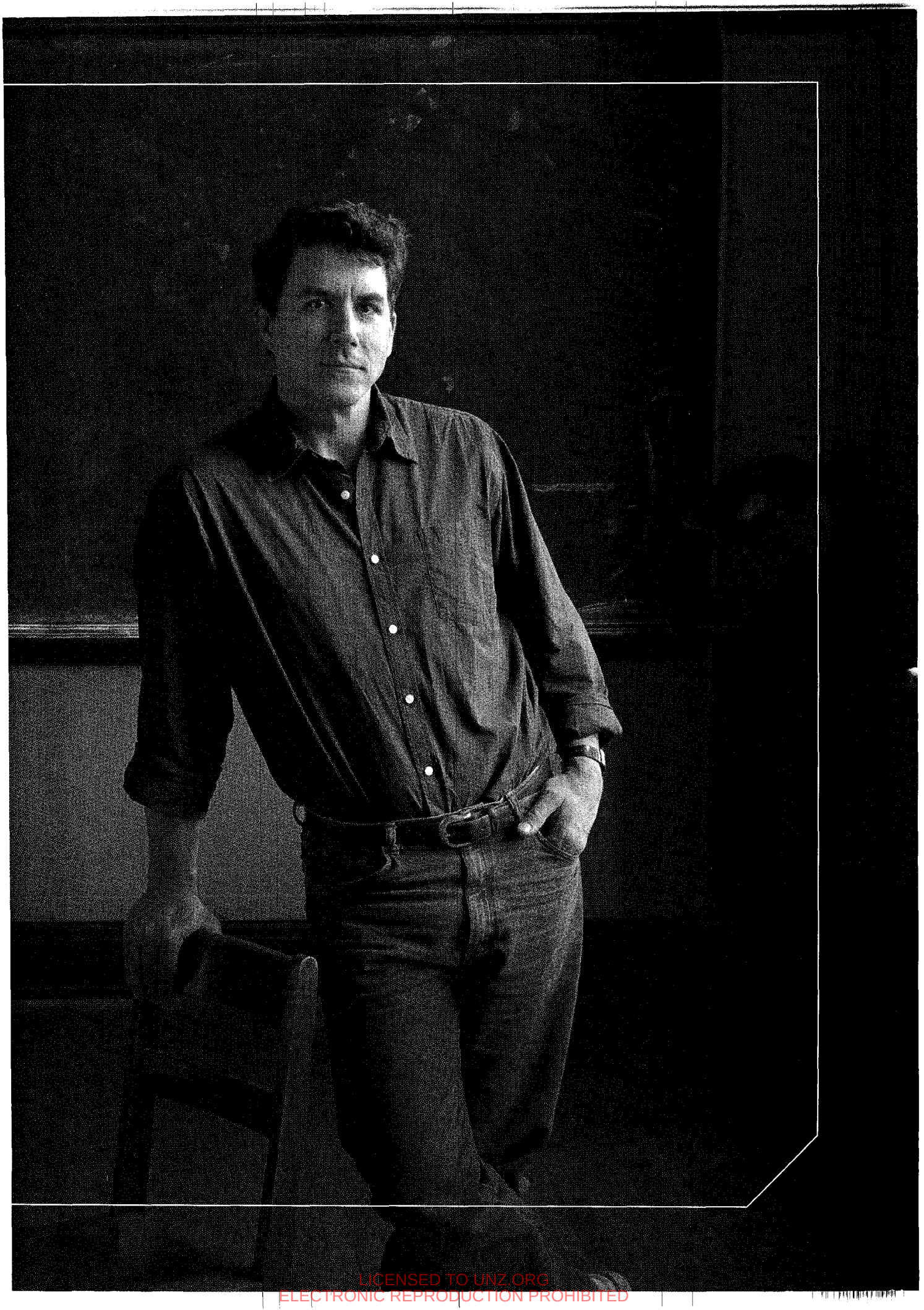
TIAA CREF

Managing money for people with other things to think about.[SM]

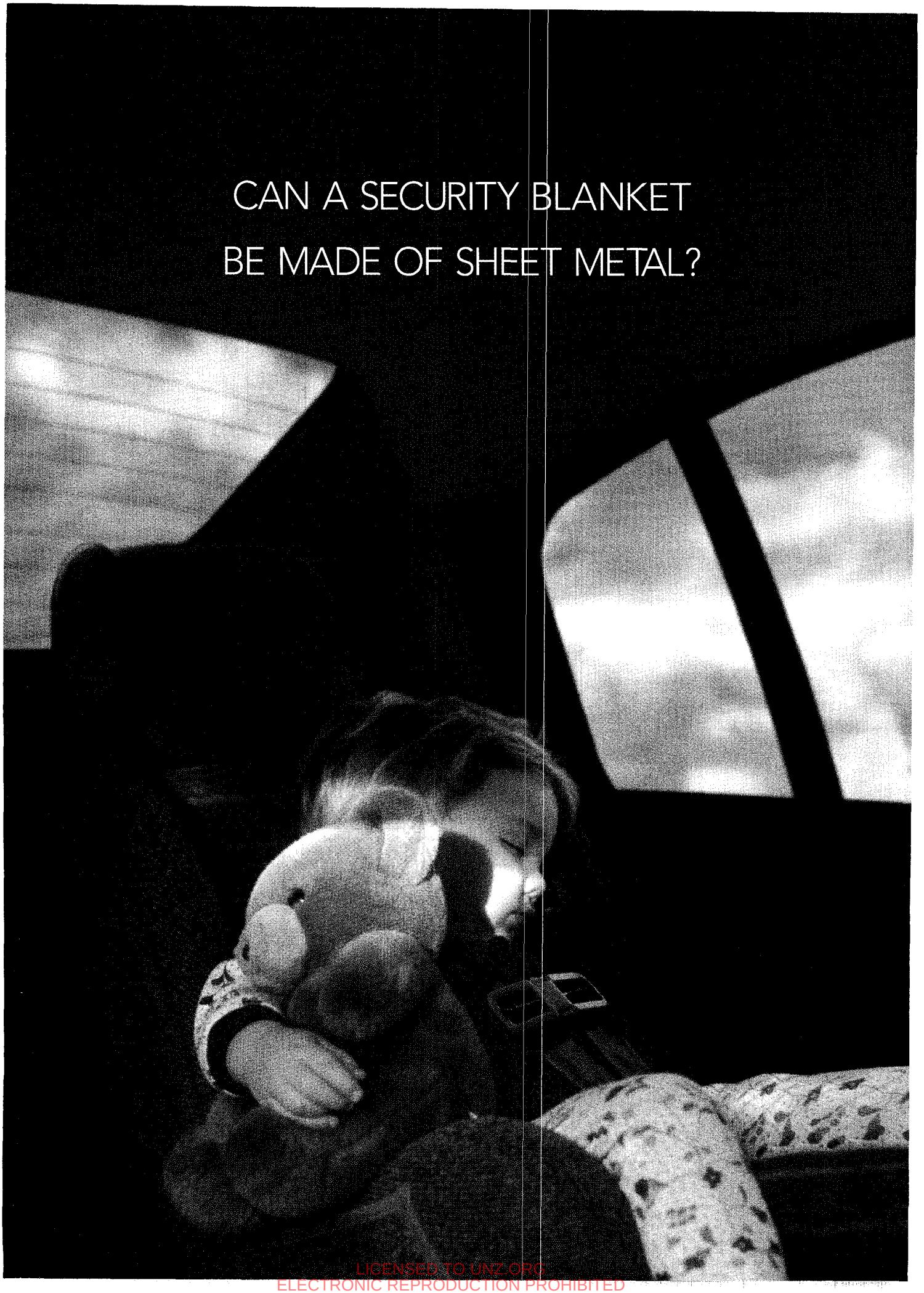
RETIREMENT | INSURANCE | MUTUAL FUNDS | COLLEGE SAVINGS | TRUSTS | INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT

Paul Sereno became a participant in 1987. TIAA-CREF Individual and Institutional Services, Inc., and Teachers Personal Investors Services, Inc., distribute securities products. © 2003 Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association–College Retirement Equities Fund (TIAA-CREF), New York, NY. A charitable donation was made to Project Exploration (www.projectexploration.org) on behalf of Paul Sereno.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR FAMILY'S SAFETY IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT CONCERN. WHICH IS WHY IT'S SO IMPORTANT TO US.

We designed the first car seat to help protect children. And we invented the modern-day front crash test dummy. We were the first to make air bags available to the masses. And we introduced drivers to infrared Night Vision. Over the years, our dedication to safety has helped save countless lives.

Today, we continue to set the standard with OnStar,® one of the most important safety innovations ever. This GM-pioneered system helps keep drivers in contact with a live Advisor 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.* Wherever you are, OnStar is there. It's the peace of mind over two million GM drivers have come to trust. Which is why we offer it on over 40 different GM cars and trucks.

Our safety measures don't stop there. Later this year, we're introducing the first ever Advanced Automatic Crash Notification system. This groundbreaking technology reports vital crash data to the OnStar Center, such as the severity and direction of impact, helping emergency response teams prepare before they even arrive.

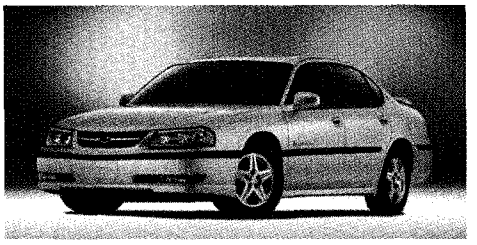
And this is just the beginning. Because at GM, we're dedicated to building safe cars and trucks. And making sure you feel protected every time you get behind the wheel.

NIGHT VISION. ALLOW US TO SHED SOME LIGHT.

A lot of companies are using cameras these days. But only GM is using one like this: a high-powered, ferroelectric heat-sensing camera – aka, Night Vision. Offered exclusively in the Cadillac DeVille, this first-of-its-kind feature harvests thermal-imaging technology from the military to help drivers see beyond the range of low beam headlamps. By projecting infrared images onto the windshield, Night Vision can give drivers some extra time to react.

OnStar is on the scene fast.

When a crash occurs, a quick medical response can mean the difference between life and death. The OnStar Air Bag Notification System* can help first-aid get to the scene faster. If a vehicle's front air bag deploys, an emergency signal is sent automatically to the OnStar Center. An Advisor will attempt to communicate with the vehicle's occupants. If there is no response, or if the car's occupants report an emergency, the Advisor will contact the nearest appropriate emergency services provider. OnStar™



The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) gave Chevy Impala five stars for frontal crash safety, the highest government rating.**

Beneath the inviting exterior of the Saturn Ion is a mighty steel spaceframe. This reinforced safety structure helps preserve occupant space in a crash.

GM Versatrak™ is a move in the right direction. Available on the Buick Rendezvous, it adds torque to the rear wheels when conditions get slippery.

The latest news, reviews and a glimpse of the road ahead. See it all at www.gm.com/story.

GM

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK CADILLAC GMC SATURN HUMMER SAAB

*OnStar services require vehicle electrical system and analog wireless service to be available and operating for features to function properly. Visit www.onstar.com for system information and details. **Testing conducted by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) as part of its New Car Assessment Program (NCAP).

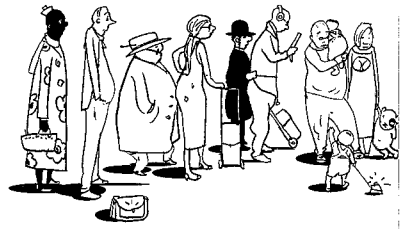
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dear Ketel One Drinker
This is an advertisement for the aforementioned product.
Sorry.

Ketel One Vodka distilled from wheat. ©2003 Imported by Nolet Spirits U.S.A., Aliso Viejo, CA. All rights reserved. 40% ALC/VOL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Atlantic
VOLUME 292 NO. 3 / OCTOBER 2003



14 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE AGENDA

33 **HOW TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT**
A primer for the Democratic candidates from Congress, who face daunting historical odds *by David Brooks*

38 BRIEF LIVES **FORCE MULTIPLIER**
Wesley Clark is not Haig and not Eisenhower. And some Democrats are hoping he won't be Cuomo *by Joshua Green*

44 POST MORTEM **THE MAN WHO INVENTED ELVIS**
Sam Phillips (1923–2003) *by Mark Steyn*

46 CARTOON **PROPOSED DESIGNS FOR THE NEW IRAQI DINAR**
by Barry Blitt

47 THE NATION IN NUMBERS **SHACKING UP**
The U.S. Census Bureau acknowledges cohabitation
by Jen Joynt and Carrie Shuchart

48 **PRIMARY SOURCES**
Yet another way the rich are different; the gay-lesbian workplace divide; popular support for Russia's undemocratic President; TV violence, girls, and "indirect aggression"

51 **THE DARK ART OF INTERROGATION**
The most effective way to gather intelligence and thwart terrorism—the interrogation of captured suspects—can also be a direct route into morally repugnant terrain. What is America up to? A survey of the landscape of persuasion *by Mark Bowden*

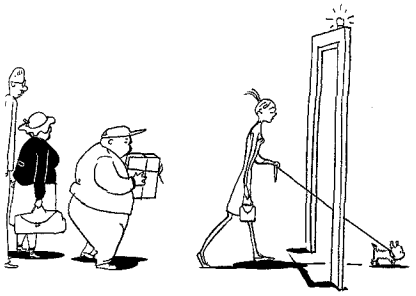
79 **PHARAOHS-IN-WAITING**
Who will succeed Egypt's Hosni Mubarak as the ruler of the world's most populous and important Arab country? The contenders include Mubarak's son and his spymaster
by Mary Anne Weaver

94 **OLIVER'S TRAVELS**
In the days when he would make himself a nightcap and sit down to watch TV with his keepers, a chimpanzee named Oliver was hailed as the missing link. The author tracks down a retired world celebrity *by James Shreeve*

103 **WILL FRANKENFOOD SAVE THE PLANET?**
Over the next half century genetic engineering could feed humanity and solve a raft of environmental ills—if only environmentalists would let it *by Jonathan Rauch*

Cover art by Kamil Vojnar
Heading drawings throughout by Istvan Banyai

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



77 PARK *A drawing by Guy Billout*

90 PRIVATE GRIEF *A poem by Dick Allen*

92 LITERARY LIVES William Butler Yeats *A drawing by Edward Sorel*

102 THE SITUATION *A poem by John Skoyles*

109 THE LESSON *A poem by Philip Levine*

BOOKS & CRITICS

111 NEW & NOTEWORTHY What to read this month
reviewed by Benjamin Schwarz

115 MATERIAL GIRL Virginia Postrel defends our right to follow aesthetic bliss to the mall *reviewed by Tom Carson*

119 NOTES FROM A NATIVE DAUGHTER Joan Didion has delivered a slim volume about California that confirms her "apparently irreversible decline" *reviewed by Benjamin Schwarz*

122 NANNYHOOD AND APPLE PIE A popular sociologist wonders whether the hired help is better at parenting than are parents
reviewed by Sandra Tsing Loh

124 DIVINE COMEDY Jamesland, by Michelle Huneven
reviewed by Elizabeth Judd

124 ALPINE DAISY MILLER L'Affaire, by Diane Johnson
reviewed by Thomas Mallon

126 THAT BLESSED PLOT, THAT ENIGMATIC ISLE Peter Ackroyd's latest book is an exploration of "Englishness"
reviewed by Christopher Hitchens

133 STICKING TOGETHER Urban Tribes: A Generation Redefines Friendship, Family, and Commitment, by Ethan Watters
reviewed by Caitlin Flanagan

PURSUITS & RETREATS

135 INNOCENT BYSTANDER **FEUDAL GESTURES**
Why the Middle Ages are something we can still look forward to *by Cullen Murphy*

138 TRAVELS **INSIDE JOB**
Animal bones have been found under the high altar of St. Peter's. Was the saint himself ever there? *by Tom Mueller*

143 FOOD **BIG ORGANIC, SMALL ORGANIC**
Finding the most flavorful yogurt *by Corby Kummer*

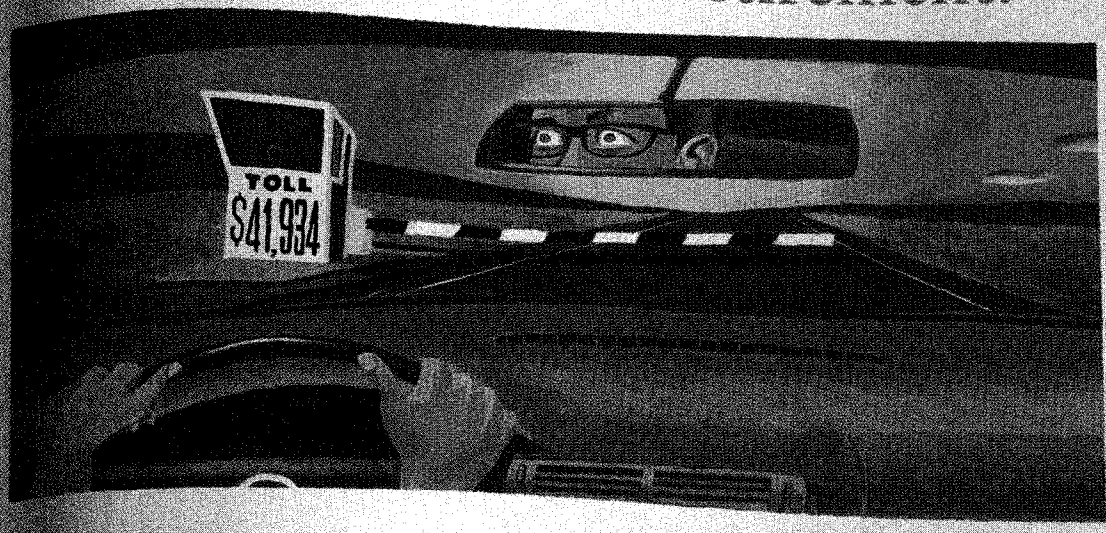
147 FICTION **GHOST-BIRDS** *A short story by Nicolas Pizzolatto*

159 THE PUZZLER *by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon*

160 WORD FUGITIVES *by Barbara Wallraff*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's surprising what most investors don't know
about the road to retirement.



When most investors start out on the road to retirement, the only thing they can see is where they want to end up. Yet, what they should really be watching is how much they're being charged to make the trip. Because when it comes to fees and expenses, the little things can really add up.

For example, take a hypothetical fund with an expense ratio of 1.3 percent versus one with an expense ratio of just 0.3 percent. Applied to a rollover investment of $100,000, returning 8% and compounded over 15 years, the difference adds up to $41,934. That's a hefty toll to pay when the goal is to retire.

If you'd like to save more and simplify the journey from start to finish, call us at 1-800-523-1883, or visit us at Vanguard.com®.
We can help.

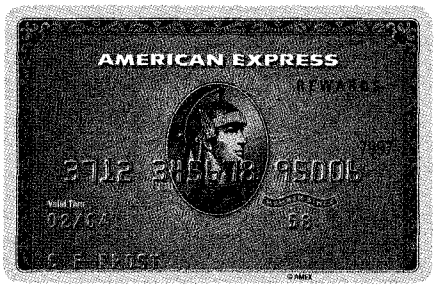
1-800-523-1883
www.vanguard.com

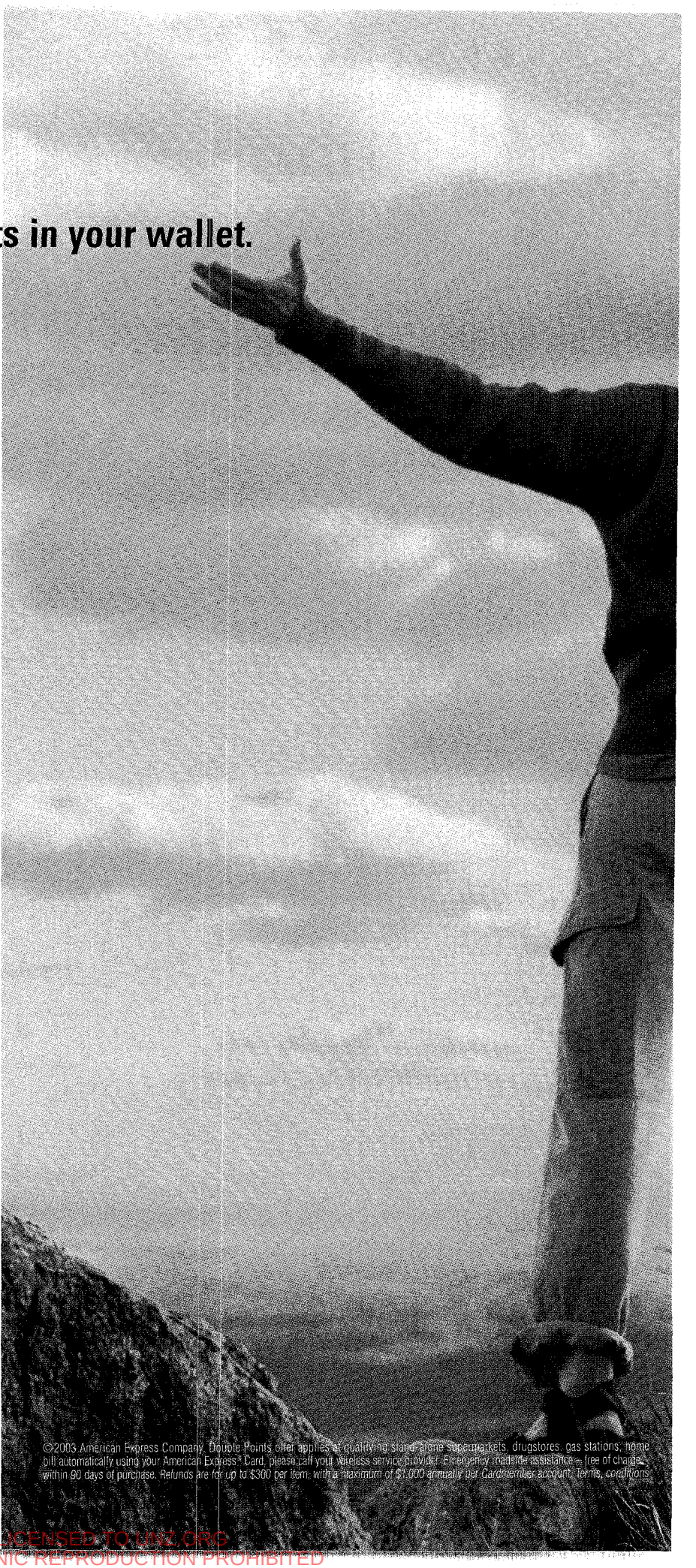
THE Vanguard GROUP®
Invest in our way of investing®

For more complete information about Vanguard® funds, including risks, charges, and expenses, call for a prospectus. Read it carefully before investing. © 2003 The Vanguard Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Vanguard Marketing Corporation, Distributor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

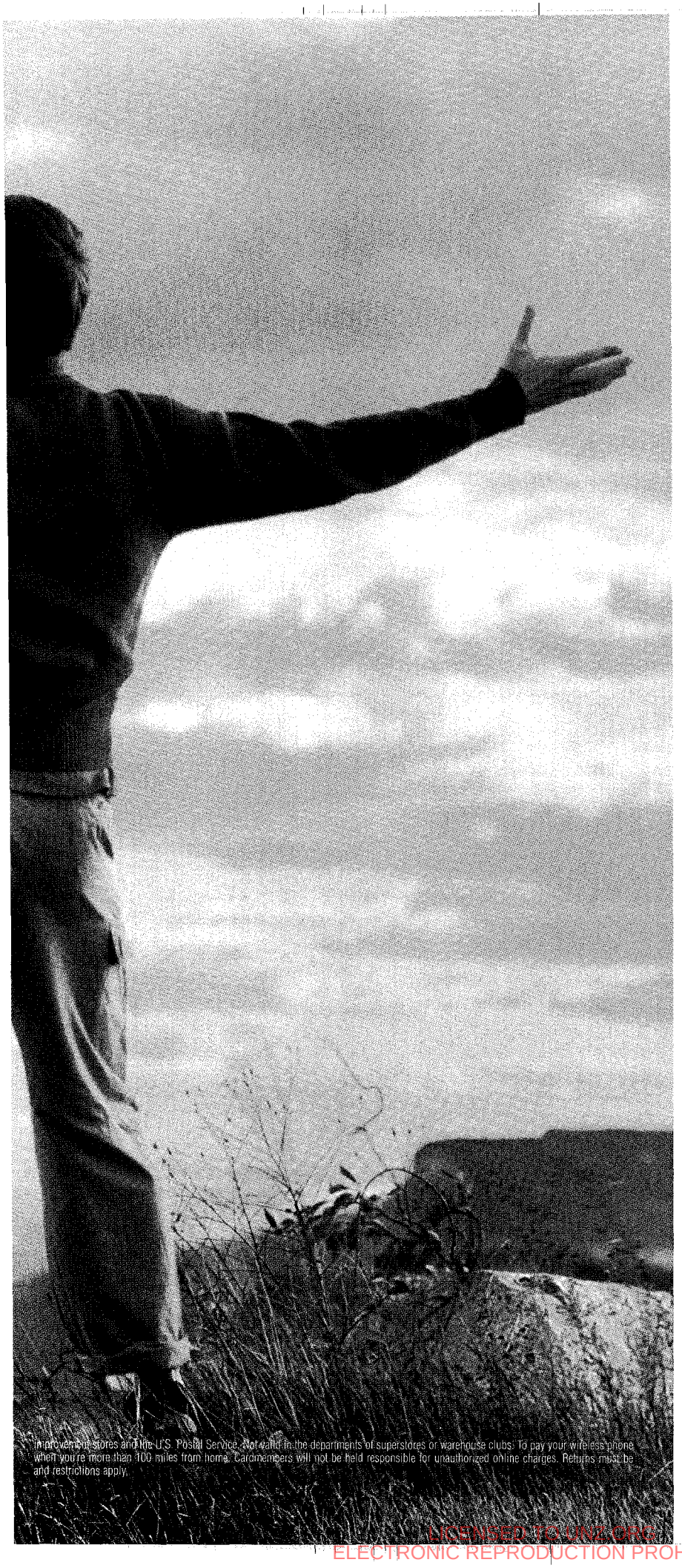
Amazingly, it still fits in your wallet.





©2003 American Express Company. Double Points offer applies at qualifying stand-alone supermarkets, drugstores, gas stations, home bill automatically using your American Express® Card, please call your wireless service provider. Emergency roadside assistance – free of charge – within 90 days of purchase. Refunds are for up to $300 per item, with a maximum of $1,000 annually per Cardmember account. Terms, conditions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



improvement stores and the U.S. Postal Service. Not valid in the departments of superstores or warehouse clubs. To pay your wireless phone when you're more than 100 miles from home. Cardmembers will not be held responsible for unauthorized online charges. Returns must be and restrictions apply.

REWARDS BUILT-IN

Unlike many cards, the American Express® Rewards Card isn't about limits. It's about remarkable flexibility, unprecedented rewards and exclusive services.

GONDOLA RIDE ANYONE?
You can redeem points for travel with a multitude of airlines, hotels, cruises and vacation packages.

YOU'RE SEEING DOUBLE.
With this Card, points can turn into rewards faster than ever. You can earn double points on the things you buy the most like groceries, gas and more. Every day.

MORE THAN REWARDS.
Your Card also comes with exclusive services like emergency roadside assistance so you don't have to worry about being stranded on the side of the road in the middle of the night. Plus there's online fraud protection so you have peace of mind every time you use your Card over the Internet. There's also Return Protection, a Year End Summary and much more. There's never been a better time to be a Cardmember.

To find out more, log on to americanexpress.com/green or call 1-800-THE-CARD.

MAKE LIFE REWARDING.℠

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Each month THE ATLANTIC ONLINE *offers selections from the print edition—with related articles from* The Atlantic*'s archive and links to other Web sites—alongside Web-only columns by* Atlantic *editors; interviews with the authors of new books; multimedia poetry features; and more.*

This month on the Web . . .

Interview: Mark Bowden Bowden discusses this month's cover story, "The Dark Art of Interrogation."

Poetry Pages: An Audible Anthology Billy Collins, Peter Davison, Erica Funkhouser, Maxine Kumin, Robert Pinsky, Stanley Plumly, and more than a hundred other poets read aloud their poems from *The Atlantic.*

Interview: Diane Johnson Johnson talks about her new novel, *L'Affaire,* reviewed in this issue by Thomas Mallon.

. . . and much more

Come see why PC Magazine *named* THE ATLANTIC ONLINE *to its list of the top 100 Web sites of 2002.*

THE Atlantic online

WWW.THEATLANTIC.COM

THE Atlantic

Managing Editor
CULLEN MURPHY

Deputy Managing Editors
MARTHA SPAULDING, TOBY LESTER

Literary Editor
BENJAMIN SCHWARZ

Senior Editors
JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS (fiction), JOSHUA GREEN, CORBY KUMMER, AMY MEEKER, SUE PARILLA, YVONNE ROLZHAUSEN, SCOTT STOSSEL, ROBERT VARE, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Art Director
MARY PARSONS

National Correspondents
MARK BOWDEN, JAMES FALLOWS, WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE

Staff Editors
DAVID BARBER, LESLIE CAULDWELL, SARAH COHEN, JOSHUA FRIEDMAN, BENJAMIN HEALY, JULIA LIVSHIN, LINDA LOWENTHAL, HILARY MCCLELLEN, BESSMARIE MOLL, LUCIE PRINZ, ELIZABETH SHELBURNE, JON ZOBENICA

Poetry Editor
PETER DAVISON

Art Staff
LEE CAULFIELD, Associate Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Coordinator

The Atlantic Online
ERIC WESTBY, Director of Design & Technology
KATIE BACON, Executive Editor
SAGE STOSSEL, Senior Editor
KEN BERARD, Marketing

Editorial Research
DON PECK, JEN JOYNT, BRUCE FALCONER, MARSHALL POE, ROSS DOUTHAT, TERRENCE HENRY, NATHAN LITTLEFIELD

Editorial Administration
MICHAEL KUBIT, ROBERT MOELLER, MURIEL MONTEIRO

Information Technology
DAVID STRECKER

Correspondents
DAVID BROOKS, STEPHEN BUDIANSKY, REUEL MARC GERECHT, ROBERT D. KAPLAN, CHARLES C. MANN, P. J. O'ROURKE, JONATHAN RAUCH, ERIC SCHLOSSER, ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL, JEFFREY TAYLER

Contributing Editors
ROY BLOUNT JR., FRANCIS DAVIS, GREGG EASTERBROOK, CAITLIN FLANAGAN, SEYMOUR M. HERSH, CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, WENDY KAMINER, TRACY KIDDER, JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON, THOMAS MALLON, JACK MILES, CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, THOMAS POWERS, WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

Editor Emeritus
WILLIAM WHITWORTH

. . . . . .

Chairman
DAVID G. BRADLEY

President and Group Publisher
JOHN FOX SULLIVAN

Publisher
ELIZABETH BAKER KEFFER

Chief Operating Officer
JOHN GALLOWAY

MATTHEW BARBA, Associate Publisher
DEBORAH CUNNINGHAM, Executive Director, Marketing
ALISSA LASH, Director, Strategy and Operations

Advertising
New York: (646) 935-3900
MEREDITH KOPIT, Director
Washington: (202) 266-6000
EMILY AKHTARZANDI, Director
SUSAN BREISSINGER, MICHAEL RANCILIO, CARLEY GRAHAM, Managers
MARGARET WRONA, LAUREN WALL, Associates
Los Angeles: (310) 826-9910
BRIAN PATELLA, Director
DESIREE GILL, Associate
Direct Response: (800) 280-2069
MARIE ISABELLE, Manager
DARYL EATON, Associate

Marketing & Creative Services
JOAN ZACHARIAS, Director, Research
MICAH M. GREENBERG, Associate Director
LINDSAY JURIST-ROSNER, Manager
KATE SEWARD, Director, Events
AMANDA WHIPKEY, CAROLINE KIRK, Events Managers
JASON TREAT, Art Director, Creative Services
JENNIFER R. YURINA, Production Director, Creative Services
ADRIAN O. CONSTANTYN, Design Specialist

Media Relations
JULIA ROTHWAX, Director
(646) 695-8531, jrothwax@theatlantic.com

Circulation & Reader Services
PAUL UNGLAUB, Director
MEAGHAN WALKER, Coordinator
Circulation Specialists, Inc.

Production & Special Projects
JOHN KEFFERSTAN, Director
JODI FISHER, Production Services and Pre-press Manager
AMY SWAN, Special Projects Art Director
LARISSA GLASSER, Production Coordinator

Finance
DEBRA CARRIERE, Director of Finance
SOPHIE LECAM-CAMILIEN, Accounting Manager
PATRICIA HALL, ANDREW WALL

Human Resources
MARA DELL, Director
KRISTEN DAY, LISA LONG, KIM MARKUS, HEIDI MOTZ

. . . . . .

Advertising Offices
The Atlantic Monthly
600 New Hampshire Avenue NW
Washington, D.C. 20037 (202) 266-6000

Editorial Offices & Correspondence
The Atlantic Monthly considers unsolicited manuscripts, fiction or nonfiction, and mail for the Letters column. Correspondence should be sent to *The Atlantic Monthly* 77 North Washington Street, Boston, MA 02114, or Letters@theatlantic.com
(617) 854-7700

Manuscripts will not be returned, nor will queries be answered or letters acknowledged, unless they are accompanied by a postage-paid postcard or return envelope of sufficient size. Please do not send manuscripts by e-mail.

Customer Service & Reprints
Please direct all subscription queries and orders to Atlantic Customer Care, Box 37585
Boone, IA 50037-0585 or call (800) 234-2411
For expedited service please call between 3:30 and 11:30 P.M. ET, Tuesday through Friday.

Reprint requests (100+) should be made to Reprint Management Services (717) 399-1900

A discount rate and free support materials are available to teachers who use *The Atlantic* in the classroom. Please call (877) 299-8577 or visit www.theatlantic.com/teach/

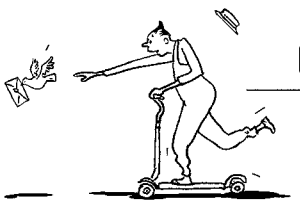
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In tomorrow's global food economy, every crop will grow where it grows best.
And ADM can link farmers to almost any market in the world.
It's a natural way to improve agricultural efficiency, make food more affordable, and feed a hungry world.
Nature has answers. Is anyone listening?
Yes.

ADM

THE NATURE OF WHAT'S TO COME™

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Letters to the Editor

Supremacy by Stealth

Our country owes *The Atlantic* a great debt of thanks for publishing Robert Kaplan's "Supremacy by Stealth" in the July/August issue. I found his analysis especially valuable on the basis of my experience as a political scientist who has written on world politics, communicated with high-level administrators, and served for two years as a U.S. cultural attaché to France. To stress just the last basis of this judgment, Kaplan's comments about communication with other societies are exactly on target. The current administration's attitude to France and the French is simply foolish. One would never know that a French author—Régis Debray, celebrated as a leftist revolutionary during the unrest of the 1960s—recently proposed that the West respond to Islamist extremism by forming an Atlantic Empire with its capital in Washington, D.C.

Roger D. Masters
Hanover, N.H.

I have long admired the work of Robert Kaplan. However, "Supremacy by Stealth" was not merely unsettling, as intended; it also contained a troublesome nest of improbabilities.

As I understand it, Kaplan suggests that the American version of democracy be conveyed around the globe by an elite, comprehensively trained military cadre of "good character," operating quietly, even clandestinely. For the sake of efficacy this group will mainly relate to senior officers in other nations, and will avoid exposing its activities to public scrutiny or control in this country. Furthermore, a cooperative, or captive, media will spin the principles of democracy to targeted clients, using deliberate distortion when deemed necessary.

The argument that our values can save the world from chaotic populist or rampantly fundamentalist alternatives to present regimes only if presented under cover is disturbing. If our values cannot be presented openly, maybe they are not worthy of transmission.

Stewart Goodwin
Cotuit, Mass.

Robert Kaplan sets forth some interesting prescriptions for managing the "American Empire" in the future. And he has some good suggestions. But, unfortunately, he minimizes the potential contribution of one option: private military firms (PMFs). He cites firms like MPRI as a potential tool for covert or clandestine action. Putting aside the fact that nothing MPRI does is covert (its contracts are approved by the State Department), the reality is that PMFs are now operating on a global scale—not just in Africa, where they first rose to notice in the mid-1990s. As Peter Singer, the author of the recently released *Corporate Warriors*, documented in his Ph.D. thesis,

> In the last decade, PMFs have been active in zones of conflict and transition throughout the entire globe. They have been critical players in a number of conflicts, and in many the determinate actor. They have operated from Albania to Zambia, often with strategic impact on both the process and outcome of conflicts. PMFs have been active on every continent but Antarctica, including in relative backwaters and key strategic zones where the superpowers once vied for influence.

Given U.S. unwillingness to engage internationally on a sustained basis, increased use of PMFs on an overt, not a covert, basis is an option that U.S. policymakers should not ignore.

David Isenberg
Arlington, Va.

I applaud Robert Kaplan's cogent "Supremacy by Stealth," particularly the recurring theme that culturally sensitive and adept civilian and military personnel are indispensable to executing America's overseas interests.

I take serious issue with only one assertion in the article: that the U.S. Information Agency was "gutted by the Clinton Administration under pressure from Senator Jesse Helms." A senior USIA career official before and after the announcement of the agency's merger into the State Department, I observed its demise as a deliberate, ideologically driven choice by the Clinton Administration. Senator Helms's interest was to consolidate foreign-affairs agencies (the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, Agency for International Development, and USIA) by eliminating two of the three. The Administration elected to dissolve the USIA and ACDA while preserving AID's institutional identity.

The Clinton Administration was philosophically more sympathetic to AID's economic-development mission than to the USIA, viewed as a Cold War anachronism without any contemporary relevance. The Clinton foreign-policy perspective rejected any hint of "American exceptionalism" or a special message to project in the cacophonous global bazaar of ideas. The Administration's emphasis was on economic and technical aid, not on values and attitudes. There can be a legitimate, serious debate over this issue, but I am absolutely convinced that the disappearance of the USIA is the responsibility of the Clinton Administration and not Senator Helms.

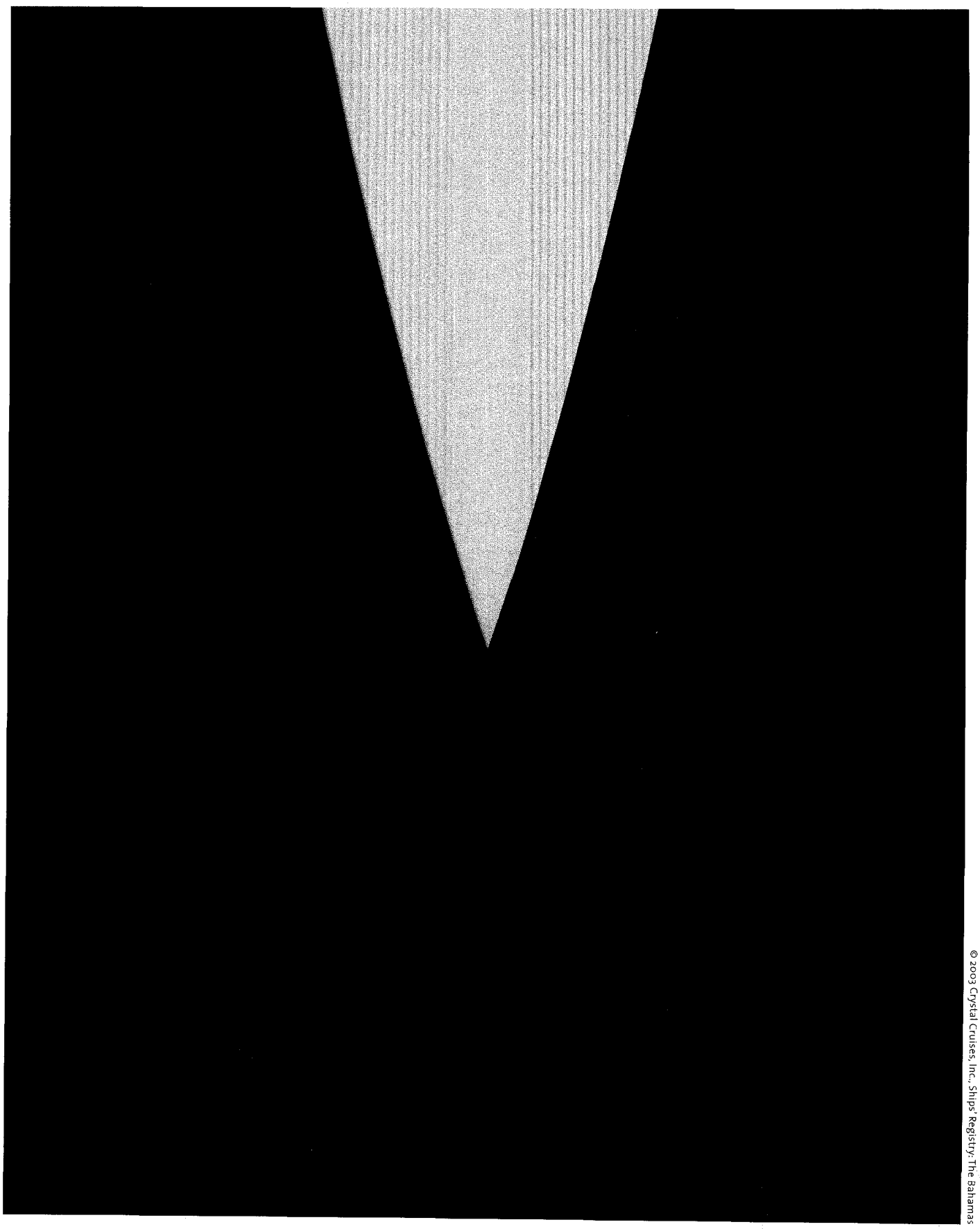
Dell F. Pendergrast
McLean, Va.

As one of the warrior-diplomats out on the front lines here in the Middle East, I was fascinated by Robert Kaplan's article. Kaplan brings up a number of interesting facts and draws some very sound and logical conclusions regarding the use of U.S. military forces in the fu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"WORLD'S BEST LARGE SHIP CRUISE LINE" *Travel + Leisure and Condé Nast Traveler*

1 800 340 1300 www.crystalcruises.com



© 2003 Crystal Cruises, Inc., Ships' Registry: The Bahamas

The world's best butlers await you on board the world's best cruise line.

CRYSTAL CRUISES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture. However, he misses one of the main points of U.S. Army Civil Affairs, which is that more than 95 percent of us are professionals in the civilian world, reservists who get recalled to active duty to help Special Forces and other parts of the military successfully execute operations and minimize civilian interference. In fact, we are used more and more often to assist with "winning the hearts and minds" of the populations we're engaged with. I know this from personal experience: for the past twenty months I have contributed my civilian skills as an investment banker and an M.B.A. professor to Operations Enduring and Iraqi Freedom in thirteen Middle Eastern and Central Asian countries and ten U.S. states.

Edmund L. Luzine Jr.
Major, U.S. Army Civil Affairs
Baghdad, Iraq

President
Adirondack Capital Management, Inc.
Albany, N.Y.

I run a ghostwriting business in Washington, D.C., and have spent months at a time in the Pentagon and meeting with defense strategists like those Robert Kaplan cites. I respect Kaplan's bold and exploratory journalism, but my experience in "the building" points me to a different view of America's future.

I agree with Kaplan's argument that we need a culturally literate military that is more mobile and more flexibly structured. Yet I believe his analysis rests on a perilous assumption—that, as he writes, only American power "can serve as an organizing principle for the worldwide expansion of a liberal civil society." This is a large claim. What I hear being discussed in the Pentagon—in its cafeterias, its hallways, even its men's rooms—does not support it. Kaplan's axiom is that "the mission is everything." The everything I hear being discussed, everywhere in the Pentagon, is the business of war—not its mission, and certainly not its meaning. Kaplan has traversed the world to discuss U.S. military strategy with those who execute it. Yet what can be heard in every cafeteria in the Pentagon, at one table after another, is the shadow side of our national-security strategy: discussions about deals, jobs to be filled, and the contracts that will yield these jobs. No one should underestimate the power of these conversations.

I believe that our military professionals are among the noblest adults bred by any of America's social institutions. Yet the system that sends them on their missions is deeply compromised, and it compromises them—and their missions. The military strategy our warfighters executed in Iraq was hugely successful, yet it is not bringing victory. What we are bringing to Iraq and Afghanistan, to the Gulf States, to Latin America, and now to Africa is not "liberal civil society." It is the rhetoric of democracy—and behind it the calculation that we can not only win "wars of liberation" but also profit from them. This is a risky bet. We are not "liberating" in a vacuum. We are known in the world for what we do to others, not for what we say about ourselves.

No matter how skillfully our forces execute their missions or how many languages they master or how effective they are at gaining the allegiances of local leaders, as long as we deny our profit motives in projecting U.S. power across the world, as long as we believe our happy talk about bringing civil society to every part of the planet, as long as the gears of our war machinery are greased with oil and with our dependence on oil, we will be fighting in every region of the world and we will need all the sound military advice that Kaplan has offered. But it will not be enough. We do not need to conquer the rest of the world; we need to join it. I wish I could accept Kaplan's assumption about what history will require from us in the coming years, but I do not think it is our raw power that history needs, or our rhetoric. I think it is our humility and our humanity. If we can summon and project these elementary virtues, which are understood worldwide, we may need fewer military strategies, and we may need to use them on fewer enemies.

Gabriel Heilig
Takoma Park, Md.

Texas Clemency Memos

Alan Berlow's article in the July/August *Atlantic*, "The Texas Clemency Memos," is a chilling document, describing as it does the dozens of inadequate memoranda reviewing death-penalty cases that President Bush, then Governor Bush, received from Alberto Gonzales, his legal counsel. That such memos usually arrived on the day of the execution itself, just hours before the executions were scheduled to take place, and that Bush signed a record 152 death warrants during his years governing Texas, should make even those who favor the death penalty shudder.

However, the part of Berlow's article that caused me the greatest shock, appearing as it did only three months after Richard Brookhiser's "The Mind of George W. Bush," was Bush's pious statement describing his feelings about Karla Faye Tucker. He told Gonzales that signing off on Tucker's execution "was one of the hardest things I have ever done." But Brookhiser describes Bush as jeering at Ms. Tucker's plea for clemency. "Please," the President whimpered, imitating what he thought she might have said to him, "don't kill me."

I find it hard to understand—as, I imagine, do most who read both articles—how Bush found it both very difficult to order Karla Faye's execution and very amusing.

Joan Walston
Santa Monica, Calif.

Alan Berlow presents a frightening picture of the clemency process in death-penalty cases. These memos offer a rare window on the decision-making process. The U.S. Supreme Court in 1993 (*Herrera* v. *Collins*) affirmed that executive clemency is the fail-safe in an admittedly flawed judicial system. One would assume that the governor would *read* the clemency petition submitted to plead for the prisoner's life. These clemency petitions are only twenty pages long, on average, and are very different from legal briefs. They summarize in story form the best arguments the prisoner has to make. Unlike legal briefs, clemency petitions typically cite only a few legal precedents. In other words, they are written in language that nonlawyers would be able to understand.

Berlow discovered that Governor Bush may have not even read the clemency petitions, but instead relied on incomplete summaries and, at most, had a thirty-minute discussion with his legal adviser. Clearly, this is not what the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

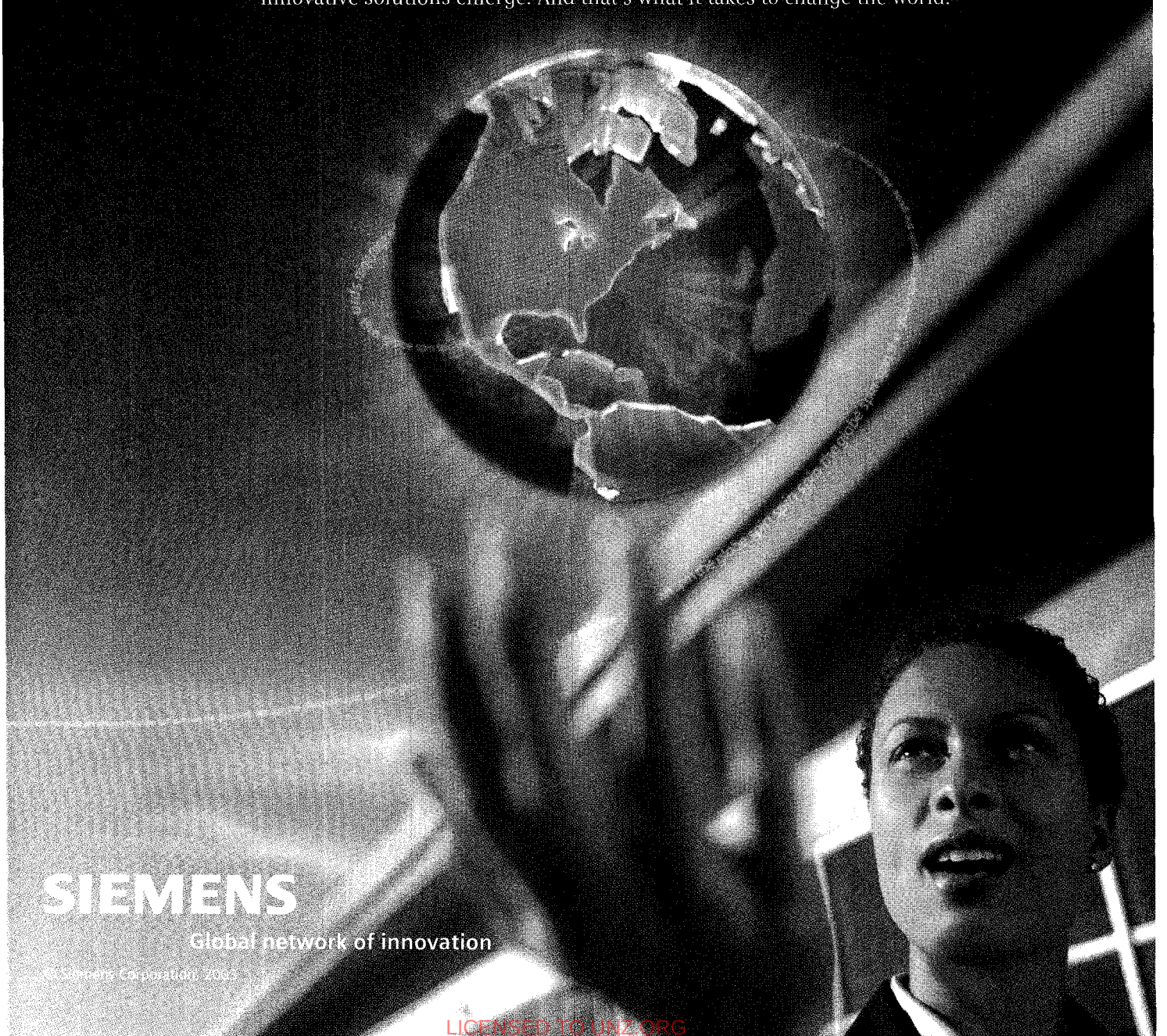
energy & power • information & communication • medical systems & healthcare
financial services • lighting • transportation • industry & automation • building technologies

www.usa.siemens.com

One inspired person can make a difference.

425,000 can change the world.

Every day, Siemens employees change the way people live. We create new solutions, ask questions others would never have thought to ask and redefine entire industries from healthcare to energy to transportation. We're able to do this because we bring together extraordinary resources, people and ideas. Siemens is a global network of companies with operations in virtually every country, all with one goal in mind: to make life better. When you have 425,000 minds working together around the world, including 75,000 right here in the U.S., innovative solutions emerge. And that's what it takes to change the world.

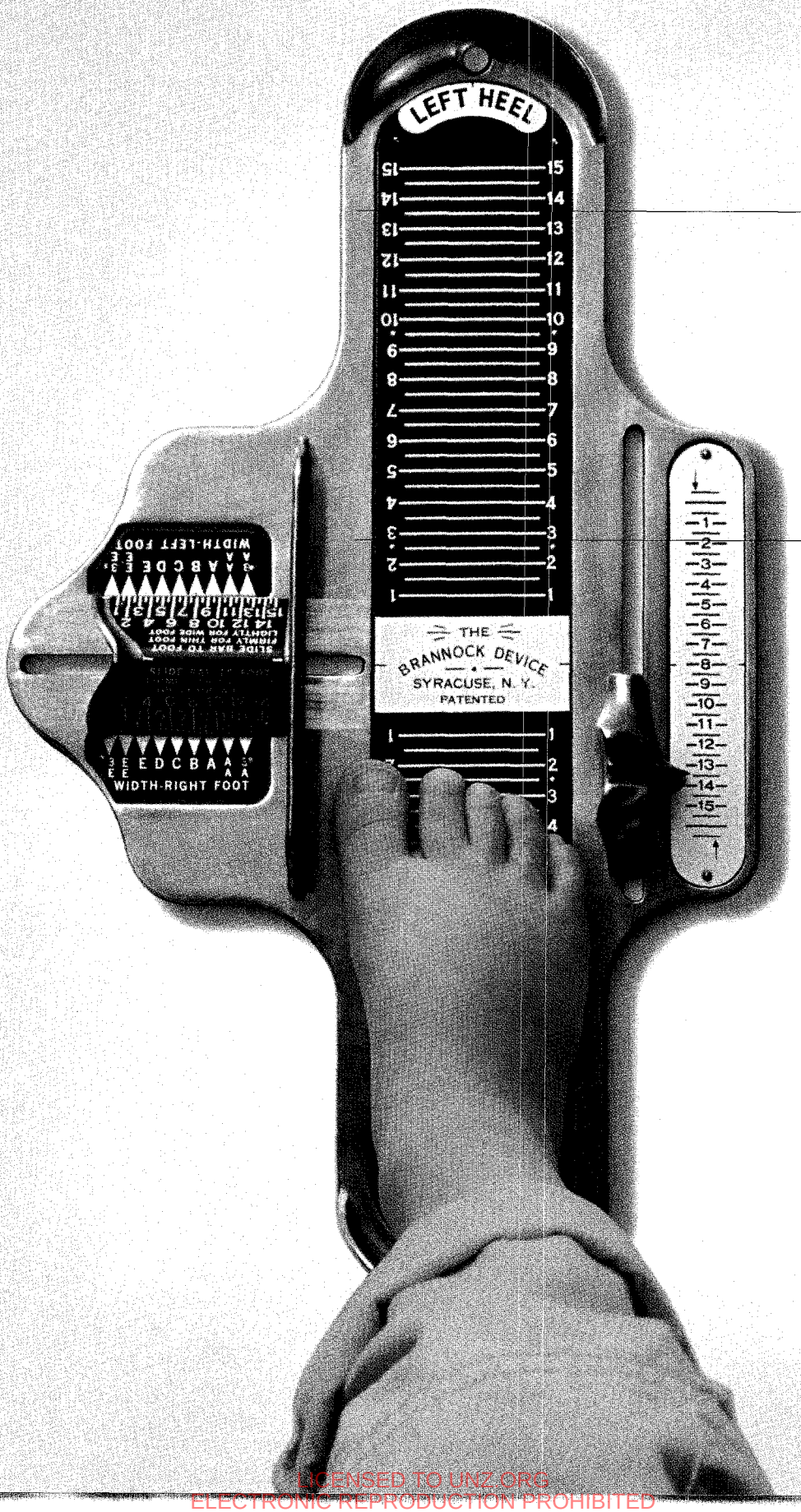


SIEMENS

Global network of innovation

© Siemens Corporation, 2002

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILL YOU HAVE COLLEGE TUITION TAKEN CARE OF HERE?

OR HERE?

Our SMART529 programs offer you a flexible way to save and invest for college.
Call your investment representative or contact us at **866.574.3542.**

THE HARTFORD

Always thinking ahead.℠

SMART529 is a program of the Board of Trustees of the West Virginia College Prepaid Tuition and Savings Program, State Treasurer John Perdue, Chairman. The Board has selected Hartford Life Insurance Company to provide program management services for SMART529. For more information about SMART529, including investment policies, charges and expenses, ask your financial representative for a free Offering Statement. Please read it carefully before you invest or send money. SMART529 is distributed by Hartford Securities Distribution Company, Inc. Member SIPC. © 2003 The Hartford Financial Services Group, Inc. BRANNOCK DEVICE® is a registered trademark and the shape of the foot-measuring instrument is a trademark of The Brannock Device Co., Inc. The shape of the instrument has been modified for artistic purposes only and is used by permission from The Brannock Device Co., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Supreme Court had in mind when it looked to the executive branch to be the fail-safe in preventing miscarriages of justice. It is time for the Supreme Court to revisit this issue. Time and again we see that the death penalty destroys our due-process principles.

Cathleen Burnett
author of Justice Denied: Clemency Appeals in Death Penalty Cases *(2002)*
Kansas City, Mo.

As the deputy general counsel in Governor George W. Bush's office from 1995 to 1999, which includes the period in which the fifty-seven summaries discussed in "The Texas Clemency Memos" were prepared, I have personal knowledge of the Texas clemency process. Berlow's article paints an inaccurate and incomplete picture of that process under Bush.

Confidential summaries were routinely prepared for the governor at the time of each scheduled execution, whether or not the inmate was seeking clemency. These summaries were just that—a general summation of basic information about each case, including a discussion of the facts of the crime, background information about the defendant, a summary of legal proceedings, and the basis and status of any last-minute clemency petition. These summaries were part of the decision-making process but were only the last of several communications normally presented to the governor about each case during the weeks or months before an execution. Governor Bush's office was fairly informal, and members of the general counsel's staff had ready access to the governor about many legal issues confronting the state. It was not at all unusual after a meeting on a different subject, or during an ad hoc meeting, to discuss upcoming executions. Then, generally on the day of the execution, the general counsel and one of his lawyers always provided a more formal oral briefing, during which the very latest information was conveyed to the governor, and both the facts of the case and the requests for clemency, if any, were reviewed, and the governor's formal decision was received. During all meetings the governor actively probed the information provided, asked detailed questions, and received thorough answers. (I personally participated in a number of such meetings, both formal and informal.) Contrary to Berlow's assertions, thirty minutes in that last meeting on the day of the execution often proved more than sufficient for a serious discussion of last-minute developments, precisely because of these advance briefings and discussions. If additional time was necessary, that need was accommodated.

Berlow appears to be more interested in what the written summaries said than in what the governor knew (which, of course, should be the relevant inquiry). And he does not appear to understand that information about a case was generally communicated to the governor independent of the written summary.

For example, the article implies that Gonzales's work on the Irineo Tristan Montoya matter was deficient because the memo omitted the issue of an alleged violation of international law. But at the same time, Berlow acknowledges that the issue had been brought separately to Governor Bush's attention by, among others, the U.S. Department of State. Gonzales had numerous conversations with Bush about possible violations of Article 36 of the Vienna Convention. Furthermore, discussions with the State Department were ongoing. Gonzales clearly did his job in advising the governor of the possible international-law issues.

Berlow was also critical of Gonzales's summary regarding the Terry Washington case, suggesting that Gonzales had ignored Washington's mental limitations. The Gonzales summary plainly states, however,

> documents indicate that [Washington] is mentally retarded and that he suffered organic brain damage potentially as a result of fetal alcohol syndrome because his mother drank steadily during her pregnancy. Documents reflect that Washington may have suffered abuse as a child and that his family has a history of violence.

At the time of Washington's execution the governor's office was advised by the Texas attorney general that the death penalty may constitutionally be imposed on someone with Washington's mental limitations, provided that he or she is mentally competent to stand trial. We were further advised that the test for determining competency is whether the defendant has sufficient present ability to consult with his lawyer with a reasonable degree of rational understanding, and whether he has a rational as well as factual understanding of the charges against him, the proceedings, and the consequences of his decisions. In this case not only the state courts but also a federal district court and a federal court of appeals panel had already determined that Washington was competent to stand trial. But more to the question of what the governor knew, the general counsel made it a practice to advise the governor of all credible bases for clemency—particularly one that, as the article discusses, was the subject of national debate: the execution of someone who has mental limitations. Although I do not recall being at any specific meetings with the governor regarding this case, I do remember the case, and I recall discussing mental competency on numerous other occasions. Given the practice of the office and the circumstances of this case, if the issue were raised in a clemency plea, the governor would be advised of such a plea and the facts both supporting it and militating against it.

Berlow also fails to recognize that according to American jurisprudence, clemency is a discretionary act of grace bestowed by the governor under the state's constitution. It is not part of the judicial process. If the governor chooses never to grant clemency; or to exercise that constitutional authority sparingly, and then only when legitimate questions about guilt or innocence persist or when legal issues are raised that have not been reviewed by the courts; or to grant it in every case, he may clearly do so. Governor Bush took a consistent, principled position on clemency, and Gonzales's counsel served his client well by bringing all credible matters raised by the condemned to the governor's attention. The fact that the author disagrees with the governor's standards does not make them wrong; nor does it make Gonzales's summaries deficient.

Finally, I want to state for the record that the general counsel's office approached each of these cases with the greatest of care and sensitivity. I categorically disagree with any suggestion otherwise.

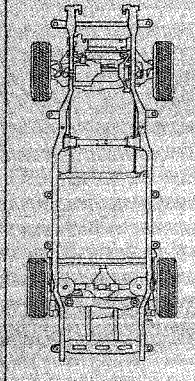
Pete Wassdorf
Austin, Tex.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"ALONE AT LAST."

– YOUR WIFE REALIZING YOU'RE THE ONLY ONES ON THE ROAD DURING A STORM

STABILITRAK



2003 GMC YUKON XL DENALI WITH STABILITRAK: A COMPUTER-IZED STABILITY ENHANCEMENT SYSTEM THAT MONITORS ROAD CONDITIONS ON ANY SURFACE. IT THEN ADJUSTS BRAKING AND ACCELERATION, ALLOWING YOU TO STAY ON YOUR INTENDED PATH. NOW ICE, SLEET, RAIN OR SNOW NEED NO LONGER KEEP YOU INSIDE. PROFESSIONAL GRADE ENGINEERING. IT'S NOT MORE THAN YOU NEED. JUST MORE THAN YOU'RE USED TO.

WE ARE PROFESSIONAL GRADE.™ | GMC

YUKON XL DENALI

Yukon, Denali, StabiliTrak, GM and GMC logos are registered trademarks of the General Motors Corporation. ©2002 General Motors Corp. All rights reserved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I believe it was the ruling I obtained from the Texas attorney general in the case of David Spence four years ago that allowed Alan Berlow to acquire all the other memos Alberto Gonzales sent to Governor Bush in clemency cases.

Berlow writes that he "found no evidence that Gonzales ever sent Bush a clemency petition—or any document—that summarized in a concise and coherent fashion a condemned defendant's best argument against execution." While not exactly arguing with that, I would like to point out that in the Spence memo Gonzales—actually, Stuart Bowen, in Gonzales's office, who wrote the memo—puts the wealth of evidence exonerating Spence (who claimed complete innocence) in a very concise, point-by-bulleted-point summary near the end of the document.

What makes the Spence memo so egregious is that this information comes in a section headed "Publicity," in which the efforts of a businessman from Waco to stop Spence's execution are dismissed as a "crusade." The litany of exculpatory evidence, some newly found, even buried as it is in this section, leaps off the page as something that should be noticed and dealt with. Bowen/Gonzales tries to counter each point but in the end relies on such things as a prosecutor's "absolute belief" that Spence was guilty and the fact that various courts upheld the conviction. The straining to reach a preordained conclusion is transparent—and has correlatives in the intelligence reports that were used last fall to bolster Bush's call for war.

David Spence, I'm told, may soon be proved absolutely innocent of the crimes for which he was executed. Should that day come, Bush and Gonzales will certainly say they didn't have all the information at the time of the execution. But the memo Bush perused on that execution morning contained enough information for any rational person to realize that something was terribly wrong and the needle had to be stopped.

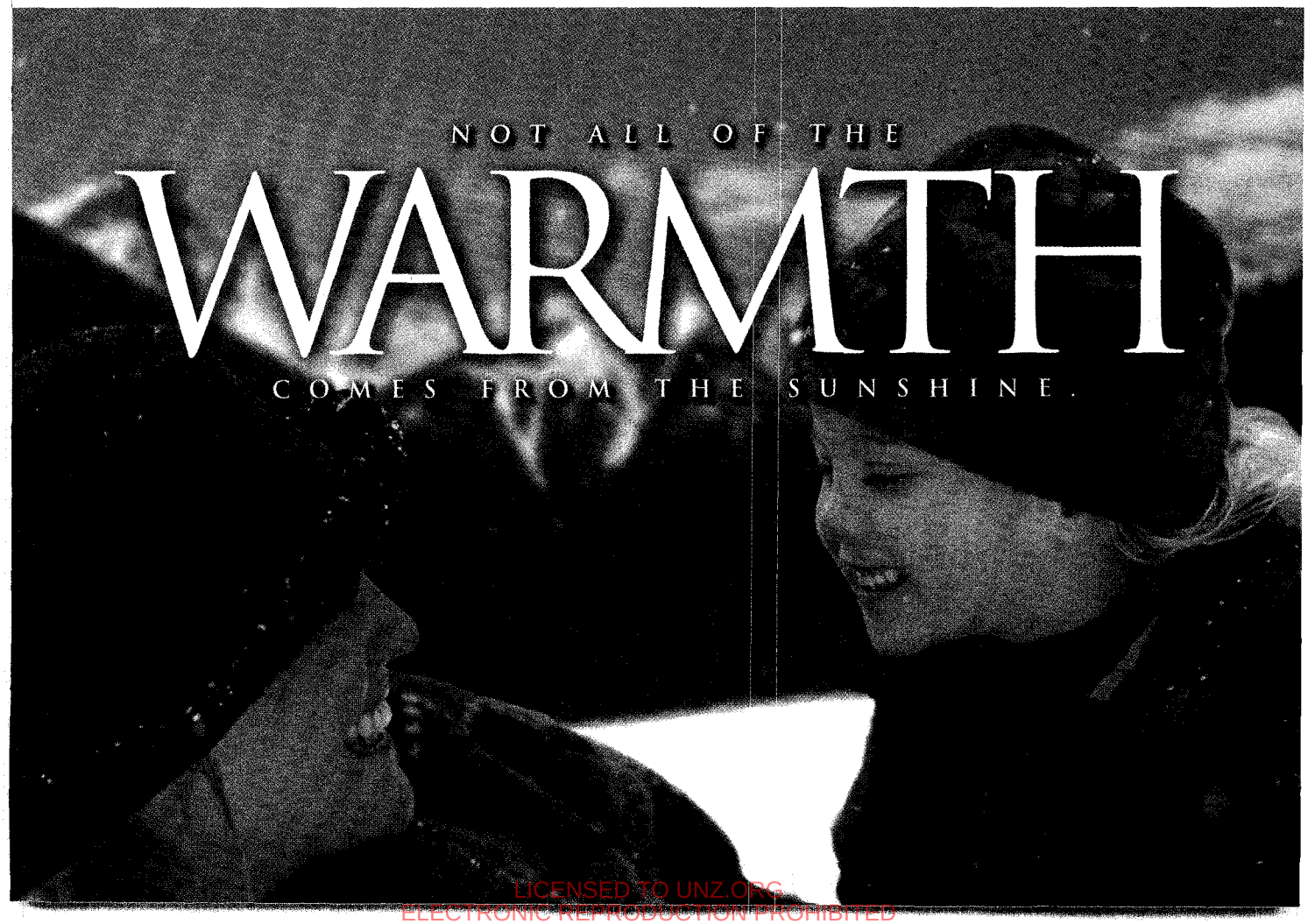
Doug Magee
New York, N.Y.

Alan Berlow replies:

Contrary to Pete Wassdorf's assertion, "what the governor knew" and when and how he knew it are precisely the issues I examine. The record is clear that what Bush knew came primarily from Gonzales's execution summaries. Wassdorf does not claim that these memos provided Bush with a thorough or balanced report on a single case. Instead he offers two principal arguments, unsupported by any evidence.

First, he says that the Gonzales summaries were "only the last of several communications" presented to the governor, implying that Bush was given other, presumably more detailed memoranda that contained the hard facts he needed to make tough decisions about who lived and who died. In each of the fifty-seven executions I examined, however, these communications are mysteriously absent from the files Bush turned over to his archive. And not one of Gonzales's execution summaries either attaches or makes reference to any of these earlier, presumably more elaborate exegeses.

An inventory of Bush "execution case files" prepared by the Texas State Library and Archives Commission makes clear that



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gonzales's staff had access to voluminous records on each of these executions, including court records, correspondence from all interested parties, and more-detailed execution summaries (apparently prepared by the Department of Criminal Justice), along with attachments. Yet the archive reports "no indication that the Governor reviewed" any of this. "What the Governor did review are the execution summaries prepared by the General Counsel." My point exactly.

Wassdorf's second, and seemingly contradictory, line of defense is that the complex and conflicting arguments that arise in death-penalty cases were routinely vetted in "informal," "ad hoc" verbal encounters with Bush. That's a remarkable way to handle matters of life and death. These ad hoc briefings, moreover, are unrecorded in Bush's appointment logs. Nor have they, as far as we know, been memorialized by any of the attorneys present.

Wassdorf claims that Terry Washington's mental retardation was seriously discussed in the Gonzales summary and insists that Bush would have been advised of the arguments for and against clemency in this case. He provides no evidence, however. The passage Wassdorf cites happens to be the entirety *of what the summary says on the subject. More important, as I noted, the summary fails to mention that none of this information was ever made known to any jury.*

As for Doug Magee's assertion that a ruling he obtained from the Texas attorney general laid the groundwork for release of the files I report on—if that is the case, I am grateful. I do not, however, contend that Gonzales ever lacked the information necessary to write a comprehensive summary of any of these cases—only that his summaries were not comprehensive. Had George Bush desired a more detailed presentation, he could have asked for it. There is no evidence that he did.

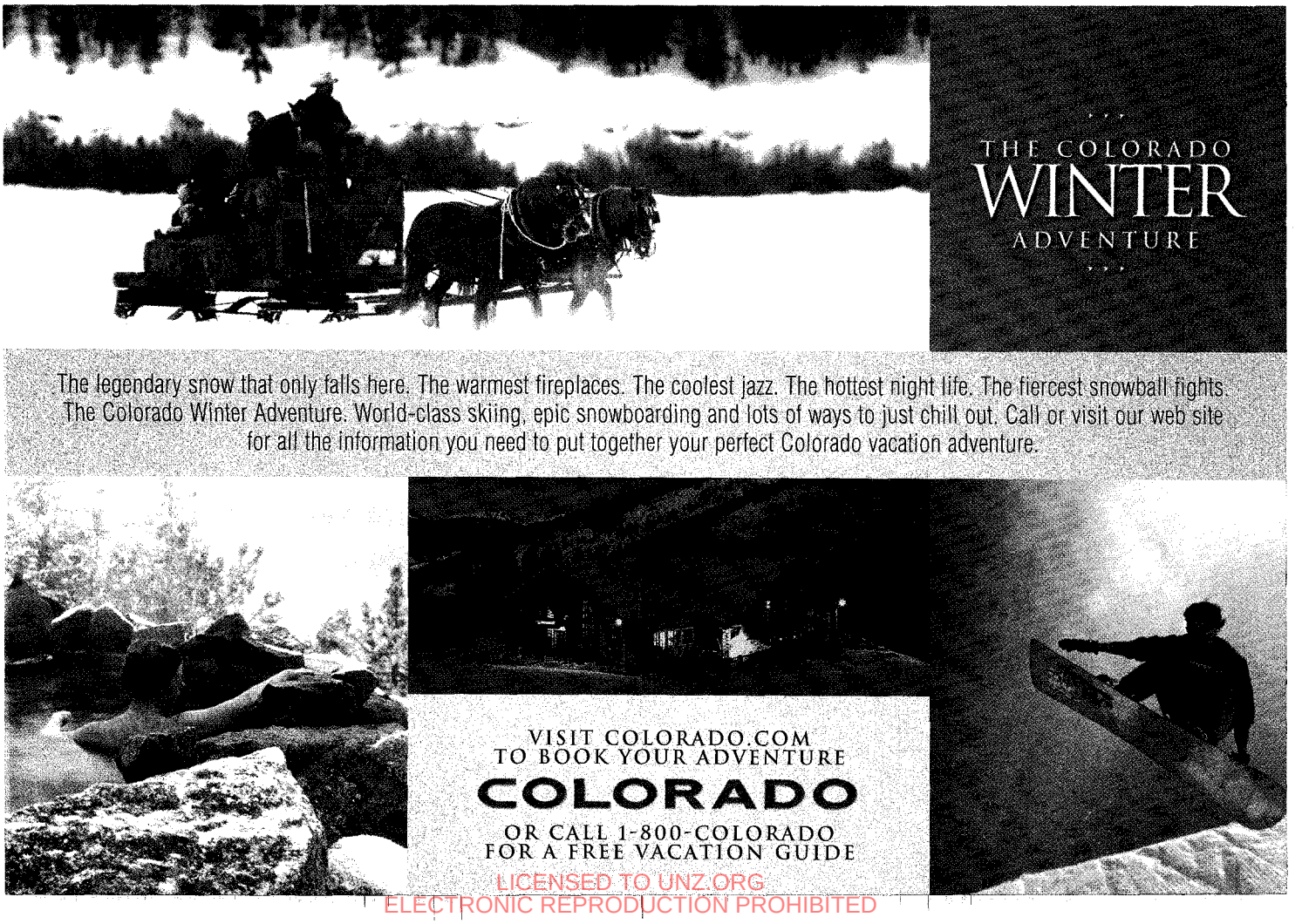
Finally, Wassdorf is correct in asserting, contrary to Bush's own claims, that Bush could have granted clemency in any case where he saw fit to do so.

A New Deal for Teachers

Matthew Miller correctly identifies dismal teacher quality as the greatest weakness of poor school districts ("A New Deal for Teachers," July/August *Atlantic*). Offering higher pay to better teachers is an idea whose time has come. However, the *measurement* of teacher quality is critical, and Miller waffles on this issue.

Assessment of teacher quality by means of student outcomes is an invitation to abuse: everything from gaming the system to outright cheating. (Teachers have been caught feeding test answers to students when their jobs are on the line.) "Objective" evaluation by colleagues or principals would reward political talent and sycophancy, not teaching skill.

The solution is simply to test teachers for academic competence in their subject areas. Standardized tests administered at the state level would eliminate cronyism, dishonest student assessment, and other evasions of accountability. Academic proficiency correlates very well with the quality of teaching (hence the excellent performance of engineers or biologists grandfathered in as teachers), and it can be accurately measured. Arguments about the validity of standardized testing may safely be ignored, because you can't teach what you don't know. Teachers fail-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing to demonstrate competence should be dismissed, and those with excellent scores should be rewarded financially. Teachers will therefore have a powerful incentive to improve their mastery of academic knowledge—rather than bogus pedagogic dogma.

Teachers' unions bitterly oppose such testing, because it ruthlessly reveals incompetent teachers—and the academic bankruptcy of the education-school curriculum. The appalling results of statewide testing of teachers in Massachusetts a few years back is instructive in this regard. However, testing is by far the best method of assessing teacher quality, and could reverse its thirty-year decline.

Geoffrey Wittig
Dansville, N.Y.

As an associate principal of an urban, public charter high school, I read Matthew Miller's piece on improving the teachers in urban schools with great interest. I agree with much of what Miller says, and in particular agree that school principals must be given greater autonomy, including authority to hire and fire staff members. However, I must quibble with him on two points.

1) Miller discusses the use of "emergency credentials" and implies a connection between teacher quality and teacher credentialing. The most prestigious independent schools, where the rich send their sons and daughters, have very few credentialed teachers, and those teachers are paid less than their public school peers. Having worked in such schools, I know that many of these "unqualified" teachers are highly talented and highly qualified. In fact, not having to waste a year of their lives in a terrible teacher-credentialing program may explain why they are teaching in a private school in the first place. One might wonder why our urban poor are not allowed to benefit from those who are teaching the nation's wealthiest students.

2) Paying urban teachers a higher salary would unquestionably bring more talented people into urban school systems. However, there is a larger issue, unaddressed by Miller. As he notes, half of new teachers in urban schools quit within the first three years. And by and large they are the stronger half. But why are these teachers leaving? Surely they knew what the salary schedule was when they signed on for the job. In my view, the top college graduates who enter urban schools leave because of the appalling work conditions in these schools, where teachers are not given the freedom to teach what they believe is right (unlike their counterparts in independent schools) but, rather, are forced to march through a standardized, "teacher-proof" curriculum to prepare students for multiple-choice tests. Professionals, be they lawyers, doctors, or consultants, are given autonomy and are expected to achieve results. Until we treat teachers like intelligent, thoughtful professionals, we will be unable to recruit enough people deserving of such expectations. Even if we do recruit some by paying them drastically higher salaries, they will surely quit in disgust when they experience the mind-numbing bureaucracy as it exists today.

I remember well my frustration (as one of the "top college graduates" that Miller refers to) with the public school hiring process, and despite having obtained a teaching credential (in physics and math, no less), I eschewed the higher salaries in the public schools for the autonomy that independent schools allowed. Some teachers may work in private schools because of the perception of "easier" students—but I believe that the professionalization of the teaching position in these schools is a greater draw.

Ben Daley
Associate Principal, High Tech High
San Diego, Calif.

While proposing higher pay and noting that women and members of minorities no longer form a ready pool of talented teachers-to-be, Matthew Miller misses the point as to why teachers leave the profession. For the past thirty years teachers have consistently been portrayed as lazy, unprofessional, stupid, and incapable of performing their duties. People enter the profession believing in the cliché that they can make a difference. But making a difference is not that easy. Here is where Miller errs when he talks about "poor" schools. No amount of training or salary can compensate for the array of problems that students in such schools present. Typically, these students come from chaotic backgrounds. They may attend two or three or more schools in one year. Even if a school system has an absolutely rigid curriculum, with every teacher in every grade teaching the same lesson on the same day, children who move from school to school cannot keep up. Similarly, these students often have terrible attendance, making it virtually impossible for them to achieve even basic skills. Coupled with these problems is another issue that Miller completely ignores—the real lack of respect that teachers in "poor" schools get from students and the adults in their lives.

The violence rampant in some areas of our country spills over into every institution in those communities. Teachers are ill prepared to deal with gang-related problems, students with guns, students who act out by cursing and swearing and throwing things. No amount of motivation on the part of the teacher can bring the "teachable moment" to students whose lives are consumed by anger fomented by a society that pays them and their needs no attention.

Chester E. Finn, of the Thomas B. Fordham Foundation, can say all he wants that teachers should "take a risk with [their] employment," trading job security and benefits for a salary based on what Adam Urbanski, of the Rochester Teachers Association, calls "student learning outcomes." As a teacher for more than thirty years, I would challenge Finn to be held accountable for students whose lives away from school make it impossible for them to learn in school. Students who do well in school are those whose families support the entire education process. This is not to say that students in underperforming schools learn nothing. Many of them actually perform quite well, considering the distress of their environment (even if their performance will never match that of children whose fortune it has been to be born into the middle or upper class). Teaching is a wonderful career, one that I have thoroughly enjoyed. In my most recent permutation as a teacher, I have moved from a working-class high school to a university. The difference between teaching when classroom management is a part of the job and teaching when communication of information

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

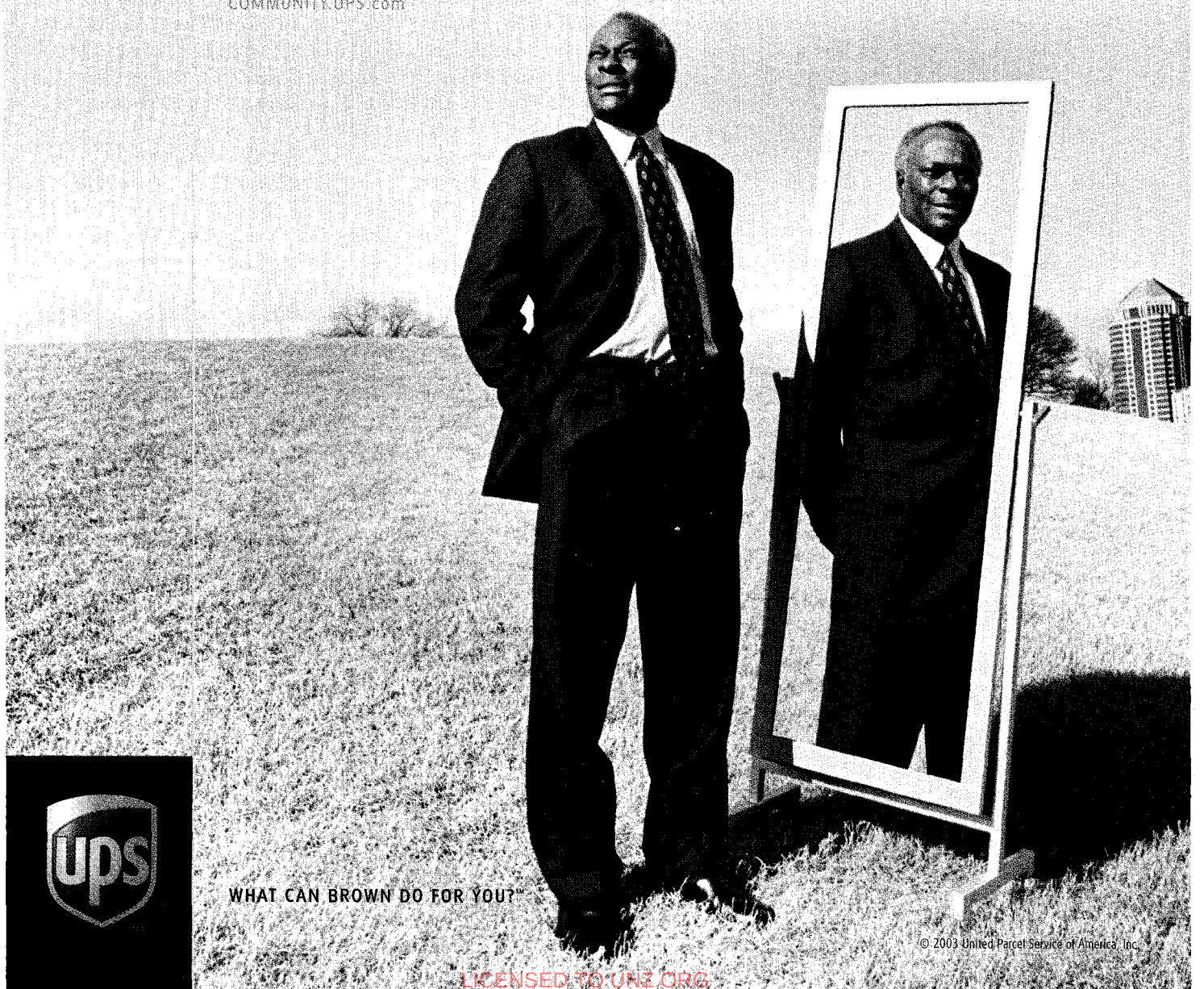
Thanks to a UPS training program, Jim Winestock

met someone he didn't know.

Jim Winestock.

For more than 30 years, the UPS Community Internship Program has taught some surprising lessons. Just ask Jim Winestock. As a rising executive, he was sent to rural Tennessee to enhance his management skills. He worked in a soup kitchen, volunteered at a police department and helped a poverty-stricken family build a home. It was a different Jim Winestock who returned to UPS a month later. One who could easily relate to all kinds of people. Not just on a professional level, but on a human one. To hear Jim tell it, that will make anybody a better manager.

COMMUNITY.UPS.com



WHAT CAN BROWN DO FOR YOU?™

© 2003 United Parcel Service of America, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the primary function is astonishing. Does that mean I wish I had taught college for my whole career? In no way. I consistently run into students I taught, and I see each as a success in his or her own way. That's what teaching really is, actually—meeting children at their level of development and helping them. Teachers in "poor" and underperforming schools try their hardest, against great odds, to do that. When they are held to impossible standards, they quit. How many doctors or lawyers or CEOs would like to be held accountable for their performance based on only the sickliest patients, the most criminal clients, or the worst-performing organizations?

Barbara M. Simon
Baltimore, Md.

"A New Deal for Teachers" highlighted some creative approaches to improving our education system. Why not provide parents with the opportunity to grade teachers? Those teachers who get high marks from parents should receive bonuses on top of their pay. This approach will motivate teachers to work hard to communicate with parents, and will also promote more parental involvement in education.

Paul Feiner
Greenburgh, N.Y.

In Praise of Nepotism

"In Praise of Nepotism," by Adam Bellow (July/August *Atlantic*), had me doing a double take at the cover of the magazine to make sure it was not the April issue. Can one take seriously a treatise on the benefits of position granted because of family connections as opposed to ability from one who has benefited personally from such a system? This country is populated by the descendants of those who believed that ability and hard work should overcome social position. Bellow ignores this fact and sings the praises of a caste system, within which he himself is well placed. Giving space to such intellectually immature self-promotion in *The Atlantic* downgrades the quality of your magazine. What is next—"In Praise of Dishonest Corporate Accounting," by Ken Lay?

Marc Pelletier
Boston, Mass.

Adam Bellow argues that "the new nepotism represents a valuable corrective to the excesses of meritocracy." This ignores a huge moral contradiction: that during the past decade affirmative action has been under assault, in the name of meritocracy, by American conservatives—including most of the "neocon family network" that provided the first boost to Bellow's own career.

These neocons insist that the sacred principle of meritocracy must never be compromised when it comes to judging kids from less privileged families. But somehow, when their own flesh and blood stands to benefit from nepotism, meritocracy is suddenly "excessive" and in need of correction. As Dana Carvey's Church Lady used to say, how *convenient.*

This explains why Bellow's three "hidden rules" of nepotism—"Don't embarrass me," "Don't embarrass yourself," and "Pass it on"—don't include the most important rule that the Kennedys, the Roosevelts, the Rockefellers, and even the elder Bushes used to live by: "Lend a hand to the less fortunate." If sheer good luck has blessed you with status and connections, you owe something to those whom bad luck has impoverished. It's sad that the practitioners of the "new nepotism" don't seem to share that ennobling sense of obligation to those outside the charmed family circle.

Karl Weber
Chappaqua, N.Y.

Adam Bellow writes, " I would suggest that the new nepotism represents a valuable corrective to the excesses of meritocracy." He goes on, referring to Christopher Lasch, who "suggests that meritocracy unleavened by nepotism lacks a necessary humanizing element." It strikes me that one could replace "nepotism" with "diversity" in the foregoing, and the argument would be equally valid. If I may extend meritocracy to refer to the marketplace, it is intriguing to read a neocon admission that the marketplace requires corrective humanizing elements. If I accept nepotism to uphold the hereditary principle, will conservatives accept affirmative action to obtain diversity?

Matthew Burr
Austin, Tex.

It was so refreshing to read such an honest assessment of the rise of the Nepots in modern America. And best of all that it came from a young Nepot, frankly acknowledging that without his father's eminence he might well have never found his way to the position he now occupies. However, I think that young Master Bellow has not thought this all the way through. Because although the first generation of the Nepot may prove quite capable, it is also true that the instinct to pass on the golden name only intensifies with the passing of generations. Thus does an aristocracy harden into a useless caste of exploitative rentiers.

Christopher Rowley
Ellenville, N.Y.

In his provocative article on nepotism, Adam Bellow cites a study finding that children of doctors are "14 percent more likely" to be admitted to medical school. I'm sure that physicians' children are more likely to *apply* to med school, but I'd like to see that study.

My father was a small-town GP for forty years. The only way I could go into the "family business" was on my own merit, not from any nepotism. I didn't even get into his med school, to which he had contributed for thirty years.

Nepotism may be making a comeback in business, politics, show business, *et al.*, but U.S. medicine remains a meritocracy—for which we can all be thankful next time we're in the OR or the ER.

Mark Dillen Stitham, M.D.
Kailua, Hawaii

Adam Bellow replies:

No one is proposing to grant position or benefits to people based on family connections, as Marc Pelletier suggests. What I do say is this: people who get breaks through personal connections—whether friends of relatives, relatives of friends, or friends of friends—must earn their advantages after the fact or suffer the consequences, just like beneficiaries of affirmative action. It is the market that determines social outcomes, not connections. Karl Weber accuses some conservatives of being hypocritical about meritocracy, but I don't think I am one of them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MONEY MANAGEMENT IS WHAT WE DO.*

*Although the greatest asset we provide you with is quality time.

Wealth is a great achievement and a great responsibility. It can take over your time, or it can enhance your life. How do you make your wealth work for you, rather than the other way around? Neuberger Berman has solutions. For more than sixty years, we've helped people manage wealth and preserve capital. By focusing on money management and listening to your goals, we can help you gain the most precious asset of all – quality time. Whether you have $500,000 or $500 million to invest in a customized portfolio, call us at 866.483.1046, ext. 21401 for our free brochure Orchestrating Success. Or, for more information and a list of our offices across the country, visit us at nb.com.

NEUBERGER BERMAN

MONEY MANAGEMENT IS WHAT WE DO™

Neuberger Berman, LLC. Member NYSE/NASD/SIPC. Over $63 billion in assets under management (6/30/03). Minimum investment $500,000. ©2003. All rights reserved. 7/03

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Matthew Burr finds it "intriguing" that a neocon would question the rule of the market. Read my book, Mr. Burr. Good luck trying to pigeonhole me as a "neocon" or anything else on your standard political compass. I think of myself as an anthropological realist. The whole thrust of my book is a quarrel with those on the left or the right who make a fetish out of rugged individualism. As for affirmative action, I describe it as a well-meaning but inadequate attempt to make up for the destruction of healthy nepotistic ligaments among African-Americans by slavery, segregation, internal migration, and urban renewal. (As Eddie Murphy has said, nepotism isn't practiced enough among blacks.)

Christopher Rowley cites what Marxists call the "iron law of oligarchy" to argue that meritocratic elites inevitably decline into moribund castes. Quite so: there is ample evidence in my book to support the idea. Elites continually rise, decline, and fall in American history. Indeed, the very rule of generational decline that Rowley cites is what protects us from permanent domination by such groups, since elites that fail to admit talented upstarts doom themselves to decay and irrelevancy. And a good thing, too—don't confuse me with a defender of aristocratic privilege.

Mark Stitham wants more evidence for the accumulation of advantage in meritocratic professions such as medicine and science. The particular study I cited appeared in the Journal of Human Resources, *vol. 23, no. 3. You can also read Robert Merton's famous essay "The Matthew Effect in Science" (to those that have, more will be given), or Harriet Zuckerman's study of the Nobel Prize, which shows that people who work in the labs of Nobel Prize winners have a higher probability of winning the prize themselves. The fact is, connections and networking are just as important as merit in the competition for grants and appointments. But there is no necessary contradiction between inherited social capital and merit, and rising levels of succession in medicine, law, and other elite professions do not mean those professions are becoming less meritocratic. The fact that he thinks that's what I'm saying merely reflects his outdated assumption that nepotism means, always and everywhere, favoritism for the unqualified.*

All these letter writers make the same mistake in thinking that nepotism is practiced only by the rich: nepotism is far more prevalent, far more accepted, and far more necessary among immigrants and the working classes. The antagonism to nepotism is really a middle-class hang-up, and it mainly reflects historical amnesia on the part of educated professionals who like to preen themselves on being self-made individuals, forgetting the several generations of ethnic and family striving that allowed them to exploit their opportunities. As Dana Carvey put it, "How convenient."

The Colfax Riot

I enjoyed Richard Rubin's fine article about Colfax, Louisiana, and the massacre that occurred there in 1873 ("The Colfax Riot," July/August *Atlantic*). It surprised me that neither he nor the half dozen professors he consulted had heard of this event. The Colfax massacre is described in one of the leading histories of the era: *Reconstruction, 1863–1867,* by Eric Foner. Foner calls it "the bloodiest single act of carnage in all of Reconstruction" and notes that it gave rise in 1876 to the Supreme Court's decision in *U.S.* v. *Cruikshank*.

Robert A. Snyder
Hilton Head, S.C.

Richard Rubin implies that he rediscovered an obscure event in Louisiana history. In fact the Colfax riot and a related Supreme Court case (*U.S.* v. *Cruikshank*) are covered in James McPherson's *Ordeal by Fire: The Civil War and Reconstruction.* The author claims that he had "studied the Civil War and Reconstruction quite extensively ..." Mr. Rubin might also have found and consulted a basic text such as Joe Taylor's *Louisiana Reconstructed, 1863–1877* or Ted Tunnell's *Crucible of Reconstruction: War, Radicalism, and Race in Louisiana, 1862–1877.* Apart from the half dozen history professors consulted by Rubin, I'm sure the state contains those in the field of Louisiana history who would have been happy to enlighten the author.

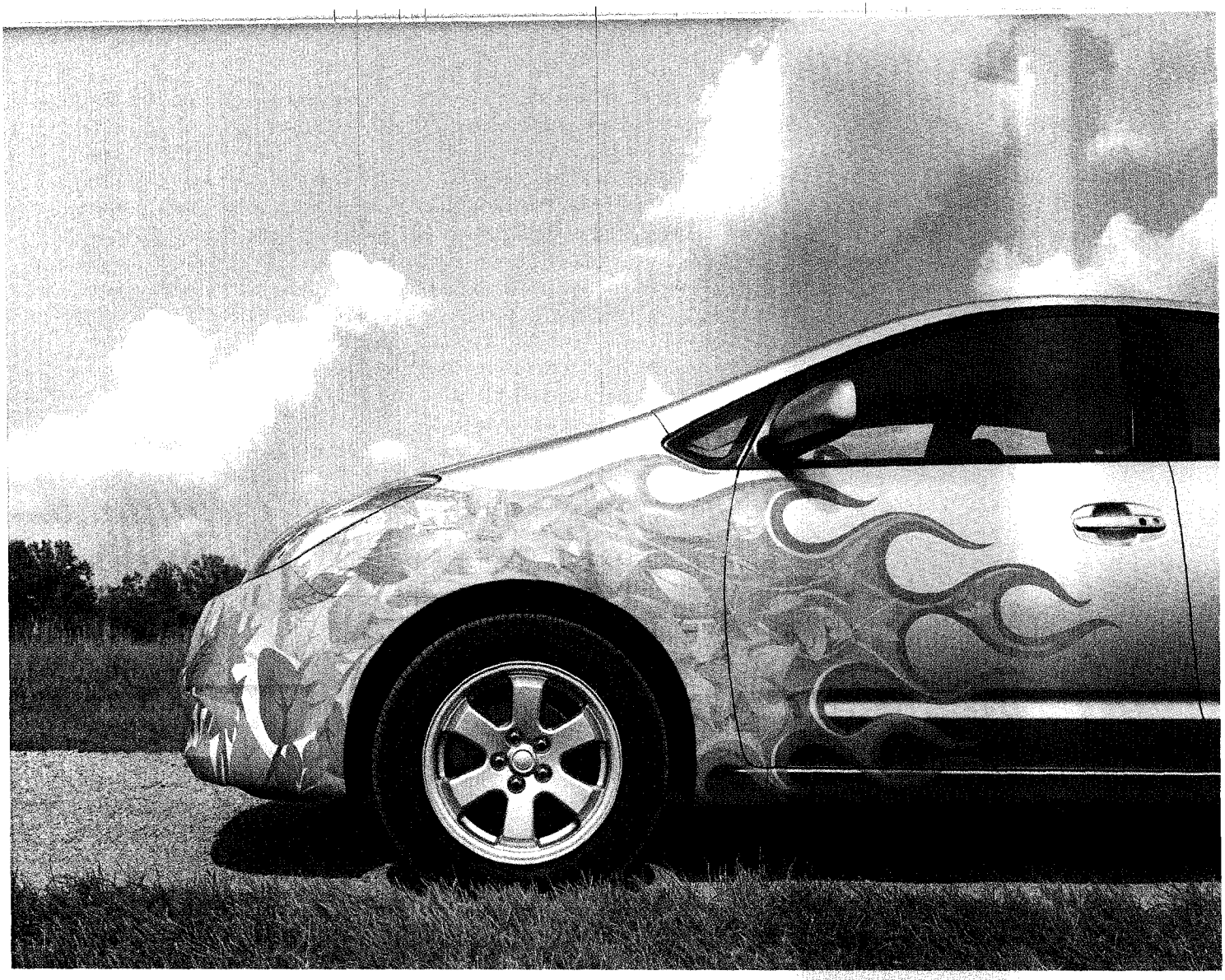
Alexandra Happer
Denver, Colo.

Advice & Consent

Bruce Hoffman argues in "The Logic of Suicide Terrorism" (June *Atlantic*) that the strategy behind suicide bombings is to shrink the space in which Israelis feel safe, so that ultimately life in Israel just isn't worth living. As buses and malls are avoided because of the danger, restaurants and shops become the next targets. Then it will be schools, hotels, ad infinitum. What he describes is a war. And no matter what the United States seems to want to believe, it is not just Hamas, it is a consortium of groups with the same goal and the same tactic. It is no different from Germany, Italy, and Japan sixty years ago. They had mutual interests, common enemies, and similar tactics. They didn't have to talk to or conspire with one another to know that the efforts of each contributed to the benefit of all. As it was with them, it is with the Palestinian Authority, Hamas, Islamic Jihad, Hizbollah, Fatah, and so forth. Did other nations sympathetic to Germany's cause have to declare war against the Allies? No, of course not. They could stay neutral, even make noises in support of the Allies and peace, while secretly financing and supporting the Nazi effort. But if Germany prevailed, they would share in the fruits of victory. Thus it is with Syria, Saudi Arabia, Iran, and the PA, newly proclaimed by President Bush to be peace-lovers and not the problem. They will talk the talk to please Bush, but never walk the walk. A cease-fire? Sure, while Israel eases up, surrenders property, disrupts the lives of Israeli loyalists (particularly Israeli displaced settlers ethnically cleansed from the new Palestinian state), and abandons its moral and military superiority. A cease-fire? Yes, but only after Hamas ceases to exist; after Yasir Arafat dies a natural death; after the PA recognizes Israel and Jews and allows Jews to live in peace wherever they live, even within their bloodstained, extorted new nation; after Syria stops supporting Hizbollah; and after our friends the Saudis stop fomenting hatred and financing and housing terrorists. Until those things happen, the war rages on, no matter what artificial or natural lulls occur. In other words, a cease-fire? Never again!

J. M. Fishman
Duluth, Ga.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Introducing high performance technology that's also good for the environment.

Now you can hug corners while you hug Mother Nature.

Toyota's revolutionary new Hybrid Synergy Drive® combines a gasoline engine with a powerful electric motor that never needs to be plugged in. The result? Super-efficient, super-charged performance. This groundbreaking yet affordable technology hits the roads this fall in the next generation Prius. Prius achieves nearly 2.5 times the average fuel efficiency of conventional vehicles and close to 90% fewer smog-forming emissions – all while accelerating from 0 to 60 mph in 20% less time than its competitor.*

Beyond Prius, Hybrid Synergy Drive will be available in more and more Toyota products – including SUVs.

With Hybrid Synergy Drive, we're helping save the planet. Faster.

toyota.com/tomorrow

*Manufacturer's testing for 2004 est. city & combined mpg. 0-60 mph for comparison only. Obtained with prototype vehicle by professional using special procedures. Do not attempt. ©2003

HYBRID SYNERGY DRIVE

TODAY TOMORROW

TOYOTA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What a blast to read "Love Me," Garrison Keillor's short story in the July/August *Atlantic*. I wondered in passing a few years ago what the heck Garrison Keillor was doing writing an advice column on Salon.com. Now we know: he was trolling for nincompoops. And we couldn't wait to line up and swallow the hook. Now, in some sort of weird but juicy interactive work, he gleefully "outs" us all. Yet he's easy to forgive, because he exposes himself alongside us, pointing out how we are all pretty much treading the same petty but sweetly human sea of longing and lacking. And he does this in a manner so tender that we forget we are laughing at ourselves and that he is once again lying his pants off. Marvelous.

Susan Guthrie
Belfast, Maine

Seth Gitell argues in "The Democratic Party Suicide Bill" (July/August *Atlantic*) that the Democrats severely damaged their electoral prospects in 2004 and beyond by embracing the McCain-Feingold campaign-finance-reform bill. His analysis is straightforward and familiar. Democrats have come to depend more on soft money (nonfederal funds from corporations, unions, and wealthy individuals) than have Republicans. Their soft-money raising is almost at parity with the Republicans', but they trail badly in hard money. Hence the abolition of party soft money will put the Democrats at a severe disadvantage.

Gitell has much that is sensible to say—especially about the importance of principle or ideology in motivating the positions of the two parties on campaign-finance reform. But he overstates the likely impact on the Democrats. President Bush will certainly enjoy a substantial financial advantage in 2004, but it is an advantage he would have had without any changes in federal election law. After declining public matching funds in 2000, Bush raised and spent much more than Al Gore in the months before the party conventions. And the Republican Party was able to match and trump the soft-money-financed "issue ads" that the Democrats broadcast in behalf of Gore. In 2004 Bush will even further outdistance his Democratic adversary in personal fundraising (thanks to his incumbency and the higher, $2,000 individual contribution limit), but the Democrats are not without ways and means of helping their candidate. They can use hard-money-financed independent expenditures to broadcast political ads when their likely nominee is out of funds. And they can invest unlimited hard dollars in building their voter identification and mobilization capacity for the fall campaign. Under the new law parties can accept as much as $57,500 from an individual during a two-year election cycle. If the economy remains sluggish and postwar Iraq unsettled, the Democratic nominee will run a competitive race in spite of the disparity in resources. If conditions are positive on the domestic and international fronts, no amount of money will enable Democrats to deny Bush a second term.

At the level of congressional elections, the impact of the new law on Democratic fortunes is even smaller. Parties provide a modest share of the funding in congressional elections, especially under the new law. They can no longer pump millions of dollars of soft money into issue ads in a handful of competitive races. The parties are likely to spread their resources more widely, invest additional funds in grassroots activity, steer member-to-member contributions more aggressively, broker PAC contributions for key races, and mobilize voter identification and turnout activities of allied groups. Democrats need not be badly outclassed in this altered arena of competition.

Thomas E. Mann
The Brookings Institution
Washington, D.C.

Robert Baer ("The Fall of the House of Saud," May *Atlantic*) states in his reply to John Tietjen—the reader who calculated that the average rate of increase of Saudi Arabia's external trade over the fifty-year period 1950–2000 was approximately 12 percent, not 70 percent, as claimed in the original article—that his calculation of the rate simply needed adjustment by a factor of 10, and should have been seven percent (Letters to the Editor, July/August *Atlantic*).

I do not know how Baer is making these calculations, but a seven percent growth rate over this time frame would result in external trade in 2000 of approximately $1.66 billion—nowhere near the $19.3 billion that was actually achieved. John Tietjen's result, 12 percent, is the correct one.

Kenneth B. Keating
Wilmington, Del.

Regarding Benjamin Schwarz's review of *Curzon* (July/August *Atlantic*): Mention of Harold Nicolson of the Foreign Office, who traveled with Lord Curzon to the Lausanne Conference, prompted me to reread—for the tenth time—Nicolson's experiment in what he described as the most impure form of biography, namely, biographical fiction. In 1946, my freshman-English anthology contained Nicolson's hilarious short story "Arketall," which deliciously captured the flavor of 1920s European diplomacy in the misadventures of the hastily hired, bumbling, alcoholic manservant whom Lord Curzon suffered with noble patience. Evelyn Waugh could not have composed it better.

Thomas W. Kemp
Boca Raton, Fla.

In Cullen Murphy's article "Manual Labors" (July/August *Atlantic*), what is the name of the manual (or handbook) that "the U.S. government makes available to immigrants seeking citizenship," which is about "American history and politics [and is] fuller and sharper than most high school textbooks"? And where can I get it?

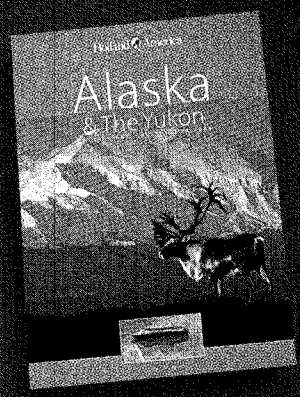
James Timm
Portland, Ore.

Editors' Note:

The manual in question, a series of instructional pages collectively referred to as the U.S. History and Structure Study Guides for the Civics Exam, is available in PDF format at the Bureau of Citizenship and Immigration Services Web site. Scroll to the lower half of the following page: http://www.bcis.gov/graphics/services/natz/require.htm.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

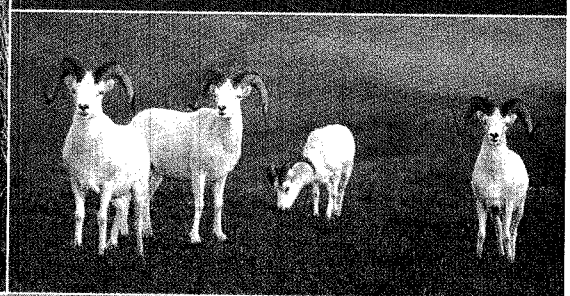
YOUR ALASKA ADVENTURE STARTS ON PAGE ONE.



Holland America knows what you're coming to the Great Land to see: breathtaking mountains, awesome glaciers and spectacular wildlife.

- More time in Denali National Park than any other tour company
- More Glacier Bay National Park visits than any other cruise line
- More Kluane National Park, Canada's "Denali" (a Holland America exclusive)
- More five-star comfort aboard our Holland America fleet
- Best selection of cruises and cruisetours to Alaska and the Yukon

No wonder Holland America was named the highest-rated premium cruise line by the readers of *Condé Nast Traveler* and *Travel + Leisure*.

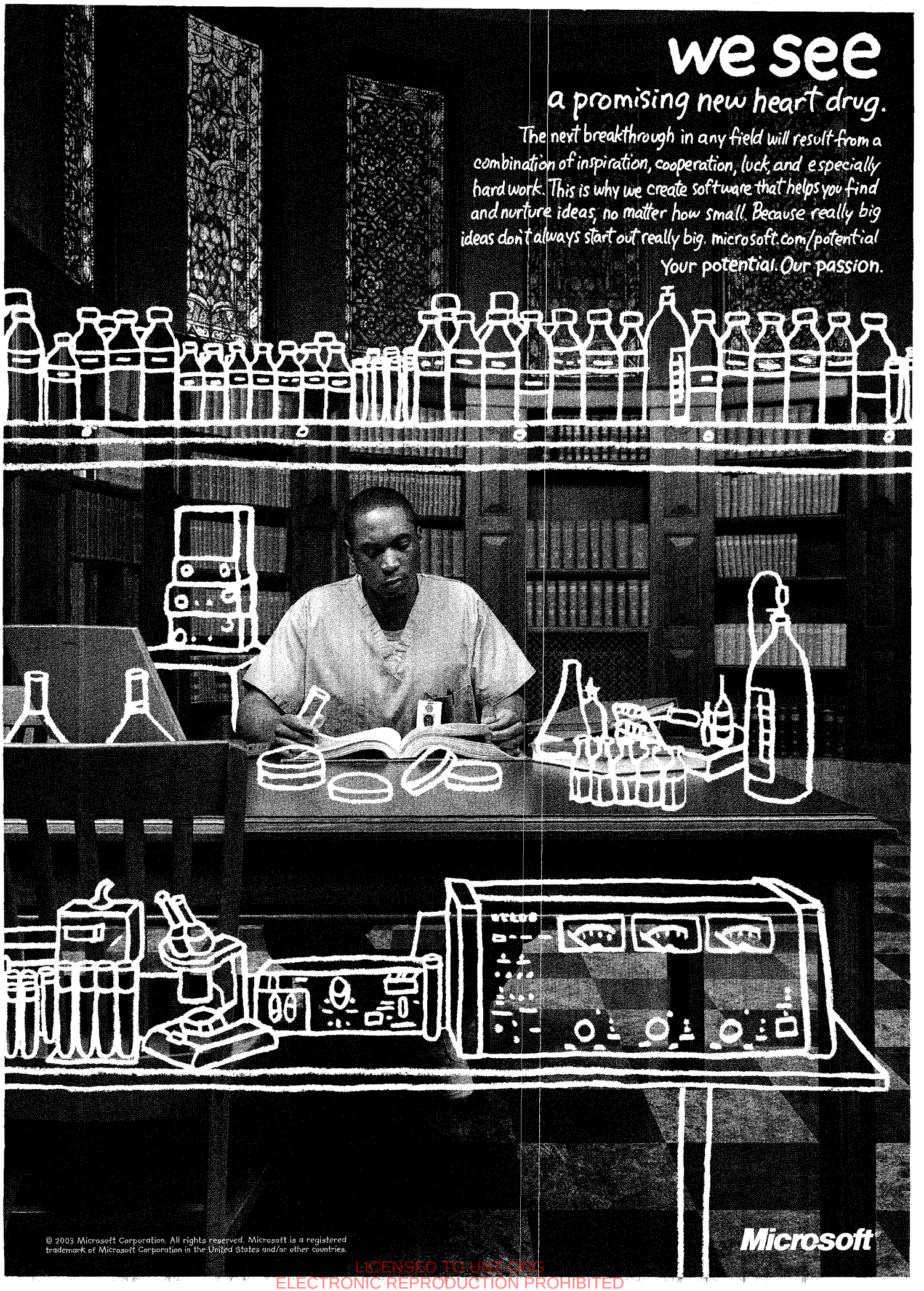


Order your FREE Alaska & The Yukon brochure online and receive special cruisetour offers and savings!

Visit www.halalaska.com to register or call 1-877-SAIL HAL, ext. 808.

Holland America

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AGENDA

THIS MONTH, *Wesley Clark up close; Sam Phillips in memoriam; yet another way the rich are different*

JOSHUA GREEN
"Wesley Clark exhibits another characteristic common to white-knight outsiders: difficulty making up his mind about whether to run. For all Clark's appeal, the recent record of generals who have run for office is not encouraging."
PAGE 38

MARK STEYN
"Rock-and-roll may be the most aggressively corporate branch of show business ever invented but it's still obsessed with being 'raw' and 'authentic' and 'countercultural.' That's where Sam Phillips comes in: he represents rock's B.C. era—Before Corporate."
PAGE 44

THE NATION IN NUMBERS
In an attempt to measure "the growing complexity of American households," the Census Bureau acknowledges cohabitation
PAGE 47

PRIMARY SOURCES
"Only at death does the tightfistedness of the wealthy diminish—but even then it's the threat of the estate tax that awakens the philanthropic spirit."
PAGE 48

HOW TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT

A primer for the Democratic candidates from Congress, who face daunting historical odds

BY DAVID BROOKS

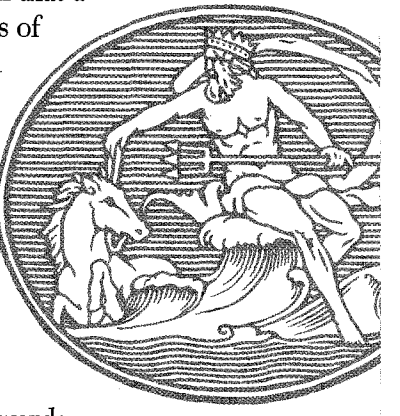
.....

During the past four decades forty-nine sitting members of Congress have run for President. All of them lost.

Some of the failed candidates added sparkle to the race (Hubert Humphrey, Scoop Jackson, Mo Udall, Eugene McCarthy, Barry Goldwater). Others seemed, at least at the time, plausible and serious (Ed Muskie, Howard Baker, Bob Dole, Jack Kemp, Birch Bayh). Some exceeded expectations (John Anderson, Eugene McCarthy, John McCain). Others underperformed (Phil Gramm, John Glenn, Alan Cranston). In some cases it's hard to imagine what they were thinking when they decided to run (Orrin Hatch, Fritz Hollings, Paul Simon, Fred Harris, Phil Crane).

But the point is, they all lost: forty-nine up, forty-nine down.

One might think that this rather compelling historical record would have made some impact. One might think that a major political party would be sure to include lots of non-congresspersons in its roster of presidential hopefuls. One might think that those members of Congress who run for President would understand that they are launching an undertaking that is extremely unlikely to succeed, and that they had better do something highly unorthodox to improve their chances.

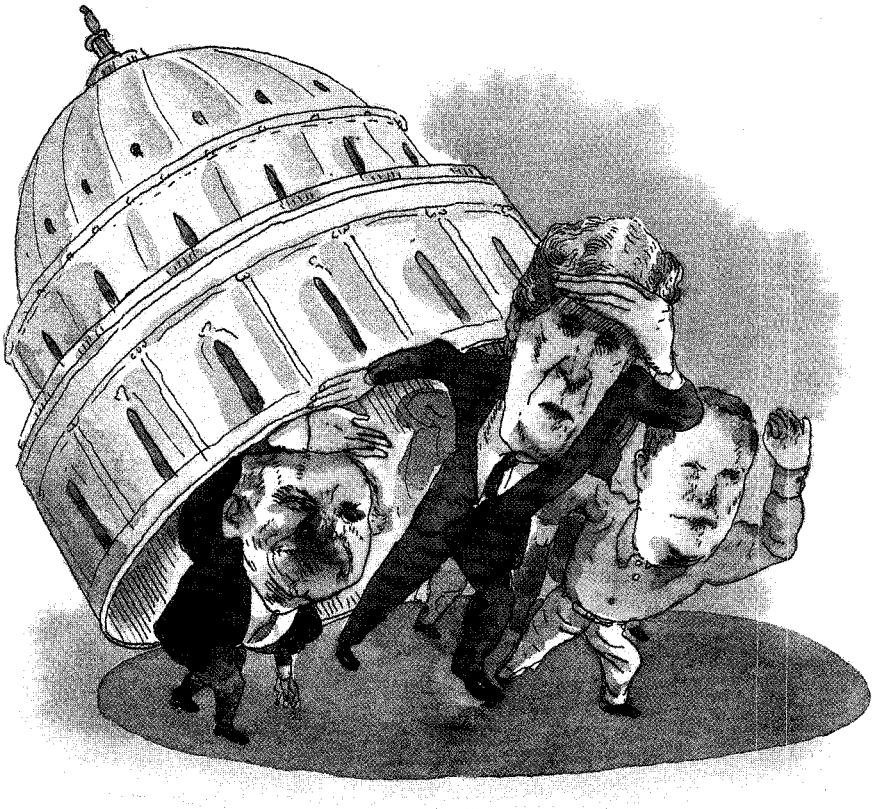


Wrong on all counts. This year the Democratic establishment is offering up as candidates at least seven current or former members of Congress: John Kerry, Joe Lieberman, John Edwards, Dick Gephardt, Bob Graham, Dennis Kucinich, and Carol Moseley Braun. And, true to form, this field is generating about as much excitement as Dole, Cranston, Hatch, Joe Biden, Richard Lugar, Walter Mondale, and Tom Harkin did in campaigns past. The only candidate sparking any passion is the one non–member of Congress in the race: Howard Dean, of Vermont.

So let me take the seven current candidates from Congress aside and offer some advice.

Your basic problem is that during the years you've been in Congress, you have been living in Plato's cave. You have not been responding to reality; you have been responding to a shadow of reality in the form of committee hearings, conversations with lobbyists, and town-hall

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



meetings. The overwhelming majority of people you have spoken with are heavily invested in politics. Most Americans, including most voting Americans, are not.

The people you need to woo are not the political junkies—the folks who watch political talk shows and already know who you are. Nor are they the growing numbers of apathetic Americans who are disengaged from public life and don't even bother to show up at the polls. The people you need to woo are the anti-political voters. These people are concerned with the state of the nation but cynical; they are interested in politics but disgusted by the way it is currently practiced. They don't see why there has to be so much conflict, so many scripted attacks, so much wasted energy.

They long for leaders who are not cast in the usual political mold, and who therefore seem capable of changing the tenor of American politics. In past elections, both national and local, these voters have swooned over such unconventional possibilities as Ross Perot, Jesse Ventura, Colin Powell, and John McCain. And they are ready to swoon over you—but you've got to get out of your cave.

Specifically, here is what you need to do:

Pretend that you are not obsessed with politics. One of the most telling moments in recent political life occurred during a primary debate in the 2000 presidential-election campaign, when George W. Bush was asked to name his favorite political philosopher. He answered, "Jesus Christ."

With that answer Bush signaled that he wasn't inclined to name a political philosopher, at least as that term is conventionally understood. He was thus demonstrating that even though he was running for President, he was not fundamentally a political creature. He was saying, "Look, I'm normal. Like you."

In sending that message Bush connected with the many voters who do not believe that politics breeds good character. They want leaders whose character developed in some arena outside politics—the military, church, business, sports—and who can bring their nonpolitical virtues into government.

Don't think linearly. Your life so far has been a progression. You started small and local and gradually extended your reach. You climbed the political ladder and eventually got elected to Congress. Once there, you ascended by virtue of seniority and visibility.

This does not impress the anti-political voter. For example, look at what is happening to California's governor, Gray Davis, who is in danger of being recalled by voters. It has been said that the government of France is a dictatorship interrupted by riots. The government of California is apathy interrupted by petitions. Anti-political voters go for long periods without paying any attention to what happens in Sacramento. Then one day the voters look up and realize that they are unhappy. They decide that the politicians have been screwing up, and that they want wholesale change. So they support recall petitions and radical ballot measures (remember Proposition 13?) that telegraph their disgust and can dramatically alter the political landscape.

In the age of the anti-political voter politics is not steady. It's spasmodic. To have a prayer of winning, you have to go with the spasms. Your campaign cannot just flow naturally from your political past. You can't run on the basis of your accomplishments as a legislator. You have to emerge from the husk of your past self. You have to declare that up until now you have been living a false life within a rotten system, but you have seen the light—and you will combine your new insight with your old insider's knowledge and forge a sword of reform.

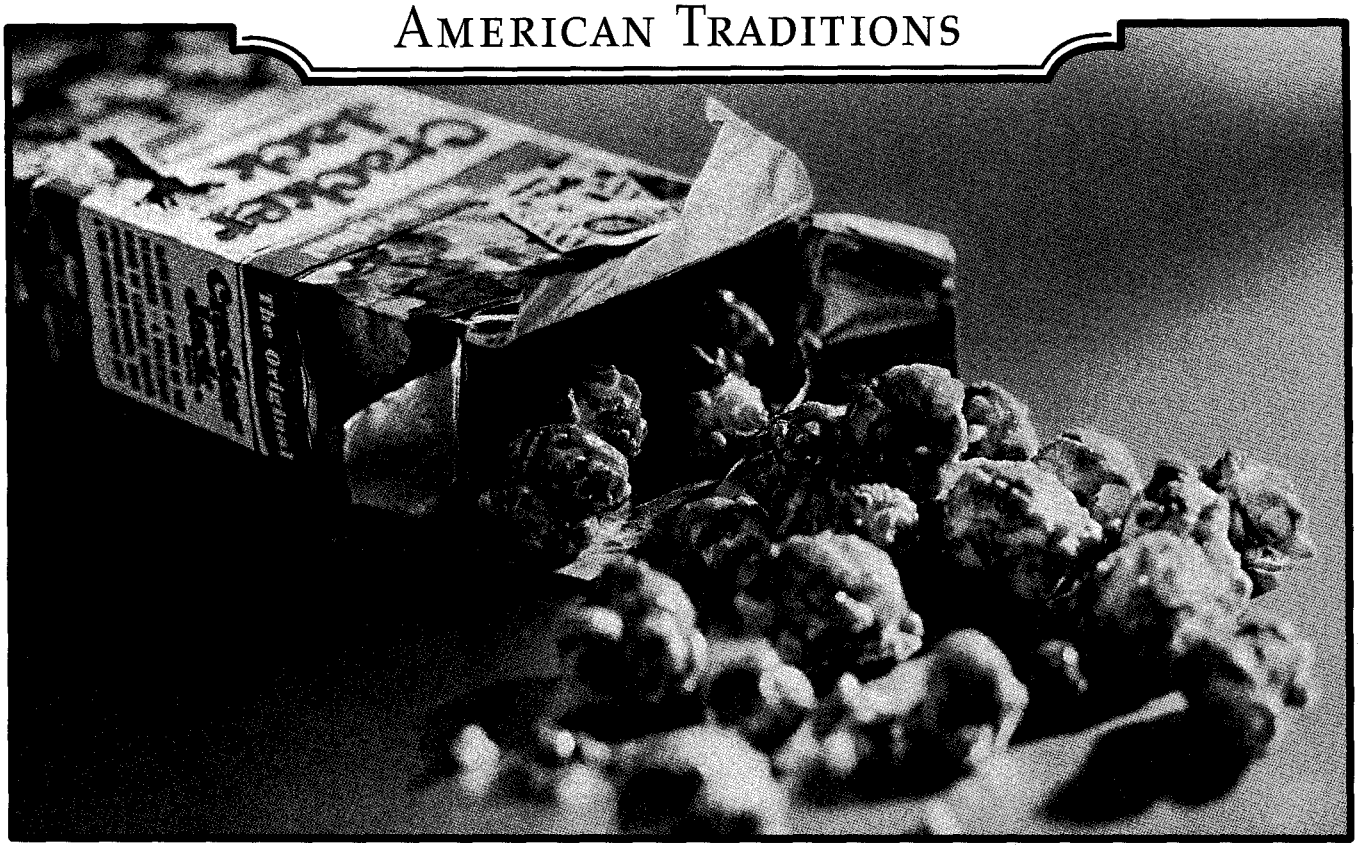
Be radical in style but conservative in substance. Anti-political voters are upset about the political system, but they are generally not upset about their own lives. Take a trip to the suburbs—most people there think that they are handling the parts of their lives that are within their control pretty well. Overwhelmingly, they are happy with their jobs, homes, cars, and families. They do not want you to start mucking these things up in the name of reform.

But they do want leaders who are iconoclastic in presentation and who seem likely to muck up the conventional

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRY BLITT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Traditions



Some things are best when they have a surprise inside. Not your investments.

When you choose a value fund, you expect it to perform like a value fund. Which is why our funds are managed to ensure style consistency. They let you build a balanced portfolio with confidence. Our seasoned managers have been through numerous market rotations. This perspective allows them to keep our funds on course for the long term. To learn more, please call your advisor or visit www.americancentury.com.

You'll find the way we manage our value funds says a lot about our values as a company.

Overall Morningstar Ratings™
(as of 6/30/03)

Equity Income ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
(among 169 Mid-Cap Value funds)

Capital Value ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
(among 632 Large Value funds)

Past performance is no guarantee of future results. Investment returns and principal values may fluctuate and redemption value may be more or less than original cost.

For current performance information, please call us or visit www.americancentury.com.

For each fund with at least a 3-year history, Morningstar calculates a Morningstar Rating™ based on a Morningstar Risk-Adjusted Return measure that accounts for variations in a fund's monthly performance (including the effects of sales charges, loads and redemption fees), placing more emphasis on downward variations and rewarding consistent performance. The top 10% of funds in each category receive 5 stars, the next 22.5% receive 4 stars, the next 35% receive 3 stars, the next 22.5% receive 2 stars and the bottom 10% receive 1 star. (Each share class is counted as a fraction of one fund within this scale and rated separately, which may cause slight variations in the distribution percentages.) The Overall Morningstar Rating for a fund is derived from a weighted average of the performance figures associated with its 3-, 5- and 10-year (if applicable) Morningstar Rating metrics. The funds had the following ratings for the 3-, 5- and 10-year periods, respectively. Equity Income 5, 5, NA out of 169 and 121 U.S.-domiciled Mid-Cap Value funds; Capital Value 5, NA, NA out of 632 U.S.-domiciled Large Value funds. Morningstar Rating is for the investor share class only; other classes may have different performance characteristics.

Please call 1-877-44-AMCEN for a prospectus with more complete information, including charges, expenses and minimums. Be sure to read it carefully before you invest or send money.

CRACKER JACK, SAILOR JACK AND BINGO, and the SAILOR JACK and BINGO characters are trademarks of Recot, Inc. ©2003 Recot, Inc.

American Century Investment Services, Inc. ©2003 American Century Services Corporation

AMERICAN CENTURY®
Investment Managers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

process of politics. John McCain did not surge forward because of his innovative ideas about education and Social Security. He surged forward because his mode of campaigning showed that his character was strong enough to smash through the rot usually involved in running for President. He was open, brutally honest, and even imprudent, and in a thousand ways he demonstrated his independence from his profession, thus persuading many voters that he really might be able to change how that profession was practiced.

In thinking about McCain's following, you may find yourself tempted to fire all your political handlers and consultants and just be yourself. Before you do that, though, consider the possibility that beneath your media image and sound bites you may actually be rather dull. McCain's tactics worked for him because McCain is capable of independent, honest thought. But most politicians have trained themselves to think thoughts that are useful, not thoughts that are necessarily true. To help you project an image of independence and iconoclasm, you might need handlers—just handlers of a different sort.

Don't worry about respectable opinion. If you read the best newspapers and magazines in the country, you will get the impression that SUVs are decadent and McMansions are vulgar. But millions of Americans love SUVs and buy McMansions as soon as they can afford to. If you follow respectable opinion, you will misapprehend the tastes and priorities of the bulk of voters. More important, you will be following the cultural signals that molded all the other conventional, and failed, candidates before you. If you are going to run against the political elite, you should probably go for broke and run, in part, against the cultural elite, too.

Never display loathing. Anti-political voters are quick to loathe the system, but they are slow to loathe individual leaders, especially ones who seem basically decent. During the 1990s Republicans tried to get these voters to hate Bill Clinton, and failed. Today Democrats are trying to get them to hate Bush. That effort will fail too, for although these voters may dislike some of Bush's policies, there is no evidence that they are offended by Bush himself. People who hate come across as more unattractive than the targets of their hatred.

This fact poses a dilemma for Democrats in particular. The Democratic Party is in a highly emotional state, which puts it starkly at odds with the detachment of anti-political voters. Most engaged liberals are enraged by the policies and behavior of the Republicans. Many congressional Democrats believe that the people leading the Republican Party do not care about the common good but just want to grab what they can for themselves. They regard leading Republicans as liars, thugs, and worse. And they cannot restrain their fury.

But their fury is exactly the sort of emotion that will repel anti-political voters, who will see it not as righteous indignation but as shrill partisanship. It is too political, too fevered, too contentious. These voters have not been reading and rereading articles about the many Republican outrages, and they may well wonder about the mental stability of Democrats who get themselves so worked up over seemingly so little.

Try a little bipartisanship. During the 2000 election campaign Bush declared, "I'm a uniter, not a divider." He vowed to bring Republicans and Democrats together. Has there ever been a campaign promise so dramatically unfulfilled?

The central problem plaguing politics is mindless team spirit. The main complaint anti-political voters have against the system is that apparently kind and intelligent people come to Washington and immediately begin acting like idiots. They make crude partisan statements that only the most lemminglike party hacks could possibly accept at face value. They hold scripted press conferences at which they charge the other side with dastardly betrayals of the national interest. They never seem to step back from the party line and consider problems afresh. In no other profession do people behave this way, even though most professions are at least as competitive as politics.

The situation has gotten so bad that if a presidential candidate today were to show even the slightest sign of a genuine bipartisan spirit, voters would be beside themselves with joy and relief. The media would gush. The candidate would be heralded as the new Abraham Lincoln.

This is one area in which the Democrats have a structural advantage over the Republicans. John McCain did try to project a bipartisan spirit in 2000, but he was crushed by the Republican establishment. The Democratic establishment is not yet as good at crushing insurgencies, even though it is becoming more cohesive and viciously partisan by the day. An independent and semi-bipartisan candidate might still be able to win the Democratic nomination.

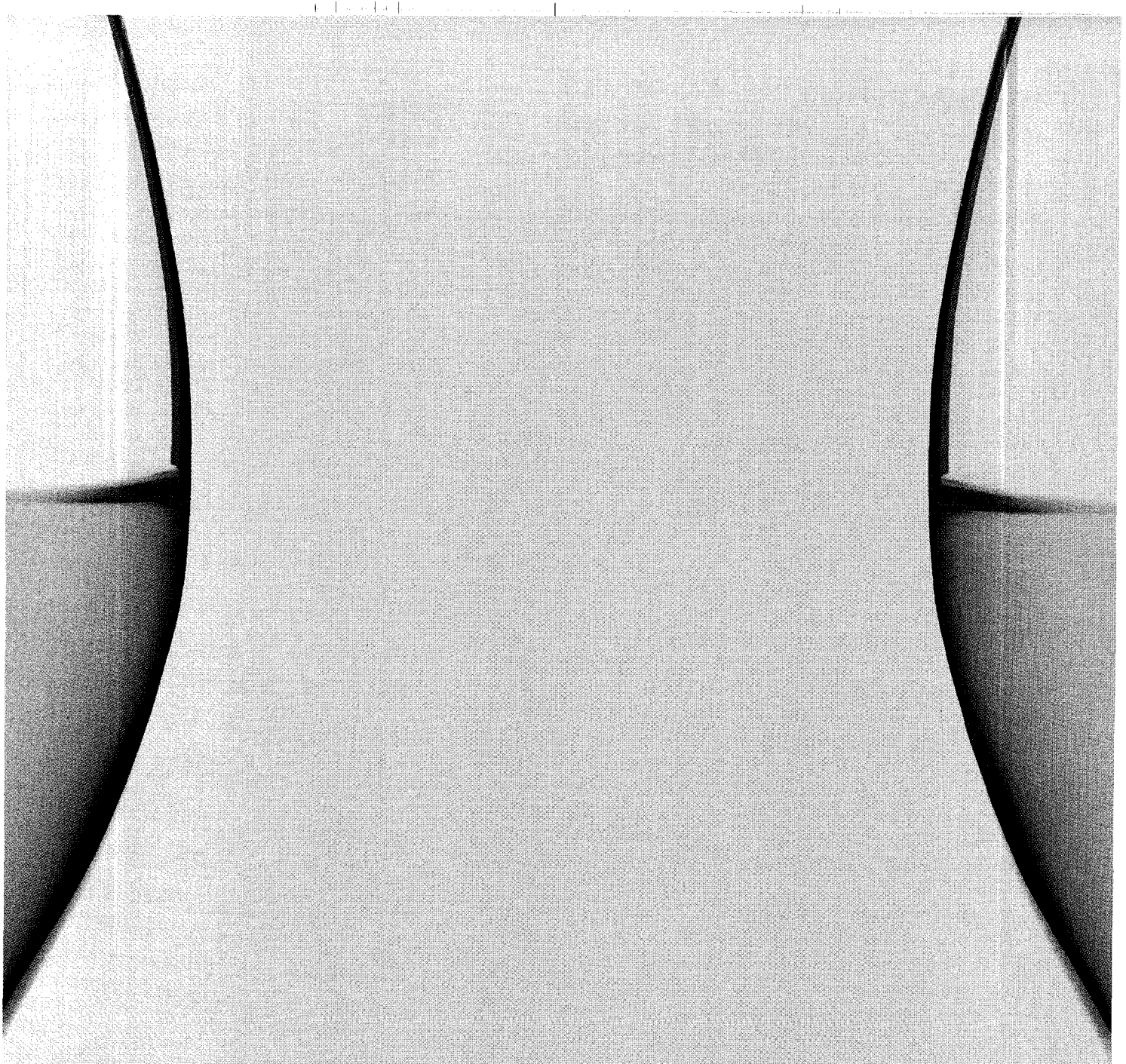
In his book *The Vanishing Voter* (2002) the political scientist Thomas Patterson wrote, "Since the 1960s the number of partisans with an awareness of both parties has declined by 25 percent while the number of independents with thoughts about neither party has nearly doubled." You need to keep these statistics in mind, right from the start of the primary season.

And you need to face the truth: even if you win the nomination, you are almost certainly going to lose the election. History teaches us that you are likely to exit the race bloodied, battered, humiliated, and broke. You will crawl back to Congress with your lifelong dreams of being President in tatters.

So you might as well throw the Hail Mary pass. You might as well try something new and different. After all, you have nothing to lose. ▲

David Brooks, an Atlantic *correspondent since 2001, has recently agreed to write a twice-weekly op-ed column for* The New York Times.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BORDEAUX™

Fine Wines. Be Seduced.™

There is little in the world more alluring than a glass of white Bordeaux. Centuries of Sauvignon blanc and Sémillon blending mastery, combined with a unique terrain and climate give birth to refinement and equilibrium of a highly enticing nature. www.bordeaux.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORCE MULTIPLIER

Wesley Clark is not Haig and not Eisenhower. And some Democrats are hoping he won't be Cuomo

BRIEF LIVES

JOSHUA GREEN

In many presidential campaigns a moment arrives when disappointment with the declared candidates sets in, and a dream candidate emerges—one who seems to personify all that is missing from the field. Colin Powell was once such a figure for the Republicans, and Mario Cuomo for the Democrats. Often a candidate's very unavailability is a large part of his appeal. The paradox is that the hold on the imagination that attractive outsiders have from afar often disappears when they enter the race, and suffer the same scrutiny and attack as any other candidate. Perhaps for this reason few of them actually declare themselves. Howard Dean, who started out as this kind of outsider, still enjoys something like this hold, even though he declared early. The person playing the role of Hamlet candidate is Wesley Clark—a retired four-star general, a former NATO Supreme Allied Commander, a Rhodes scholar, a war hero, and, in every meaningful way save actual registration, a Democrat.

Over the past year Clark traveled the country delivering speeches notable for their strident criticism of the Bush Administration's prosecution of the war on terrorism and, recently, its handling of the deteriorating situation in Iraq. At the same time, he encouraged speculation that he would seek the Democratic nomination; as this piece went to press he signaled that he was on the verge of making a decision. Many Democrats believe that Clark could be a Promethean figure for a party deemed profoundly insufficient on the very subjects—national security and military issues—likely to dominate the 2004 campaign. "Clark has the ability to single-handedly reverse three decades of weakness by the Democratic Party in the area of national security," Timothy Bergreen, the founder of the think tank Democrats for National Security, recently told me.

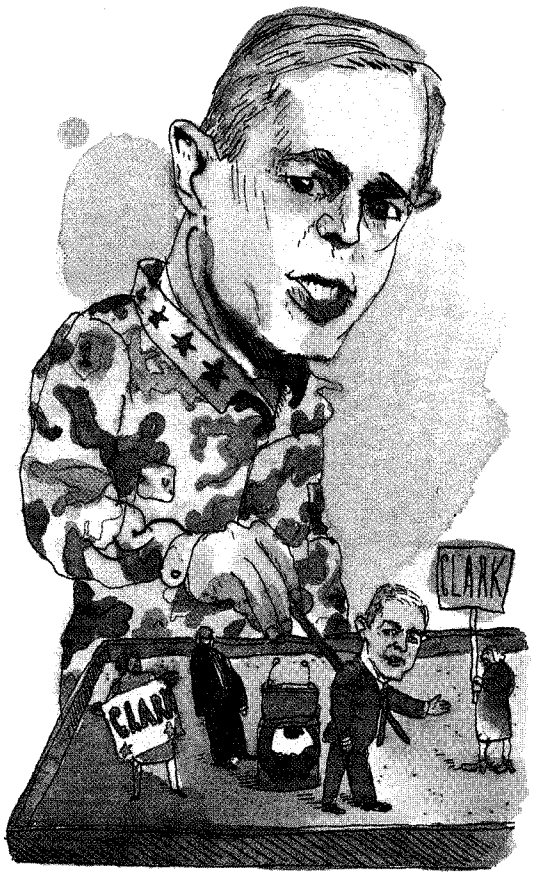
Although the odds seem long that he will be the first general to become the Democratic presidential nominee since Winfield Scott Hancock, in 1880, Clark is an obvious choice for Vice President. In fact, one reason that many Democrats (including the head of the Democratic National Committee, Terry McAuliffe) want him to get in the race is their hope that some of his military credibility will rub off on the party.

Like earlier outsiders (and like Howard Dean), Clark has a kind of bracing forthrightness guaranteed to attract notice in national politics. When I first went to see him, in his Washington office last December, Clark was working as a military analyst for CNN and had just begun to emerge as a political figure. Wiry and self-assured, with neat gray hair, he has the bearing of one accustomed to being in charge. Behind a lectern or on television this bearing is less fierce. But in person he is often so intense it seems that anyone who leaned forward and touched him might get an electric shock.

Clark's military career culminated when he led the nineteen-member NATO coalition that drove Slobodan Milosevic out of Kosovo in 1999. That experience, Clark told me, instilled in him an unshakable belief in the power of working through alliances, and it is the foundation for his criticism of the Bush Administration's foreign policy.

As Clark argued in *Waging Modern War*, his 2001 memoir of the Kosovo campaign, NATO's action against Milosevic provided a blueprint for how future wars should be fought. At the time of the action many nations, the United States prominent among them, had doubts about a military campaign. By waging war through NATO, Clark gained the assurance that the governments of all nineteen member nations had a political stake in the campaign and thus a commitment to victory. Working with NATO required extraordinary diplomatic efforts; every nation theoretically had to approve a strike on any target. Nevertheless, Clark concluded that having allied support for America's use of force sent a powerful message to the enemy and imparted crucial political backing for the military campaign—benefits that far outweighed any tactical restrictions.

Clark believes that working with allies is more than a diplomatic necessity—it makes a military power stronger; he calls an alliance a "force multiplier." Even though other candidates take similar positions, Clark can explain his in commonsense terms that elude them, and with the authority of someone who won a war. He is likely to find an increasingly receptive audience if the news from Iraq gets worse.



"I would have first aligned the United

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nations and NATO against al-Qaeda," he told me in December. "Then, when it comes time to work against Iraq or Iran or North Korea, you've got a strong, committed group of allies." The order of threat, he believed, was al-Qaeda, North Korea, and Iran—and then Iraq. Clark did not oppose intervening in Iraq; he simply thought the Bush Administration's military decision was premature, and reckless in its unilateralism.

As we spoke, his cell phone rang. "We're off to CNN," he announced. What followed was typical of Clark's life as not-quite-candidate. He found himself the victim of a friendly ambush by the host of *Inside Politics*, Judy Woodruff: "General Clark, it's known that you've been meeting privately, quietly, with big Democratic donors ... You've been talking to reporters in Iowa, the first caucus state. Just for the sake of credibility, isn't it a good idea now for you to say openly that you are thinking about whether to run for President?" Clark's answer—one he frequently repeated afterward—showed that he had already mastered the noncommittal political response: "Judy, I'm not a candidate. I haven't declared a party. I haven't taken political money." Off camera, Clark feigned dismay at the question. Yet in the same breath he jokingly complained to Woodruff that her husband, Al Hunt, had neglected to include his name in a *Wall Street Journal* column that day listing the Democratic front-runners.

When we returned from CNN, an aide stood waiting beside a rental car to ferry us to another appointment. Clark, who still runs his life as though he were conducting a military campaign, grabbed the keys, nodded for the aide and me to climb in, and shot out into rush-hour traffic. The aide took a halfhearted stab at briefing his boss while Clark—slouched low, cell phone cradled to ear—tore across Independence Avenue in view of the White House, weaving in and out of lanes. As we approached the Old Executive Office Building, Clark, seeing nowhere to park, glanced at his watch and then at me. "Listen, I'm late," he said. "Do you have plans?" I shook my head. Without another word he pulled over, tossed me the keys, and disappeared into the building, his aide scrambling to keep up. I found a parking space. A few hours later Clark called to get the keys.

Over the nine months I observed him, part of Clark's strategy as shadow candidate was to make great drama of asserting his nonpartisanship while simultaneously issuing winking, present-tense-only denials of his candidacy. He had, after all, given lectures for the better part of two years, put forth a foreign policy, cobbled together a center-left domestic policy, and established a not-for-profit organization with a name—Leadership for America—that smacks of presidential ambition.

Clark seemed to feed on the positive attention. One reason I believed him to be serious about formalizing his candidacy was his reaction to critics who called him a one-dimensional candidate, fluent only in the particulars of military and national-security affairs. Clark responded to this—one of the few criticisms he received—by developing positions on a host of domestic issues, positions that deepened and broadened with each passing month. He favors rolling back the Bush tax cuts. He describes himself as pro-choice. On the issue of gays in the military he says that "Don't ask, don't tell" isn't working, and favors a more relaxed approach—though he says he would leave the decision on how to liberalize policy to military leaders themselves.

In order to speak credibly about domestic affairs, he has borrowed a tactic frequently employed by businessmen and governors who seek high office: he invokes his experience of command—in his case military, where they tout their leadership of a company or a state ("In Vermont, we ..."). Earlier this year, when Clark joined other candidates in criticizing the Bush tax cuts, he went a step further, pointing

Made so well we could charge twice the price. But we'll let our competitors do that.

Like the original Bean Boot, this new one is destined to become a classic. It's lightweight and waterproof, but constructed with an athletic shoe midsole for all-day comfort. If you've shopped for footwear lately, you'll know what a value these are.

Bean's New Storm Chaser™ Shoe only $59

For your FREE Catalog, call 1-800-644-4288 or shop llbean.com

L.L.Bean

FREEPORT, MAINE SINCE 1912

© 2003 L.L. Bean, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out that the lack of responsibility Bush displayed in enacting the cuts would never be tolerated in the U.S. Army. Clark has used the Army as an analogue, often quite persuasively, to address many of the issues most important to Democrats. He supports affirmative action, noting that the military pioneered racial integration. He cites improvements that he helped implement in the Army's education, health care, and housing as models for what is needed in civilian society. He has even used his military experience to establish his environmental bona fides: last April, during a Leadership for America conference at Georgetown University, I witnessed the unlikely spectacle of a former NATO commander speaking movingly of the pride he took in receiving plaudits from the Audubon Society for his Army base's stewardship of the desert tortoise and the red-cockaded woodpecker.

Clark's greatest accomplishment over the past year has been to bring the candor and level-headedness with which he speaks about military affairs to the full spectrum of political issues. When I last met with him, in late July, he articulated a shrewd analysis of the two parties—one that happened to cast him as the solution to the Democrats' problems. Republicans, he said, would naturally focus on their favored issue of national security, but for obvious reasons would avoid discussing the economy. Democrats would hammer away at the economy, but lacked the credibility to effectively challenge the Republicans on national security. "Today," Clark said, "Americans understand that national security is personal security, and will only elect a leader they're confident can provide it." Though he didn't say so, he appeared to be of the mind that no one in the Democratic field fit that bill.

Clark exhibits another characteristic common to white-knight outsiders: difficulty making up his mind about whether to run. For all Clark's appeal, the recent record of generals who have run for office is not encouraging. "The most difficult part of the transition from military to public life is going from a system where you basically give and receive orders to one where you're constantly asking—asking for money, votes, and support," says the Democratic senator Jack Reed, of Rhode Island, a West Point graduate and a former Army captain. This difficulty was exemplified by General Alexander Haig, a former NATO commander himself, who sought the Republican nomination in 1988. Early one morning Haig stationed himself outside a factory in New Hampshire to shake hands with arriving workers. When one rebuffed his advance, Haig, stung by the indignity, turned to the assembled media and snapped, "Every once in a while you meet an asshole." Soon afterward he withdrew from the race.

Clark is no Al Haig, but during our time together I began to suspect that he might have difficulty switching from general to candidate. When discussing whether he would run, he spoke often of "seeing if people want me"; he seemed to have in mind the candidacy of another former general and NATO commander, Dwight Eisenhower, whom the Republicans drafted in 1951. Although Clark has fans in the Democratic establishment, he has nothing like Eisenhower's stature in his party, and there is no chance that a similar draft movement will arise from the Democratic leadership. His hope that there might be one hints at a certain lack of political acuity, which could become evident if he runs. Though he is a talented, even inspirational, speaker on issues dear to him, Clark's manner when he's probed about subjects he'd rather not discuss is very much like that of a general at a military briefing—he's curt, sure of himself, and not overly concerned about the impression he leaves.

Clark is particularly thin-skinned, still bridling at slights from Republicans and fellow military officers during the Clinton Administration. A polarizing figure in the military who often drew the ire of the brass, Clark was forced to retire early when Secretary of Defense William Cohen and members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff organized a coup to replace him. One night, over drinks in a Capitol Hill bar, he told me that he believed himself to be "the most maligned general since William Westmoreland." Perhaps imagining the criticism he would have to endure as a candidate, many of Clark's admiring friends with whom I spoke confessed in protective tones that they hoped he wouldn't run.

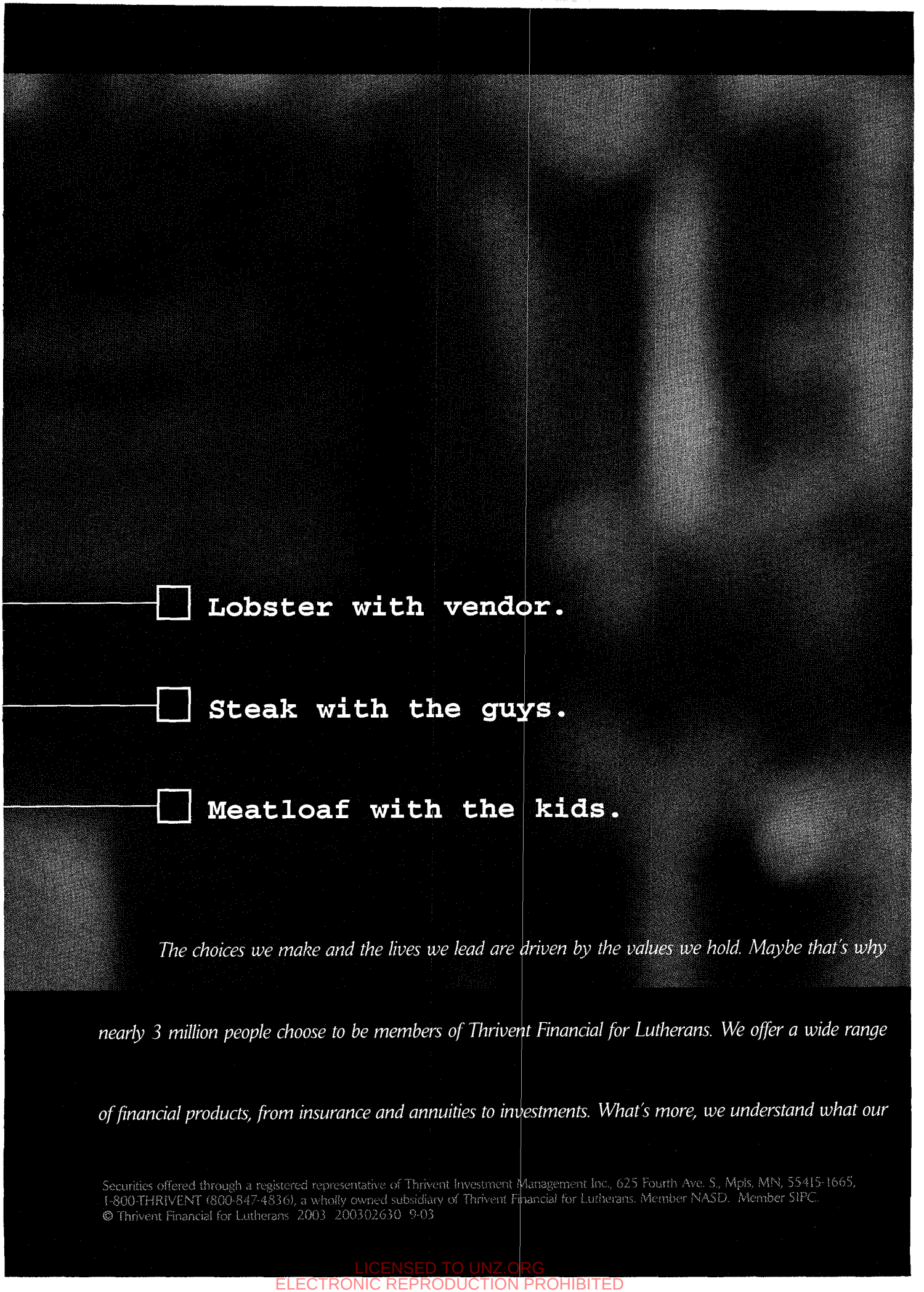
Nevertheless, he seemed eager to try. He does bring an important asset to a field long on names but short on stature: an animating purpose tailored to the moment, a purpose that could galvanize a Democratic electorate desperate to defeat Bush. Clark himself time and again levels the charge that Bush is ruining the foreign policy that the United States has developed and used effectively over the past sixty years; he sees restoring international alliances as the only way to win the war on terrorism. At least three "Draft Clark" Web sites have sprung up since January to persuade him to run. The 7,300 supporters and the $465,000 they had pledged by early August suggest that—in style, if not yet in scope—Clark has the basis for a Howard Dean–type surge of grassroots support.

Clark has a talent for creating excitement in those who hear him speak, particularly about foreign policy. This sort of excitement is common to all successful campaigns—and uncommon in the current field of Democratic contenders. On its own it is not enough to transcend the sorts of mistakes that any novice candidate is sure to make—particularly one running for the presidential nomination. But if terrorism and threats abroad become the focus of the campaign—and Bush and the Republicans will try to ensure that they do—Clark may indeed find himself cast, if not drafted, as the dream candidate. ▲

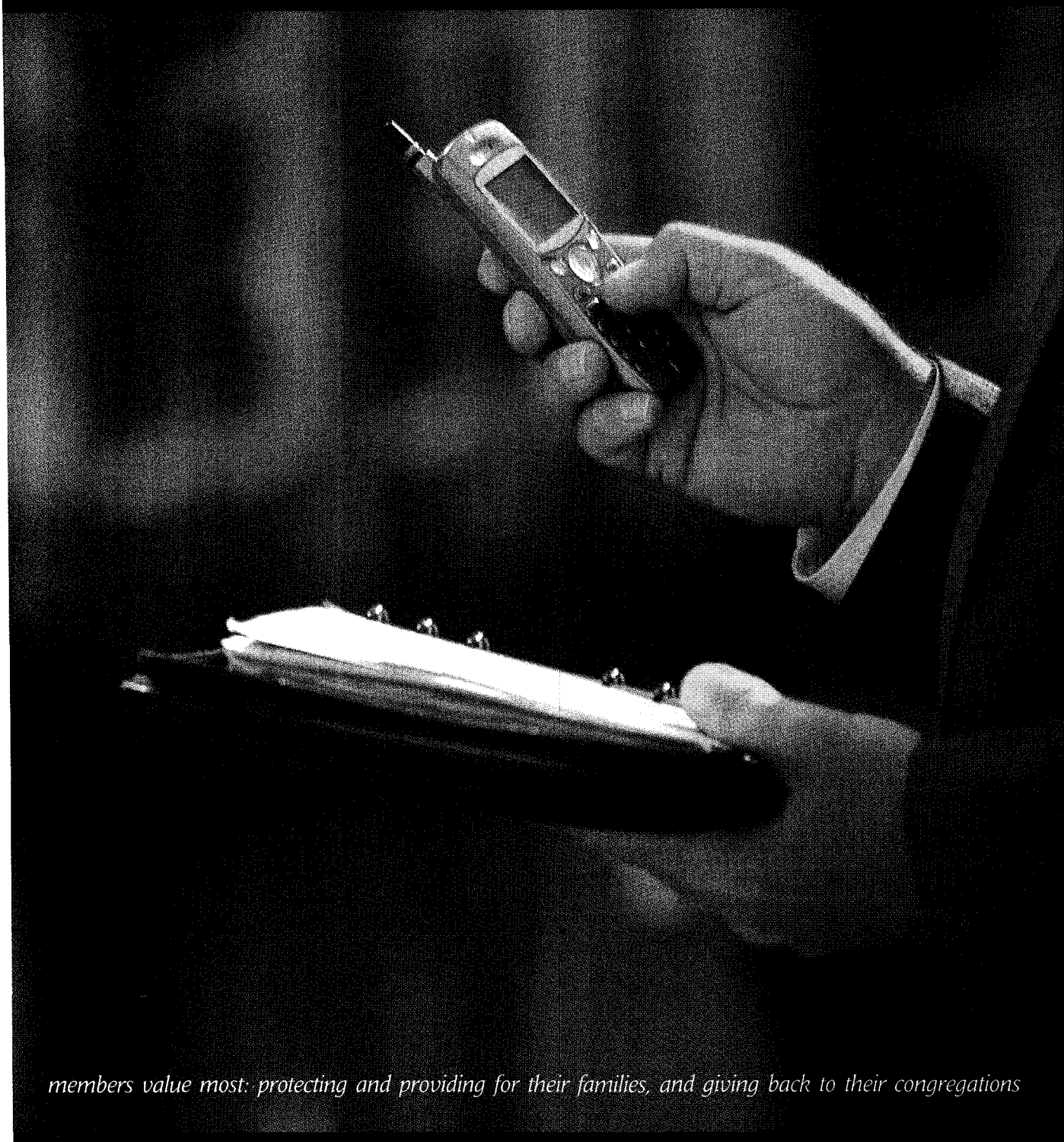
Joshua Green is a senior editor of The Atlantic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



members value most: protecting and providing for their families, and giving back to their congregations

and communities. To find out how we can help with your life choices, contact one of our Financial Associates,

call 1-800-THRIVENT or visit thrivent.com

Thrivent Financial for Lutherans™

Where Values Thrive.™

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAN WHO INVENTED ELVIS

Sam Phillips (1923–2003)

POST MORTEM

MARK STEYN

On the day Sam Phillips died, the crowd at the world's (alleged) all-time biggest rock concert, in Toronto, booed and threw bottles at teen heartthrob Justin Timberlake, of the boy band 'N Sync. Master Timberlake was said to be too "plastic" and "manufactured" for the taste of rock fans there to see Rush and AC/DC. This is the fellow to whom, as she revealed this summer, Britney Spears surrendered her much-advertised virginity, which suggests that letting the suits in the head office mold your identity is not without its compensations. But young Justin sportingly said he thought the bottle-hurling was "understandable."

And so it is. Rock-and-roll may be the most aggressively corporate branch of show business ever invented but it's still obsessed with being "raw" and "authentic" and "countercultural." That's where Sam Phillips comes in: he represents rock's B.C. era—Before Corporate—before Elvis said good-bye to Sam's Sun Records, in Memphis, and headed for RCA and Hollywood and Vegas. But back in 1954 it was Sam who told Elvis to sing the country song ("Blue Moon of Kentucky") kinda bluesy and the blues song ("That's All Right") kinda country, and, as Elvis was a polite nineteen-year-old who obliged his elders, somewhere in the crisscross something clicked.

It's the Phillips tracks that redeem Elvis for everything that came afterward. It's "Mystery Train" and "That's All Right" that the pop-culture historians are thinking of when they write about the rock-and-roll "revolution." "The Ancien Regime fell in 1789 and once again a century and a half later," declared Herbert London in *Closing the Circle: A Cultural History of the Rock Revolution.* "Rock Around the Clock" is the most successful call to arms produced by the revolution, the one kids tore up movie seats over. But its composer, Jimmy DeKnight, wrote it as a fox trot, and its lyricist, Max Freedman, whose last hit had been for the Andrews Sisters, originally wanted to call it "Dance Around the Clock." And Freedman was born in 1890. When he was a rebellious teenager, the big hits were "The Merry Widow Waltz," Kipling's "Road to Mandalay," and "When a Fellow's on the Level With a Girl That's on the Square." He may not have been exactly Ancien Regime, but he was certainly pretty Ancien. And the Regime itself—in the shape of RCA, Columbia, etc.—proved far wilier survivors than Louis XVI.

That's why Phillips's moment is central to rock's sense of itself, and why critics still insist that Elvis's *The Sun Sessions* is the all-time greatest album. As Robert Hilburn put it, on the Sun set "you hear rock being born"—not to Tin Pan Alley hacks and big-time corporations, but in a one-story brick studio where a kid walked in off the street. Just as real revolutionaries watch the Revolution Day tank parade from the presidential palace and reminisce about the days when they were peasants with pitchforks, so fellows who spend eight months in a studio remixing a couple of tracks fondly reminisce about the days when Ike Turner's amplifier fell off the car roof on the way to the studio and Sam Phillips stuffed the punctured speaker cone with paper and accidentally created a "wall of sound." The Sun motto was "We Record Anything, Anytime, Anywhere"—including the men's room, where the toilet served as the studio's echo chamber. The conventional line on Phillips is that he's the guy who encouraged Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Roy Orbison to "experiment." "I'd try things I knew I couldn't do," Carl Perkins remembered, "and then have to work my way out of it. I'd say, 'Mr Phillips, that's terrible.' He'd say, 'That's *original*.'"

I interviewed Phillips once for the BBC. Well, that's not exactly true. I pretended to be from the BBC. Unfortunately, a genuine BBC chap had turned up the day before I did, which meant that, when I was ushered into his presence, Phillips seemed vaguely suspicious that I wasn't quite what I claimed to be. Desperate to reassure him that I was a legitimate rock interviewer, I somehow fell into a terrible rhythm of earnest cliché questions I couldn't get out of—about the "rawness," the "authenticity"—and, Elvised out as he was, he politely gave the standard answers for the umpteenth time. He had a laid-back cool that Elvis never quite managed, and he wore a little lightning-bolt pin with the Presley motto: "TCB." Taking Care of Business.

Here's what I would like to have discussed. He knew Elvis before he was Elvis, before he was a star and then a parody. He knew Elvis when he was an eighteen-year-old who parked his Ford pick-up outside the studio on Union Avenue and said he wanted to record a song for his momma's birthday: "My Happiness," a big hit for the Ink Spots. The teenage Elvis liked the Ink Spots and Eddie Fisher. He wanted to sing like Dean Martin.

SUN RECORDS

Elvis's career after Phillips is regarded by rock critics as a ghastly sellout to commercialism and conformity, though there's nothing obviously commercial or conformist about a ragbag like "Old Shep," "Rock-a-Hula Baby," "Peace in the Valley," or "No Room to Rhumba in a Sports Car," or adaptations of "O Sole Mio" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Justin Timberlake's minders would be unlikely to recommend any of 'em. Elvis had an extraordinary range—two octaves and a third—but not a consistent voice. He was a chameleon but unfocused, and when he wasn't doing Dino he could sound like Al Jolson, Mahalia Jackson, or an Irish tenor. The wacky eclecticism is the real Elvis. The "raw," "authentic" *Sun Sessions* Elvis is the manufactured product. "I encouraged him to be real

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

INTERACTION

CONNECT DIRECTLY WITH THESE ADVERTISERS ONLINE IN THE ATLANTIC STORE AT WWW.THEATLANTIC.COM/STORE

Batdorf & Bronson Coffee Roasters

Since 1986, offering quality organic, shade-grown, and sustainably grown coffee. Home of the award-winning Dancing Goats® Blend. Call 800-955-5282 or visit *www.batdorf.com*.

Calvert

A leader in socially responsible investing for over 25 years, Calvert offers a full family of mutual funds to help meet your investment needs. Calvert—investments that make a difference. Visit *www.calvert.com* or call 800-368-2748.

CARE

A leading humanitarian organization fighting global poverty, CARE helps poor communities create lasting solutions to their most threatening problems. *www.care.org*.

Caroline Doctorow

Carmel Valley Ride is the latest release from this little-known but significant singer-songwriter. Based loosely on the life of '60s folksinger Mimi Farina, the album features some haunting songs and a handful of the best acoustic musicians around. Visit *carolinedoctorow.com* or call 800-675-4112.

Chrysler

Introducing the all-new Chrysler Pacifica, combining provocative styling with the straightforward functionality you need to stay on the move. Visit *pacifica.chrysler.com*.

Colorado Tourism

Visit Colorado for scenery, adventure, history, arts, culture, big cities, small towns, and more! Get details at *colorado.com* or 800-COLORADO (800-265-6723).

Eddie Bauer

Washable Seattle Suede™. All the comfort and style of genuine suede leather minus the hassle of dry cleaning. Visit an Eddie Bauer store near you, see *eddiebauer.com*, or call 800-426-8020.

Endless Pools

Swim at home in an 8' x 15' pool against a smooth current—adjustable to any speed or ability. Call 800-233-0741, ext. 2517 for a FREE brochure or visit *www.endlesspools.com*.

GE

Experience how GE is harnessing the power of wind to provide the world clean, efficient energy. Visit *GEImaginationatWork.com* or contact us at 661-823-6700.

GMC Yukon

The GMC Yukon. Purposefully engineered to give you a surprising level of agility. For more information, call 800-4AYUKON (800-429-8566) or visit *GMC.com/YUKON*.

Home Depot

From garage doors to water heaters, The Home Depot at-home services provides installation you can trust. Visit your local store or *www.homedepot.com* for more details.

Let's Motor

Visit *MINIUSA.com* to build your own MINI Cooper or MINI Cooper S, pick up some gear, locate a dealer, or learn some more about MINI and motoring. Or just visit because you're bored at your desk and need a decent site to check out. We're good for that, too.

Lewis Creek, Tradition in the Making

A unique line of men's outdoor and casual clothing made using methods and materials that do the job best. Visit *www.lewiscreek.com* or call 800-255-0206.

L.L. Bean

L.L. Bean. Freeport, Maine. Since 1912. Over 90 years of providing quality clothing and gear for people who enjoy the outdoors. Visit us today at *llbean.com*.

Lockheed Martin

Lockheed Martin's vision is to be the world's best advanced technology systems integrator. The corporation's core businesses are systems integration, aeronautics, space systems, and technology services. See us at *lockheedmartin.com*.

Maserati

Visit *maseratiusa.com* to set up your test-drive of this 21st century luxury sports car or to locate your nearest authorized Maserati dealer. For more information, call 888-371-1802.

Novartis

A world pharmaceutical leader in the research and development of innovative products to cure disease, ease patient suffering, and enhance quality of life. *www.novartis.com*.

Orion Magazine

Informed by a growing ecological awareness and the need for cultural change, *Orion* magazine blends literature with politics and art with activism in a new bimonthly format. Visit *orionline.org* for a free copy or call 888-909-6568.

Rosetta Stone

World-class language-learning software teaches even the most difficult languages easily. Guaranteed. Ask NASA. The U.S. State Department. The Peace Corps. Call 800-788-0822 or visit *www.rosettastone.com/atlantic*.

Slow Dating™ with Bordeaux ... One Sip at a Time

Just as it takes time to make fine Bordeaux wine, love cannot be rushed. Slow Dating™ is a uniquely seductive experience, allowing hopeful couples an unhurried avenue towards lasting romance. *www.bordeaux.com/slowdating*.

Suburu of America

With a 212-horsepower engine and leather interior, the Outback L.L. Bean Edition brings power and luxury to every adventure. For information on the full line of Subaru all-wheel-drive vehicles, call 800-WANT-AWD (800-926-8293) or visit *www.subaru.com*.

The Hartford

The Hartford Financial Services Group, Inc. is one of the nation's largest investment and insurance companies, with 2001 revenues of $15.1 billion. For more information, visit us at *www.thehartford.com*.

TIAA-CREF

For over eighty years, TIAA-CREF has helped the world's sharpest minds look forward to a secure and rewarding future. Find out how TIAA-CREF can help you achieve your financial goals. Log on to *www.tiaa-cref.org* for ideas, advice, and results, or call 800-842-1924.

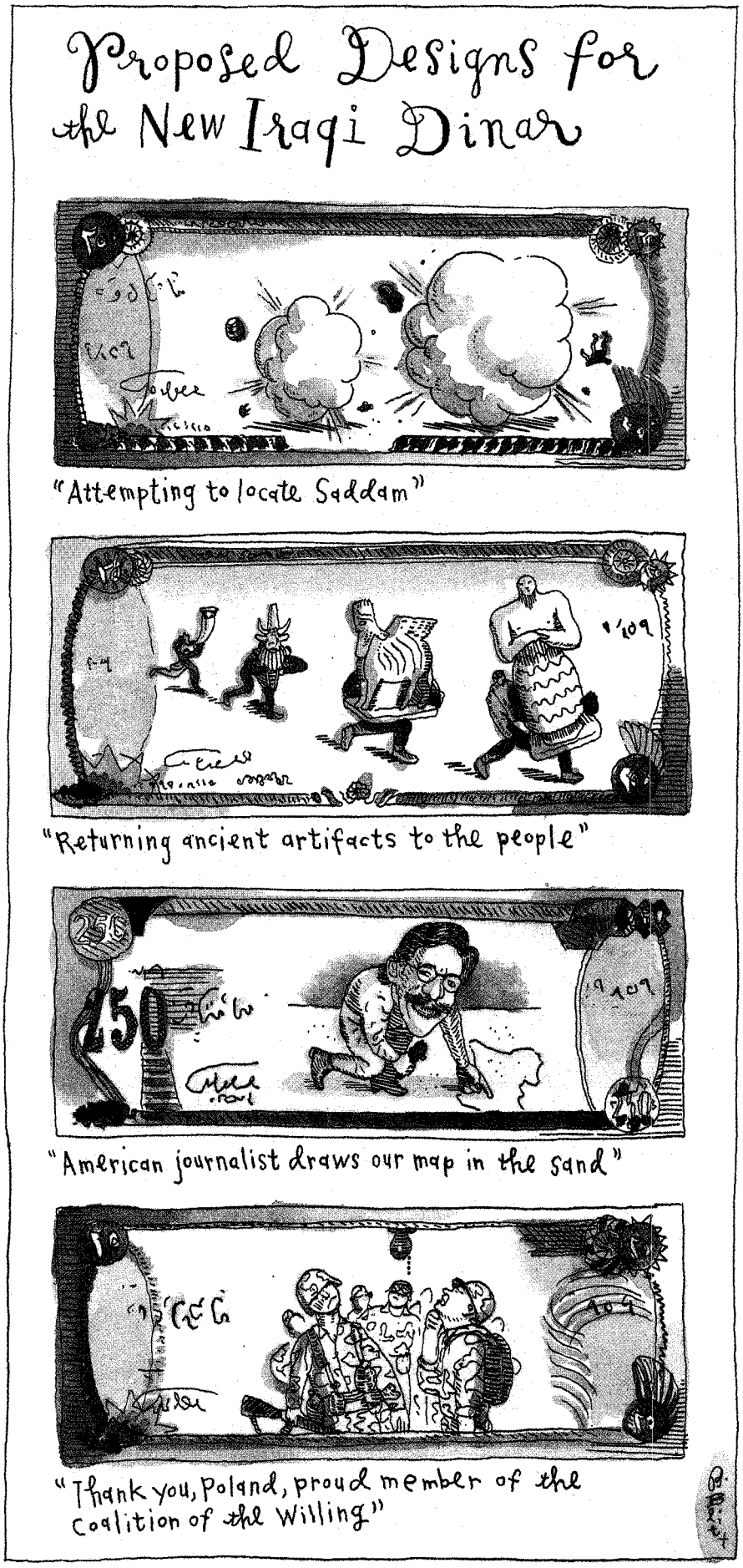
Toyota

For more information on Toyota innovations and technologies that positively impact the world in which we live, visit us at *toyota.com/tomorrow*.

United Parcel Service

What Can Brown Do For You?℠ To find out, visit us online at *www.ups.com* or call 800-PICK-UPS (800-742-5877).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



raw," said Phillips, "because if he was artificial he wouldn't be able to keep it up." Au contraire: it was being raw he couldn't keep up.

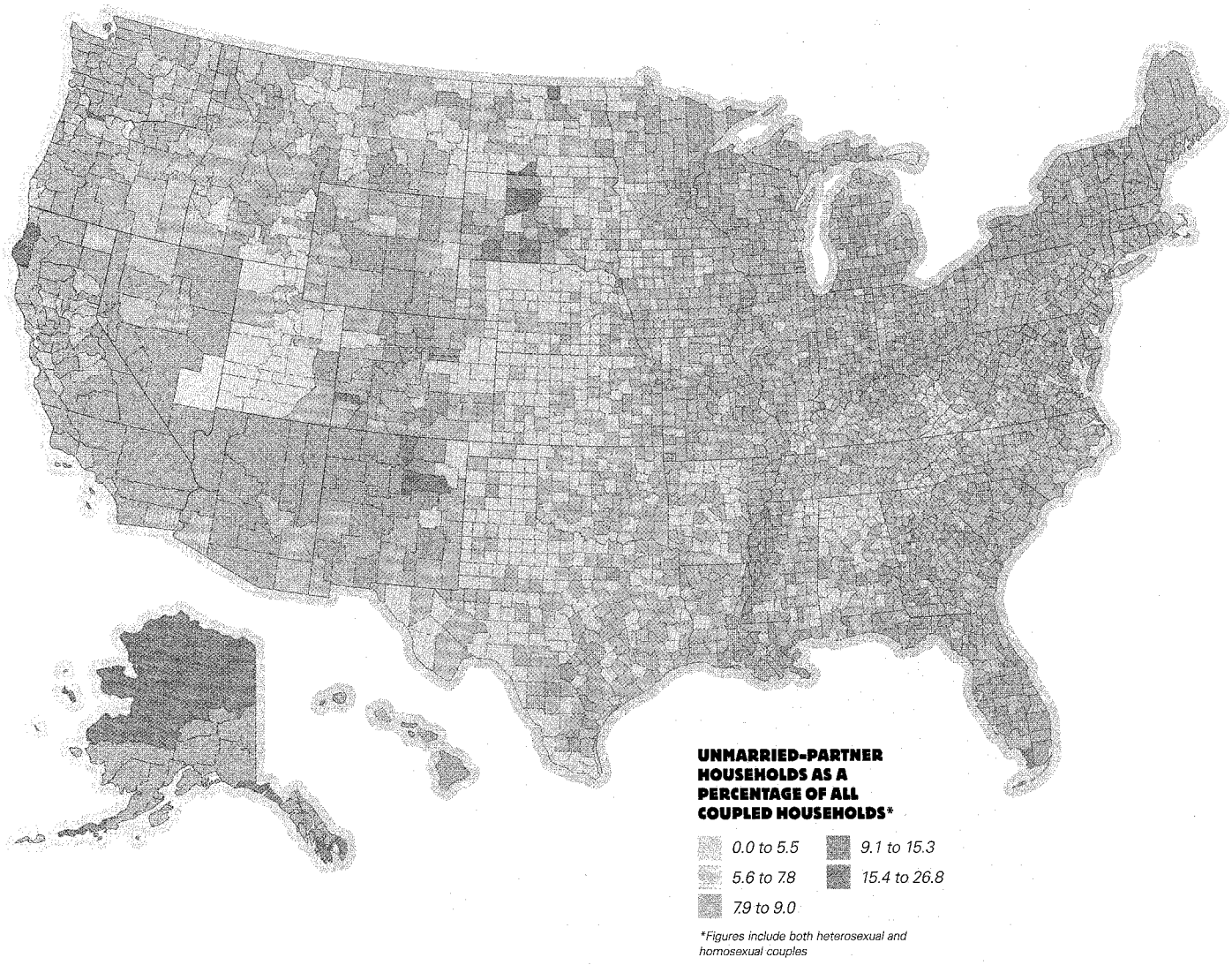
Go back to that summer's day in 1953, when Phillips first heard that voice. He wanted Elvis, but he didn't want him singing "My Happiness." Nobody needed a one-man Ink Spots, or a hillbilly Eddie Fisher. "I always said," Phillips told everybody, "that if I could find a white boy who could sing like a black man I'd make a million dollars." So he steered Mister Eclectic away from everything but one particular corner, and Elvis, as always, said, "Yes, sir." Imagine if Phillips had said, Sure, kid, how about a couple more Ink Spots covers, and that "Stranger in Paradise" from *Kismet*'s pretty nice, and you've got the pipes for it, and how about we round things out with a little Eddie Fisher. There would have been no rock-and-roll Elvis, and nothing for RCA to buy up. It would never have occurred either to them or him.

Phillips started in the forties, recording dance bands from the roof garden of the Peabody Hotel. But that was just a job. What he really wanted to do was "race records." When he first heard Howlin' Wolf he howled, too: "This is where the soul of man never dies." To Phillips, black music was a passion. To Elvis, it was an option. And so the producer lent the singer his authenticity.

Phillips never made his million bucks, not from Elvis. RCA bought out the Sun contract for $35,000. He owned some radio stations, and he was one of the original investors in Holiday Inn. He was a businessman, and half a century ago he made a commercial decision. Would other white boys have come along at other studios? Sure. But none ever did who sang rockabilly-country-blues like Elvis. Sam Phillips invented Elvis, and thereby mainstream rock-and-roll, and rock. Not a revolution, just a smart move. Like the tiepin says, Taking Care of Business.

Mark Steyn is a columnist for Britain's Telegraph Group, The Chicago Sun-Times, *and other publications.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE NATION IN NUMBERS

SHACKING UP

The U.S. Census Bureau acknowledges cohabitation

In an attempt to measure "the growing complexity of American households," the Census Bureau in 1990 began tracking the number of people who reported living with an "unmarried partner"—a population that has been growing in the United States since at least the 1960s. Unmarried-partner households in the United States, which include households headed by opposite-sex and same-sex partners, now number some 5.5 million. That's nine percent of "coupled" households and five percent of all households.

The map above, from a recently released report based on the 2000 Census, reveals some striking patterns of cohabitation around the country. The high concentration in the Northeast and on the West Coast is largely attributable to the fact that unmarried couples tend to gather in urban areas, many of which are distributed along the two coasts. But why some counties in South Dakota? Because they overlap with Indian reservations; Native American couples cohabit at a higher rate (17.4 percent) than couples from any other racial group nationwide. In Alaska the high concentration may be related to the state's large Native population, and along portions of the Mississippi Valley it may be related to the above-average presence of African-Americans: nationally, black couples report a 16.9 percent rate of cohabitation.

Cohabiting couples have also clustered in Florida, which has the largest percentage of residents over sixty-five—an age group in which, some data suggest, the number of unmarried partnerships is rising rapidly. The state is also home to several high-density pockets of same-sex couples, including Fort Lauderdale, the city with the second largest percentage (2.1) of such couples in the country, trailing only San Francisco (2.7).

Though the trend toward more cohabitation is clear, it's possible that the Census may in fact not be registering its full extent: lingering social stigma—attached to both homosexuality and living together without marrying—may have persuaded some cohabiting couples to misrepresent their relationships on their Census forms. —*JEN JOYNT AND CARRIE SHUCHART*

SOURCE: "MARRIED-COUPLE AND UNMARRIED-PARTNER HOUSEHOLDS: 2000," BY TAVIA SIMMONS AND MARTIN O'CONNELL, U.S. CENSUS BUREAU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRIMARY SOURCES

Selections from reports, studies, and other documents. This month: yet another way the rich are different; the gay-lesbian workplace divide; popular support for Russia's undemocratic President; TV violence, girls, and "indirect aggression"

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Putin's Progress

In June of 2001, after famously claiming to have looked into Vladimir Putin's soul, George W. Bush pronounced the Russian leader an "honest and straightforward man." Two years later, after having looked carefully into Putin's record, the human-rights group Freedom House has pronounced him a budding autocrat. Russia's score on Freedom House's Democratization Index has fallen for the fifth straight year, and now overall lags behind those of the other formerly communist countries of Central and Eastern Europe. The accompanying report paints a bleak picture of a state plagued by rebellion, economic turmoil, and rising xenophobia, with political power increasingly located "not in competing branches of government or the interplay of political parties but in the proximity of groups to the executive." This executive, of course, is Putin, who faces little opposition to his rule: the presidency dominates under the Russian constitution, and Putin operates outside the existing political parties, which are numerous but fractious and suffer from low membership rates and poor organization. The Russian press is nominally free, but two of the three national TV channels are government-owned, and self-censorship is on the rise; Freedom House reports that journalists critical of Putin face "specious audits, complicated legal battles, and even beatings and arrests." Most dispiriting of all, perhaps, is how the Russian public views these issues; only 14 percent call Russia a democracy, and two thirds regard the electoral system as window dressing, yet the public nevertheless continues to support Putin. A recent poll gave him a 77 percent approval rating, and many Russians favor extending his term from four years to seven. As one Russian newspaper put it, "People do not see any other figures in whom they can place their hopes for a better life."

—"Nations in Transit 2003: Russia," Freedom House

THE NATION

Gay Pay

Despite the near ubiquitous media image of gay men as affluent *bons vivants*, male homosexuals actually earn 22 percent less than similarly qualified heterosexual men, according to a recent study from the University of Texas. By comparison, lesbians on average earn 30 percent more than straight women, leading the study's authors to discount anti-gay workplace discrimination—which, they argue, would affect gays and lesbians equally—as an explanation for the wage gap. Instead they trace the gap to the overall male-female earning disparity, arguing that since men in general make more money than women, gay male couples can expect to draw on two relatively high incomes, so neither partner needs to earn as much as a straight man, who may need to compensate for his spouse's lower wages. Lesbian couples face the opposite situation, however, and respond by outearning straight women. The authors of the study wonder whether perhaps gay men settle for earning less than their straight counterparts because many of them, knowing that they have no plans to raise children, actively choose leisure over income and savings. And the authors also wonder whether the high earnings of lesbians could result from the belief among their employers that they will not stop working at any point in their careers to raise children—which, if true, might mean that "making one's lesbian status public may be an especially credible signal of loyalty or workforce attachment."

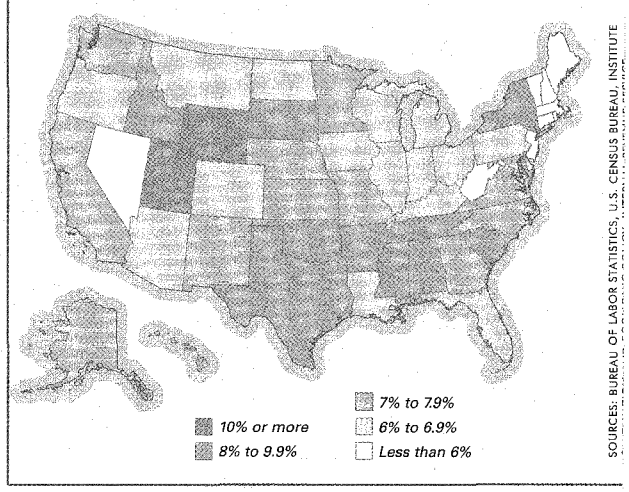
—"Measuring the Effect of Sexual Orientation on Income: Evidence of Discrimination?," Nathan Berg (UT Dallas) and Donald Lien (UT San Antonio)

The Rich *Are* Different

Why tax the well-off? Because, two recent studies suggest, it's practically the only way to persuade them to spend money on anyone but themselves. Philanthropy isn't the answer: a survey from *The Chronicle of Philanthropy* reports that Americans making $70,000 or more dispensed a paltry 3.3 percent of their earnings to charitable causes; in contrast, those making $50,000 to $69,999 gave 5.6 percent, and those making $30,000 to $49,999 gave 8.9 percent. Only at death does the tightfistedness diminish—but even then it's the threat of the estate tax that awakens the philanthropic spirit. Or at least that's the conclusion of another new study, which predicts that deathbed donations will drop precipitously if the Bush Administration succeeds in rolling back the estate tax. The study finds that the cost of such a repeal, in lost donations and bequests, could be as steep as $10 billion a year—the equivalent of the grants doled out annually by the nation's 110 largest foundations.

CHARITABLE GIVING BY STATE

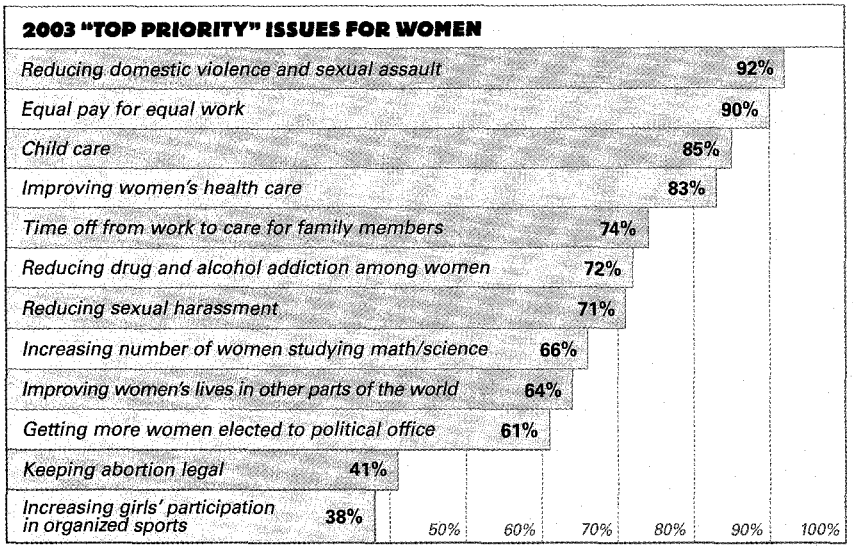
Percentage of discretionary income given to charity



SOURCES: BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS, U.S. CENSUS BUREAU, INSTITUTE

—"How Americans Give," *The Chronicle of Philanthropy*; "Effects of Estate Tax Reform on Charitable Giving," Urban-Brookings Tax Policy Center

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Between a Woman and Her Pollster

The columnist Ellen Goodman likes to observe that American women support abortion rights in only three instances: "rape, incest, and me." Now a new survey of female attitudes by the feminist and firmly pro-choice Center for the Advancement of Women finds that 51 percent of American women believe that abortion should be either banned completely or permitted only in cases of rape or incest or to save the life of the mother, whereas just 30 percent favor having abortion "generally available to those who want it." When asked to pick "top priority" issues for the women's movement, just 41 percent of respondents picked "keeping abortion legal," which lagged far behind domestic violence, equal pay for equal work, child care, and health care for women. Significant opposition to abortion in most situations coexists, however, with the assumption that the practice will remain legal: a mere 26 percent of women believe that the Supreme Court is likely to place any restrictions on abortion in the near future.

—"Progress and Perils: New Agenda for Women," Center for the Advancement of Women

Indirect Aggression

It's not just murder and mayhem that are linked to childhood exposure to TV violence. So are gossip, petty theft, and backstabbing—but only among girls. Researchers at the University of Michigan recently examined the relationship between TV-violence viewing among children aged six to ten and their behavior fifteen years later, and the researchers' findings suggest that childhood exposure to TV violence (along with a tendency to identify with aggressive TV characters and a belief that the violence seen on TV accurately represents real life) better predicts adult aggressiveness than does a child's initial aggressiveness, intellectual ability, or parents' educational background. But whereas exposure to violence on TV correlates with adult physical aggression in men and women alike, it correlates more strongly with "indirect aggression" in women. Thus girls exposed to considerable TV violence are more likely not only to grow up to shove, punch, beat, or choke other people but also to try to talk their friends into disliking someone who has angered them.

—"Longitudinal Relations Between Children's Exposure to TV Violence and Their Aggressive and Violent Behavior in Young Adulthood: 1977–1992," *Developmental Psychology*

SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

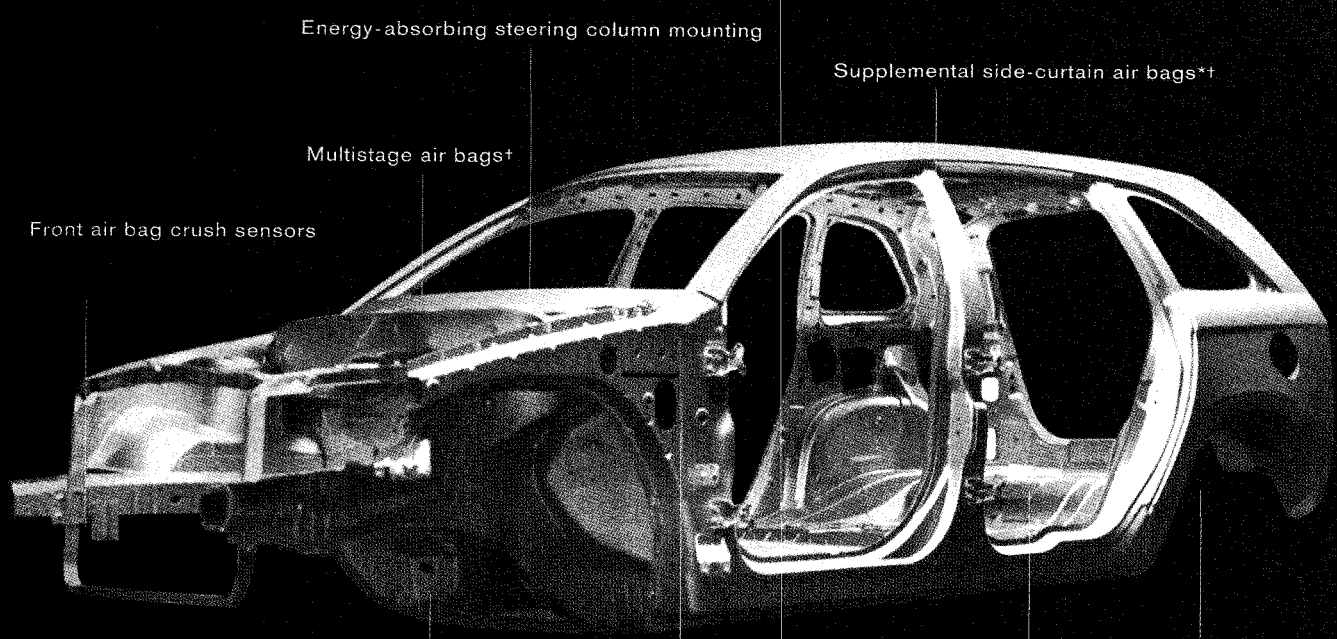
Paging Agent Mulder

The conspiracy geeks and Area 51 obsessives are right—the U.S. government *is* heavily invested in research projects that brush the borders of science fiction. But many of those ventures aren't top secret, so long as you're willing to wade through the latest budget statement for the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, or DARPA, which contains funding estimates for various projects, including some distinctly sinister-sounding ones. The spookiest of these is probably the "Brain Machine Interface Program," which promises to "create new technologies for augmenting human performance through the ability to access neural codes in the brain in real time and integrate them into peripheral device or system operations." In other words, if the project pans out (a rather large "if," to be sure), the soldier of the future will be a functional telepath, controlling equipment from a distance and perhaps even communicating "brain-to-brain" with his fellow soldiers. This may sound implausible, but an article about the project in the journal *Nature* reports that experiments on rats and monkeys have already yielded remarkable results: electrodes were implanted in the animals' motor cortexes, and when neurons in that region of the brain fired in certain patterns, the electrodes successfully transmitted a signal to operate a simple lever or robot arm. Meanwhile, neuroscientists in another part of the same program are attempting to transmit sounds and images directly into the brain's auditory cortex, and a third group is aiming to discover whether parts of the human brain can be replaced by silicon microchips. Such "memory implants" could enable the military to insert combat experience into a soldier's head—creating, with the other projects, the possibility that a fighter pilot could "upload" his training and then fly a plane from the ground, all the while following orders beamed from headquarters directly to his brain.

—"Fiscal Year 2003 Budget Estimates," Department of Defense, Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency

For links to the reports and documents discussed in these pages visit www.theatlantic.com/issues/2003/10/primarysources.htm

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ALL THIS FOR AN EVENT THAT MAY NEVER HAPPEN.

THE HIGHEST U.S. GOVERNMENT ★★★★★ FIVE-STAR CRASH TEST RATINGS.

CHRYSLER

PACIFICA

WELL BEYOND THE SUV.

CHRYSLER.COM/PACIFICA

*OPTIONAL. †ALWAYS USE SEAT BELTS. REMEMBER, A BACKSEAT IS THE SAFEST PLACE FOR CHILDREN 12 AND UNDER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DARK ART OF INTERROGATION

The most effective way to gather intelligence and thwart terrorism can also be a direct route into morally repugnant terrain. A survey of the landscape of persuasion

BY MARK BOWDEN

Illustrations by Kamil Vojnar

.....

Rawalpindi, Pakistan

On what may or may not have been a Saturday, on what may have been March 1, in a house in this city that may have been this squat two-story white one belonging to Ahmad Abdul Qadoos, with big gray-headed crows barking in the front yard, the notorious terrorist Khalid Sheikh Mohammed was roughly awakened by a raiding party of Pakistani and American commandos. Anticipating a gunfight, they entered loud and fast. Instead they found him asleep. He was pulled from his bed, hooded, bound, hustled from the house, placed in a vehicle, and driven quickly away.

Here was the biggest catch yet in the war on terror. Sheikh Mohammed is considered the architect of two attempts on the World Trade Center: the one that failed, in 1993, and the one that succeeded so catastrophically, eight years later. He is also believed to have been behind the attacks on the U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania in 1998, and on the USS *Cole* two years later, and behind the slaughter last year of the *Wall Street Journal* reporter Daniel Pearl, among other things. An intimate of Osama bin Laden's, Sheikh Mohammed has been called the operations chief of al-Qaeda, if such a formal role can be said to exist in such an informal organization. Others have suggested that an apter designation might be al-Qaeda's "chief franchisee." Whatever the analogy, he is one of the terror organization's most important figures, a burly, distinctly modern, cosmopolitan thirty-seven-year-old man fanatically devoted to a medieval form of Islam. He was born to Pakistani parents, raised in Kuwait, and educated in North Carolina to be an engineer before he returned to the Middle East to build a career of bloody mayhem.

Some say that Sheikh Mohammed was captured months before the March 1 date announced by Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence (ISI). Abdul Qadoos, a pale, white-bearded alderman in this well-heeled neighborhood, told me that Sheikh Mohammed was not there "then or ever." The official video of the takedown appears to have been faked. But the details are of minor importance. Whenever, wherever, and however it happened, nearly everyone now agrees that Sheikh Mohammed is in U.S. custody, and has been for some time. In the first hours of his captivity the hood came off and a picture was taken. It shows a bleary-eyed, heavy, hairy, swarthy man with a full black moustache, thick eyebrows, a dark outline of beard on a rounded, shaved face, three chins, long sideburns, and a full head of dense, long, wildly mussed black hair. He stands before a pale tan wall whose paint is chipped, leaning slightly forward, like a man with his hands bound behind him, the low cut of his loose-fitting white T-shirt exposing matted curls of hair on his chest, shoulders, and back. He is looking down and to the right of the camera. He appears dazed and glum.

Sheikh Mohammed is a smart man. There is an anxious, searching quality to his expression in that first post-arrest photo. It is the look of a man awakened into nightmare. Everything that has given his life meaning, his role as husband and father, his leadership, his stature, plans, and ambitions, is finished. His future is months, maybe years, of imprisonment and interrogation; a military tribunal; and almost certain execution. You can practically see the wheels turning in his head, processing his terminal predicament. How will he spend his last months and years? Will he maintain a dignified, defiant silence? Or will he succumb to his enemy and betray his friends, his cause, and his faith?

If Sheikh Mohammed felt despair in those first hours, it didn't show. According to a Pakistani officer who sat in on an initial ISI questioning, the al-Qaeda sub-boss seemed calm and stoic. For his first two days in custody he said nothing beyond confirming his name. A CIA official says that Sheikh Mohammed spent those days "sitting in a trancelike state and reciting verses from the Koran." On the third day he is said to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have loosened up. Fluent in the local languages of Urdu, Pashto, and Baluchi, he tried to shame his Pakistani interrogators, lecturing them on their responsibilities as Muslims and upbraiding them for cooperating with infidels.

"Playing an American surrogate won't help you or your country," he said. "There are dozens of people like me who will give their lives but won't let the Americans live in peace anywhere in the world." Asked if Osama bin Laden was alive, he said, "Of course he is alive." He spoke of meeting with bin Laden in "a mountainous border region" in December. He seemed smug about U.S. and British preparations for war against Saddam Hussein. "Let the Iraq War begin," he said. "The U.S. forces will be targeted inside their bases in the Gulf. I don't have any specific information, but my sixth sense is telling me that you will get the news from Saudi Arabia, Qatar, and Kuwait." Indeed, in the following months al-Qaeda carried out a murderous attack in Saudi Arabia.

On that third day, once more hooded, Sheikh Mohammed was driven to Chaklala Air Force base, in Rawalpindi, and turned over to U.S. forces. From there he was flown to the CIA interrogation center in Bagram, Afghanistan, and from there, some days later, to an "undisclosed location" (a place the CIA calls "Hotel California")—presumably a facility in another cooperative nation, or perhaps a specially designed prison aboard an aircraft carrier. It doesn't much matter where, because the place would not have been familiar or identifiable to him. Place and time, the anchors of sanity, were about to come unmoored. He might as well have been entering a new dimension, a strange new world where his every word, move, and sensation would be monitored and measured; where things might be as they seemed but might not; where there would be no such thing as day or night, or normal patterns of eating and drinking, wakefulness and sleep; where hot and cold, wet and dry, clean and dirty, truth and lies, would all be tangled and distorted.

Intelligence and military officials would talk about Sheikh Mohammed's state only indirectly, and conditionally. But by the time he arrived at a more permanent facility, he would already have been bone-tired, hungry, sore, uncomfortable, and afraid—if not for himself, then for his wife and children, who had been arrested either with him or some months before, depending on which story you believe. He would have been warned that lack of cooperation might mean being turned over to the more direct and brutal interrogators of some third nation. He would most likely have been locked naked in a cell with no trace of daylight. The space would be filled night and day with harsh light and noise, and would be so small that he would be unable to stand upright, to sit comfortably, or to recline fully. He would be kept awake, cold, and probably wet. If he managed to doze, he would be roughly awakened. He would be fed infrequently and irregularly, and then only with thin, tasteless meals. Sometimes days would go by between periods of questioning, sometimes only hours or minutes. The human mind craves routine, and can adjust to almost anything in the presence of it, so his jailers would take care that no semblance of routine developed.

Questioning would be intense—sometimes loud and rough, sometimes quiet and friendly, with no apparent reason for either. He would be questioned sometimes by one person, sometimes by two or three. The session might last for days, with interrogators taking turns, or it might last only a few minutes. He would be asked the same questions again and again, and then suddenly be presented with something completely unexpected—a detail or a secret that he would be shocked to find they knew. He would be offered the opportunity to earn freedom or better treatment for his wife and children. Whenever he was helpful and the information he gave proved true, his harsh conditions would ease. If the information proved false, his treatment would worsen. On occasion he might be given a drug to elevate his mood prior to interrogation; marijuana, heroin, and sodium pentothal have been shown to overcome a reluctance to speak, and methamphetamine can unleash a torrent of talk in the stubbornest subjects, the very urgency of the chatter making a complex lie impossible to sustain. These drugs could be administered surreptitiously with food or drink, and given the bleakness of his existence, they might even offer a brief period of relief and pleasure, thereby creating a whole new category of longing—and new leverage for his interrogators.

Isolated, confused, weary, hungry, and tormented, Sheikh Mohammed would gradually be reduced to a seething collection of simple needs—all controlled by his interrogators. The key to filling those needs would be the same: *to talk*.

Deprived of any outside information, Sheikh Mohammed would grow more and more vulnerable to manipulation. For instance, intelligence gleaned after successful al-Qaeda attacks in Kuwait and Saudi Arabia might be fed to him, in bits and pieces, so as to suggest foiled operations. During questioning he would be startled regularly by details about his secret organization—details drawn from ongoing intelligence operations, new arrests, or the interrogation of other captive al-Qaeda members. Some of the information fed to him would be true, some of it false. Key associates might be said to be cooperating, or to have completely recanted their allegiance to *jihad*. As time went by, his knowledge would decay while that of his questioners improved. He might come to see once-vital plans as insignificant, or al-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

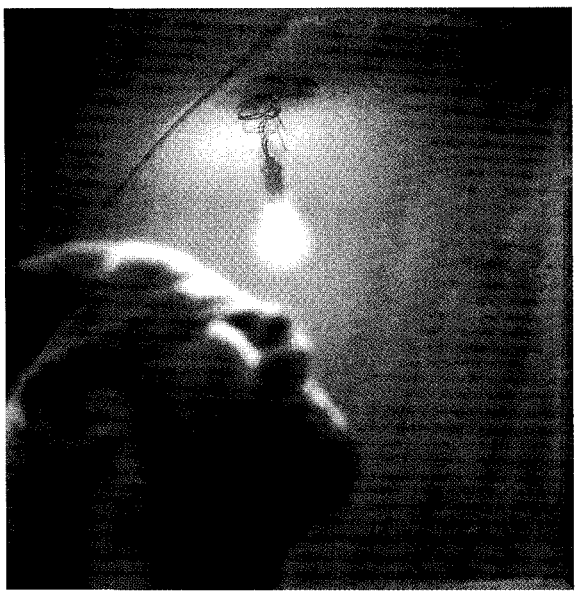
ready known. The importance of certain secrets would gradually erode.

Isolated, confused, weary, hungry, frightened, and tormented, Sheikh Mohammed would gradually be reduced to a seething collection of simple needs, all of them controlled by his interrogators.

The key to filling all those needs would be the same: *to talk*.

SMACKY-FACE

We hear a lot these days about America's overpowering military technology; about the professionalism of its warriors; about the sophistication of its weaponry, eavesdropping, and telemetry; but right now the most vital weapon in its arsenal may well be the art of interrogation. To counter an enemy who relies on stealth and surprise, the most valuable tool is information, and often the only source of that information is the enemy himself. Men like Sheikh Mohammed who have been taken alive in this war are classic candidates for the most cunning practices of this dark art. Intellectual, sophisticated, deeply religious, and well trained, they present a perfect challenge for the interrogator. Getting at the information they possess could allow us to thwart major attacks, unravel their organization, and save thousands of lives. They and their situation pose one of the strongest arguments in modern times for the use of torture.



Torture is repulsive. It is deliberate cruelty, a crude and ancient tool of political oppression. It is commonly used to terrorize people, or to wring confessions out of suspected criminals who may or may not be guilty. It is the classic shortcut for a lazy or incompetent investigator. Horrifying examples of torturers' handiwork are catalogued and publicized annually by Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch, and other organizations that battle such abuses worldwide. One cannot help sympathizing with the innocent, powerless victims showcased in their literature. But professional terrorists pose a harder question. They are lockboxes containing potentially life-saving information. Sheikh Mohammed has his own political and religious reasons for plotting mass murder, and there are those who would applaud his principled defiance in captivity. But we pay for his silence in blood.

The word "torture" comes from the Latin verb *torquere*, "to twist." *Webster's New World Dictionary* offers the following primary definition: "The inflicting of severe pain to force information and confession, get revenge, etc." Note the adjective "severe," which summons up images of the rack, thumbscrews, gouges, branding irons, burning pits, impaling devices, electric shock, and all the other devilish tools devised by human beings to mutilate and inflict pain on others. All manner of innovative cruelty is still commonplace, particularly in Central and South America, Africa, and the Middle East. Saddam Hussein's police force burned various marks into the foreheads of thieves and deserters, and routinely sliced tongues out of those whose words offended the state. In Sri Lanka prisoners are hung upside down and burned with hot irons. In China they are beaten with clubs and shocked with cattle prods. In India the police stick pins through the fingernails and fingers of prisoners. Maiming and physical abuse are legal in Somalia, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Nigeria, Sudan, and other countries that practice *sharia*; the hands of thieves are lopped off, and women convicted of adultery may be stoned to death. Governments around the world continue to employ rape and mutilation, and to harm family members, including children, in order to extort confessions or information from those in captivity. Civilized people everywhere readily condemn these things.

Then there are methods that, some people argue, fall short of torture. Called "torture lite," these include sleep deprivation, exposure to heat or cold, the use of drugs to cause confusion, rough treatment (slapping, shoving, or shaking), forcing a prisoner to stand for days at a time or to sit in uncomfortable positions, and playing on his fears for himself and his family. Although excruciating for the victim, these tactics generally leave no permanent marks and do no lasting physical harm.

The Geneva Convention makes no distinction: it bans any mistreatment of prisoners. But some nations that are otherwise committed to ending brutality have employed torture lite under what they feel are justifiable circumstances. In 1987 Israel attempted to codify a distinction between torture, which was banned, and "moderate physical pressure," which was permitted in special cases. Indeed, some police officers, soldiers, and intelligence agents who abhor "severe" methods believe that banning all forms of physical pressure would be dangerously naive. Few support the use of physical pressure to extract confessions, especially because victims will often say anything (to the point of falsely incriminating themselves) to put an end to pain. But many veteran interrogators believe that the use of such

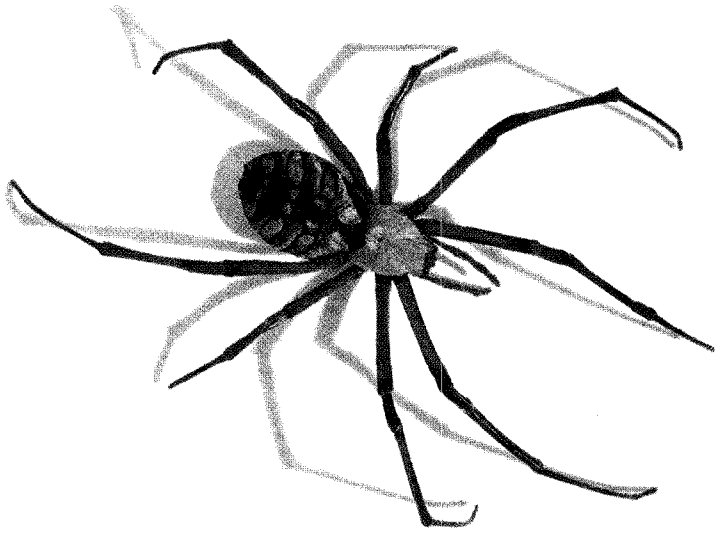
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

methods to extract information is justified if it could save lives—whether by forcing an enemy soldier to reveal his army's battlefield positions or forcing terrorists to betray the details of ongoing plots. As these interrogators see it, the well-being of the captive must be weighed against the lives that might be saved by forcing him to talk. A method that produces life-saving information without doing lasting harm to anyone is not just preferable; it appears to be morally sound. Hereafter I will use "torture" to mean the more severe traditional outrages, and "coercion" to refer to torture lite, or moderate physical pressure.

There is no clear count of suspected terrorists now in U.S. custody. About 680 were detained at Camp X-Ray, the specially constructed prison at Guantánamo, on the southeastern tip of Cuba. Most of these are now considered mere foot soldiers in the Islamist movement, swept up in Afghanistan during the swift rout of the Taliban. They come from forty-two different nations. Scores of other detainees, considered leaders, have been or are being held at various locations around the world: in Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Sudan, Syria, Jordan, Morocco, Yemen, Singapore, the Philippines, Thailand, and Iraq, where U.S. forces now hold the top echelon of Saddam Hussein's dismembered regime. Some detainees are in disclosed prisons, such as the facility at Bagram and a camp on the island of Diego Garcia. Others—upper-tier figures such as Sheikh Mohammed, Abu Zubaydah, Abd al-Rashim al-Nashiri, Ramzi bin al-Shibh, and Tawfiq bin Attash—are being held at undisclosed locations.

It is likely that some captured terrorists' names and arrests have not yet been revealed; people may be held for months before their "arrests" are staged. Once a top-level suspect is publicly known to be in custody, his intelligence value falls. His organization scatters, altering its plans, disguises, cover stories, codes, tactics, and communication methods. The maximum opportunity for intelligence gathering comes in the first hours after an arrest, before others in a group can possibly know that their walls have been breached. Keeping an arrest quiet for days or weeks prolongs this opportunity. If March 1 was in fact the day of Sheikh Mohammed's capture, then the cameras and the headlines were an important intelligence failure. The arrest of the senior al-Qaeda figure Abu Anas Liby, in Sudan in February of 2002, was not made public until a month later, when U.S. efforts to have him transferred to custody in Egypt were leaked to the *Sunday Times* of London. So, again, there is no exact count of suspected terrorists in custody. In September of last year, testifying before the House and Senate Intelligence Committees, Cofer Black, the State Department's coordinator for counterterrorism, said that the number who have been detained was about 3,000.

Along came a spider and sat down beside her and enlightened Miss Muffet as to the many benefits of a strongly diversified portfolio.



SSgA
STATE STREET GLOBAL ADVISORS *SPDR: the complete S&P 500 in one share. Find out more: visit www.amex.com/SPY or call 1-800-THE AMEX.*

*Usual brokerage commission applies. Since inception in 1993, the SPDR Trust has distributed only $0.16 in short and long-term capital gains. For more complete SPDR information and a prospectus, including potential risks, call 1-800-THE AMEX or visit www.amex.com/SPY. Read prospectus carefully before investing.

ALPS Distributors, Inc., a registered broker-dealer, is distributor for the SPDR Trust, a unit investment trust.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All these suspects are questioned rigorously, but those in the top ranks get the full coercive treatment. And if official and unofficial government reports are to be believed, the methods work. In report after report hard-core terrorist leaders are said to be either cooperating or, at the very least, providing some information—not just vague statements but detailed, verifiable, useful intelligence. In late March, *Time* reported that Sheikh Mohammed had "given U.S. interrogators the names and descriptions of about a dozen key al-Qaeda operatives believed to be plotting terrorist attacks on America and other western countries" and had "added crucial details to the descriptions of other suspects and filled in important gaps in what U.S. intelligence knows about al-Qaeda's practices." In June, news reports suggested that Sheikh Mohammed was discussing operational planning with his captors and had told interrogators that al-Qaeda did not work with Saddam Hussein. And according to a report in June of last year, Abu Zubaydah, who is said to be held in solitary confinement somewhere in Pakistan, provided information that helped foil a plot to detonate a radioactive bomb in the United States.

Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld said in September of last year that interrogation of captured terrorist leaders had yielded "an awful lot of information" and had "made life an awful lot more difficult for an awful lot of folks." Indeed, if press accounts can be believed, these captured Islamist fanatics are all but dismantling their own secret organization. According to published reports, Sheikh Mohammed was found in part because of information from bin al-Shibh, whose arrest had been facilitated by information from Abu Zubaydah. Weeks after the sheikh's capture Bush Administration officials and intelligence experts told *The Washington Post* that the al-Qaeda deputy's "cooperation under interrogation" had given them hopes of arresting or killing the rest of the organization's top leadership.

How much of this can be believed? Are such reports wishful thinking, or deliberate misinformation? There is no doubt that intelligence agencies have scored big victories over al-Qaeda in the past two years, but there is no way to corroborate these stories. President Bush himself warned, soon after 9/11, that in war mode his Administration would closely guard intelligence sources and methods. It would make sense to claim that top al-Qaeda leaders had caved under questioning even if they had not. Hard men like Abu Zubaydah, bin al-Shibh, and Sheikh Mohammed are widely admired in parts of the world. Word that they had been broken would demoralize their followers, and would encourage lower-ranking members of their organization to talk; if their leaders had given in, why should they hold out?

To some, all this jailhouse cooperation smells concocted. "I doubt we're getting very much out of them, despite what

Now would be a very good time to get to know Spiders.

Spiders (SPY) are exchange traded funds that instantly, in one transaction, diversify your portfolio with all the opportunities of the S&P 500.

The story goes like this: each Spider share represents the whole basket of S&P 500 stocks, just like a traditional index fund. But you buy and sell Spiders like a stock. In fact, you can trade them all day. So, it's the best of both worlds – made even better by tax efficiency and low management fees.*

Spiders are one of more than 100 exchange traded funds listed on the American Stock Exchange. Just ask your advisor. And see how smart it might be to balance your portfolio on eight legs.

SPDR®
LISTED
AMERICAN
STOCK EXCHANGE®

SPDRs are subject to risks including possible loss of principal. Past performance is no guarantee of future results.

S&P 500® and SPDR® are trademarks of The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc., and have been licensed for use by PDR Services LLC and American Stock Exchange LLC. SPDRs are not sponsored, endorsed, sold or promoted by Standard & Poor's and Standard & Poor's makes no representation regarding the advisability of investing in SPDRs. ©2003 AMERICAN STOCK EXCHANGE LLC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you read in the press," says a former CIA agent with experience in South America. "Everybody in the world knows that if you are arrested by the United States, nothing bad will happen to you."

Bill Cowan, a retired Marine lieutenant colonel who conducted interrogations in Vietnam, says, "I don't see the proof in the pudding. If you had a top leader like Mohammed talking, someone who could presumably lay out the whole organization for you, I think we'd be seeing sweeping arrests in several different countries at the same time. Instead what we see is an arrest here, then a few months later an arrest there."

These complaints are all from people who have no qualms about using torture to get information from men like Sheikh Mohammed. Their concern is that merely using coercion amounts to handling terrorists with kid gloves. But the busts of al-Qaeda cells worldwide, and the continuing roundup of al-Qaeda leaders, suggest that some of those in custody are being made to talk. This worries people who campaign against all forms of torture. They believe that the rules are being ignored. Responding to rumors of mistreatment at Bagram and Guantánamo, Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch have written letters and met with Bush Administration officials. They haven't been able to learn much.

'before 9/11' and 'after 9/11.' After 9/11 the gloves came off." He was referring to the overall counterterrorism effort, but in the context of detained captives the line was suggestive. A story in December of 2002 by the *Washington Post* reporters Dana Priest and Barton Gellman described the use of "stress and duress" techniques at Bagram, and an article in *The New York Times* in March described the mistreatment of prisoners there. That month Irene Kahn, the secretary-general of Amnesty International, wrote a letter of protest to President Bush.

> The treatment alleged falls clearly within the category of torture and other cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment which is absolutely prohibited under international law ... [We] urge the US government to instigate a full, impartial inquiry into the treatment of detainees at the Bagram base and to make the findings public. We further urge the government to make a clear public statement that torture and other cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment of suspects in its custody will not be tolerated under any circumstances, and that anyone found to have engaged in abuses will be brought to justice.

In June, at the urging of Amnesty and other groups, President Bush reaffirmed America's opposition to torture, saying, "I call on all governments to join with the United States and the community of law-abiding nations in pro-

Is the United States torturing prisoners? Three inmates have died in U.S. custody in Afghanistan, and reportedly eighteen prisoners at Guantánamo have attempted suicide; one prisoner there survived after hanging himself but remains unconscious.

Is the United States torturing prisoners? Three inmates have died in U.S. custody in Afghanistan, and reportedly eighteen prisoners at Guantánamo have attempted suicide; one prisoner there survived after hanging himself but remains unconscious and is not expected to revive. Shah Muhammad, a twenty-year-old Pakistani who was held at Camp X-Ray for eighteen months, told me that he repeatedly tried to kill himself in despair. "They were driving me crazy," he said. Public comments by Administration officials have fueled further suspicion. An unnamed intelligence official told *The Wall Street Journal*, "What's needed is a little bit of smacky-face. Some al-Qaeda just need some extra encouragement." Then there was the bravado of Cofer Black, the counterterrorism coordinator, in his congressional testimony last year. A pudgy, balding, round-faced man with glasses, who had served with the CIA before taking the State Department position, Black refused to testify behind a screen, as others had done. "The American people need to see my face," he said. "I want to look the American people in the eye." By way of presenting his credentials he said that in 1995 a group of "Osama bin Laden's thugs" were caught planning "to kill me."

Describing the clandestine war, Black said, "This is a highly classified area. All I want to say is that there was

hibiting, investigating, and prosecuting all acts of torture ... and we are leading this fight by example." A slightly more detailed response had been prepared two months earlier by the Pentagon's top lawyer, William J. Haynes II, in a letter to Kenneth Roth, the executive director of Human Rights Watch. (My requests for interviews on this subject with the Pentagon, the White House, and the State Department were declined.) Haynes wrote,

> The United States questions enemy combatants to elicit information they may possess that could help the coalition win the war and forestall further terrorist attacks upon the citizens of the United States and other countries. As the President reaffirmed recently to the United Nations High Commissioner for Human Rights, United States policy condemns and prohibits torture. When questioning enemy combatants, US personnel are required to follow this policy and applicable laws prohibiting torture.

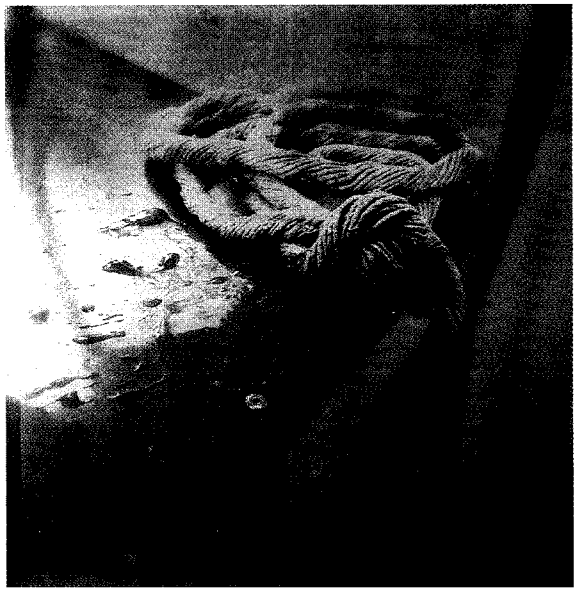
As we will see, Haynes's choice of words was careful—and telling. The human-rights groups and the Administration are defining terms differently. Yet few would argue that getting Sheikh Mohammed to talk doesn't serve the larger interests of mankind. So before tackling the moral and legal questions raised by interrogation, perhaps the first question should be, What works?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Acid Tests and Monkey Orgasms

The quest for surefire methods in the art of interrogation has been long, ugly, and generally fruitless. Nazi scientists experimented on concentration-camp inmates, subjecting them to extremes of hot and cold, to drugs, and to raw pain in an effort to see what combination of horrors would induce cooperation. The effort produced a long list of dead and maimed, but no reliable ways of getting people to talk.

In 1953 John Lilly, of the National Institute of Mental Health, discovered that by placing electrodes inside the brain of a monkey, he could stimulate pain, anger, fear—and pleasure. He placed one inside the brain of a male monkey and gave the monkey a switch that would trigger an immediate erection and orgasm. (The monkey hit the switch roughly every three minutes, thus confirming the gender stereotype.) The idea of manipulating a brain from the inside promptly attracted the interest of the CIA, which foresaw, among other things, the possibility of sidestepping a reluctant informant's self-defenses. But Lilly dropped the line of research, pointing out that merely inserting the electrodes caused brain damage.



These experiments and others are recorded in detail in John Marks's somewhat overheated book *The Search for the "Manchurian Candidate": The CIA and Mind Control* (1979) and in George Andrews's book *MKULTRA: The CIA's Top Secret Program in Human Experimentation and Behavior Modification* (2001). Andrews summarized information revealed in congressional probes of CIA excesses. Marks was more sensational. In the spirit of the times, he tended to interpret the Agency's interest in behavioral science, hypnosis, and mind-altering drugs as a scheme to create zombie-like secret agents, although it appears that the real goal was to make people talk.

There was a lot of hope for LSD. Discovered by accident in a Swiss pharmaceutical lab in 1943, it produced powerful mind-altering effects in very small doses. It was more powerful than mescaline, which had its own adherents, and could easily be administered without the victim's knowledge, slipped into food or drink. The hope was that an informant in such an artificially open-minded state would lose sight of his goals and sense of loyalty and become putty in the hands of a skilled interrogator. Studies on LSD began at a number of big universities, and as word of the drug's properties spread, it started to attract a broad range of interest. Theologians, scholars, and mental-health workers visited the Maryland Psychiatric Research Institute, just outside Baltimore, to turn on and tune in, and similar programs began in Boston, New York, Chicago, and other cities. Almost twenty years ago I interviewed a number of those who took part in these experiments; all of them were apparently motivated only by professional curiosity. The CIA's role was kept quiet. But the most notorious of its efforts at LSD experimentation involved Frank Olson, an Army scientist who was dosed without his knowledge and subsequently committed suicide. The U.S. Army conducted field tests of LSD as an interrogation tool in 1961 (Operation Third Chance), dosing nine foreigners and an American soldier named James Thornwell, who had been accused of stealing classified documents. Thornwell subsequently sued the government and was awarded $650,000. Most of these efforts led to little more than scandal and embarrassment. The effects of the drug were too wildly unpredictable to make it useful in interrogation. It tended to amplify the sorts of feelings that inhibit cooperation. Fear and anxiety turned into terrifying hallucinations and fantasies, which made it more difficult to elicit secrets, and added a tinge of unreality to whatever information was divulged. LSD may have unlocked the mind in some esoteric sense, but secrets tended to ride out the trip intact.

Experiments were also conducted with heroin and psychedelic mushrooms, neither of which reliably delivered up the secrets of men's souls. Indeed, drugs seemed to enhance some people's ability to be deceptive. Scopolamine held out some early hope, but it often induced hallucinations. Barbiturates were promising, and were already used effectively by psychiatrists to help with therapy. Some researchers advocated electroshock treatments, to, as it were, blast information from a subject's brain. Drugs such as marijuana, alcohol, and sodium pentothal can lower inhibitions, but they do not erase deep-seated convictions. And the more powerful the drug, the less reliable the testimony. According to my intelligence sources, drugs are today sometimes used to assist in critical interrogations, and the preferred ones are methamphetamines tempered with barbiturates and cannabis. These tools can help, but they are only as effective as the interrogator.

Better results seemed to come from sensory deprivation and solitary confinement. For most people severe sensory deprivation quickly becomes misery; the effects were documented in the notorious 1963 CIA manual on interrogation, called the *Kubark Manual*. It remains the most comprehen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sive and detailed explanation in print of coercive methods of questioning—given the official reluctance to discuss these matters or put them in writing, because such things tend to be both politically embarrassing and secret. Treatises on interrogation in the public domain are written primarily for police departments and address the handling of criminal defendants—with all the necessary concern for protecting a defendant's rights. Unearthed in 1997, through the Freedom of Information Act, by the *Baltimore Sun* reporters Gary Cohn, Ginger Thompson, and Mark Matthews, the *Kubark Manual* reveals the CIA's insights into the tougher methods employed by the military and intelligence agencies. Much of the practice and theory it details is also found unchanged in the 1983 *Human Resource Exploitation Training Manual*, usually known as the *Honduras Manual*—which the CIA had tried to soften with a hasty edit prior to releasing it. The manual was shaken loose at the same time by Cohn and Thompson. And the more summary discussions of technique in later U.S. Army manuals on interrogation, including the most recent, also clearly echo *Kubark*. If there is a bible of interrogation, it is the *Kubark Manual*.

The manual cites a 1954 study at the National Institute of Mental Health (again led by John Lilly) in which two volunteers attempted to see how long they could stay suspended in water wearing blackout masks and hearing only the sound of their own breathing and "some faint sounds of water from the piping." Neither lasted more than three hours. According to the study, "Both passed quickly from normally directed thinking through a tension resulting from unsatisfied hunger for sensory stimuli and concentration upon the few available sensations to provide reveries and fantasies and eventually to visual imagery somewhat resembling hallucinations." John Marks reported in his book that in a similar experiment a volunteer kicked his way out of a sensory-deprivation box after an hour of tearful pleas for release had been ignored.

The summary of another experiment concluded,

> The results confirmed earlier findings. 1) The deprivation of sensory stimuli induces stress; 2) the stress becomes unbearable for most subjects; 3) the subject has a growing need for physical and social stimuli; and 4) some subjects progressively lose touch with reality, focus inwardly, and produce delusions, hallucinations, and other pathological effects.

But these effects didn't trouble everyone. One man's misery is another man's mind-altering experience. Some people found they liked sensory-deprivation tanks; indeed, in later years people would pay for a session in one. Lilly was fond of injecting himself with LSD and then closing himself off in his tank—a series of experiments made famous in the 1980 film *Altered States*. In Canada a scientist put a fifty-two-year-old woman identified only as Mary C. in a sensory-deprivation chamber for thirty-five days. She never asked to be let out.

One thing all these experiments made clear was that no matter what drugs or methods were applied, the results varied from person to person. So another major area of inquiry involved trying to define certain broad personality types and discover what methods would work best for each. The groups were ridiculously general—the *Kubark Manual* lists "The Orderly-Obstinate Character," "The Greedy-Demanding Character," "The Anxious, Self-Centered Character"—and the prescriptions for questioning them tended to vary little and were sometimes silly (the advice for questioning an Orderly-Obstinate Character recommends doing so in a room that is especially neat). The categories were useless. Everyone, and every situation, is different; some people begin a day greedy and demanding and end it orderly and obstinate.

The one constant in effective interrogation, it seems, is the interrogator. And some interrogators are just better at it than others.

"You want a good interrogator?" Jerry Giorgio, the New York Police Department's legendary third-degree man, asks. "Give me somebody who people like, and who likes people. Give me somebody who knows how to put people at ease. Because the more comfortable they are, the more they talk, and the more they talk, the more trouble they're in—the harder it is to sustain a lie."

Though science has made contributions, interrogation remains more art than science. Like any other subject, Sheikh Mohammed presented his interrogators with a unique problem. The critical hub of a worldwide secret network, he had a potential road map in his head to the whole shadow world of *jihad*. If he could be made to talk, to reveal even a few secrets, what an intelligence bonanza that would be! Here was a man who lived to further his cause by whatever means, who saw himself as morally, spiritually, and intellectually superior to the entire infidel Western world, a man for whom capitulation meant betraying not just his friends and his cherished cause but his very soul.

What makes a man like that decide to talk?

Alligator Clips

Bill Cowan spent three and a half years fighting the war in Vietnam. He was a young Marine captain assigned to the Rung Sat Special Zone, a putrid swamp that begins just south of Saigon. Miles and miles of thick, slurping mud that swallowed soldiers to their waists, it is populated by galaxies of mosquitoes and other biting insects, snakes, crocodiles, and stands of rotting mangrove. It is intersected by the saltwater rivers of the Mekong Delta, and features occasional stretches of flat, open farmland. The Marines knew that several battalions of Vietcong were in the Rung Sat. The enemy would lie low, building strength, and then launch surprise attacks on South Vietnamese or U.S. troops. The soldiers in Cowan's unit played cat-and-mouse with an enemy that melted away at their approach.

So when he captured a Vietcong soldier who could warn of ambushes and lead them to hidden troops but who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roger LeBrun,
Verizon Customer Service Technician/ Extreme Rescue Specialist on training exercise Malibu, CA

VOLUNTEER
FOR SOMETHING YOU LOVE

Last year, Verizon employees volunteered in 18,300 different ways, including helping people out of tough situations with the Malibu Mountain Rescue Team. Throughout the country we helped people make progress in areas ranging from literacy to acquiring job skills and bringing technology into communities.

If you or someone you know would like to join us, please contact us at verizon.com/foundation for more information. Thank you.

verizon

Make progress every day

© 2003 Verizon All Rights Reserved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

refused to speak, wires were attached to the man's scrotum with alligator clips and electricity was cranked out of a 110-volt generator.

"It worked like a charm," Cowan told me. "The minute the crank started to turn, he was ready to talk. We never had to do more than make it clear we could deliver a jolt. It was the fear more than the pain that made them talk."

Fear works. It is more effective than any drug, tactic, or torture device. According to unnamed scientific studies cited by the *Kubark Manual* (it is frightening to think what these experiments might have been), most people cope with pain better than they think they will. As people become more familiar with pain, they become conditioned to it. Those who have suffered more physical pain than others—from being beaten frequently as a child, for example, or suffering a painful illness—may adapt to it and come to fear it less. So once interrogators resort to actual torture, they are apt to lose ground.

"The threat of coercion usually weakens or destroys resistance more effectively than coercion itself," the manual says.

> The threat to inflict pain, for example, can trigger fears more damaging than the immediate sensation of pain ... Sustained long enough, a strong fear of anything vague or unknown induces regression, whereas the materialization of the fear, the infliction of some form of punishment, is likely to come as a relief. The subject finds that he can hold out, and his resistances are strengthened.

Furthermore, if a prisoner is subjected to pain after other methods have failed, it is a signal that the interrogation process may be nearing an end. "He may then decide that if he can just hold out against this final assault, he will win the struggle and his freedom," the manual concludes. Even if severe pain does elicit information, it can be false, which is particularly troublesome to interrogators seeking intelligence rather than a confession. Much useful information is time-sensitive, and running down false leads or arresting innocents wastes time.

By similar logic, the manual discourages threatening a prisoner with death. As a tactic "it is often found to be worse than useless," the manual says, because the sense of despair it induces can make the prisoner withdraw into depression—or, in some cases, see an honorable way out of his predicament.

Others disagree.

"I'll tell you how to make a man talk," a retired Special Forces officer says. "You shoot the man to his left and the man to his right. Then you can't shut him up."

John Dunn found the truth to be a little more complicated. In his case the threat of execution forced him to bend but not break. He was a U.S. Army intelligence officer in the Lam Dong Province of Vietnam, in March of 1968, when he was captured by the Vietcong. He and other captives were marched for weeks to a prison camp in the jungle, where initially he was treated quite well. The gentle treatment lulled him, Dunn says, and contributed to his shock when, in his first interrogation session, he was calmly told, "We don't need you. We did not sign the Geneva Convention, and you are not considered a prisoner of war anyway. You are a war criminal. If you don't cooperate with us, you will be executed."

He was sent back to his hammock to think things over. Dunn had never considered himself a superaggressive soldier, a "warrior type," and had never imagined himself in such a situation. His training for captivity had been basic. He had been instructed to tell his captors only his name, rank, and serial number. Anything beyond that was considered a breach of duty—a betrayal of his country, his role as a soldier, and his personal honor. Faced with death, Dunn weighed his devotion to this simple code. He felt it was unrealistic. He wrestled to come up with a solution that would keep him alive without completely compromising his dignity. He figured there were certain details about his life and service that were not worth dying to protect. Some things needed to be kept secret, and others did not. Struggling with shame, he decided to answer any questions that did not intrude on that closed center of secrecy. He would not tell them he was an intelligence officer. ("Not out of patriotism," he says. "Out of fear, strictly self-preservation.") He would not reveal accurate details about fortifications around his company's headquarters, in Di Linh. He would not tell them about upcoming plans, such as the Phoenix Program (an assassination program targeting Vietcong village leaders), and above all, he would not make any public statements. But he would talk. The threat of execution in his case was not "worse than useless." It shook Dunn to his core.

In a subsequent session he talked, but not enough to satisfy his captors. Again and again he refused to make a public statement. Starved, sore, and still frightened, Dunn was told, "You will be executed. After dark."

When the sun set, the interrogator, his aide, and the camp commander came for Dunn with a group of soldiers. They unlocked his chain, and he carried it as they led him away from the encampment into the jungle. They stopped in front of a pit they had dug for his grave and put a gun to his head. The interrogator gave him one more chance to agree to make a statement.

"No," Dunn said. He had gone as far as he was willing to go.

"Why do you want to die?" he was asked.

"If I must, I must," Dunn said. He felt resigned. He waited to be killed.

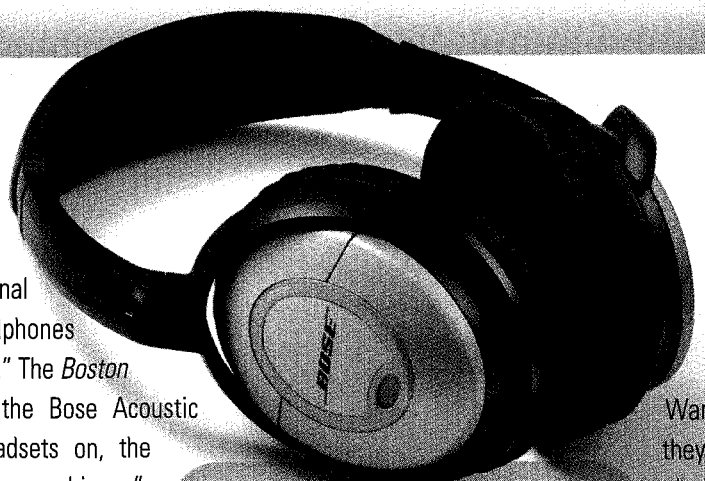
"You will not be executed," the camp commander said abruptly, and that was that.

Judging by Dunn's experience, the threat of death may be valuable to an interrogator as a way of loosening up a determined subject. But, as with pain, the most important factor is fear. An unfrightened prisoner makes an unlikely informer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEADPHONES THAT OFFER UNMATCHED NOISE REDUCTION AND AUDIO PERFORMANCE. WHAT COULD BE BETTER?

THE NEW AND IMPROVED MODEL.



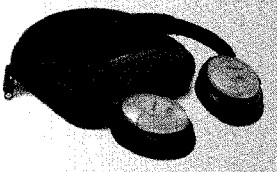
According to *CNET*, our original QuietComfort® headphones "set the gold standard." The *Boston Globe* wrote, "with the Bose Acoustic Noise Cancelling headsets on, the airplane roar became a whisper." And now, respected audio columnist Rich Warren declares that our new QuietComfort® 2 headphones "improve on perfection."

INTRODUCING THE NEW QUIETCOMFORT® 2 ACOUSTIC NOISE CANCELLING® HEADPHONES.

ACCLAIMED NOISE REDUCTION. We originally designed the QuietComfort headphones to make air travel more pleasant. But headphone owners soon started telling us how well they work in other noisy places – trains, buses, offices and homes. Patented Bose® technology electronically identifies and dramatically reduces noise while faithfully preserving the music, movie dialogue or silence you want. The *Philadelphia Daily News* says that "Even in the noisiest environment, wearing these phones creates a calming, quiet zone for easy listening or just snoozing."

OUR BEST SOUNDING HEADPHONES EVER. The improved audio technology inside our new QuietComfort® 2 headphones delivers sound so real, even the subtlest nuances can come shining through. As audio critic Wayne Thompson notes, "Bose engineers have made major improvements." The highs are crystal clear. The lows reach out and envelop you. *CNET* reports "All sorts of music – classical, rock, and jazz – sounded refined and natural."

ENHANCED CONVENIENCE. These new headphones are so lightweight and comfortable, respected columnist Rich Warren finds "It's easy to forget they are on your head." You can use them without the audio cord to reduce noise. Or attach the included cord and listen to portable CD/DVD/MP3 players, home stereos, computers and in-flight entertainment systems. When you're done, the new fold-flat design allows for easy storage in your bag or briefcase.



TRY THEM FOR YOURSELF – RISK FREE. We don't expect you to take our word for how dramatically our new headphones reduce noise, how clean and full they sound or how comfortably they fit. So we invite you to try them for 30 days. If you can live without them, return them for a refund. It's that simple.

For Free Shipping Order By Dec. 31, 2003.

Call and ask about our **special financing options.*** And discover the kind of performance that has made Bose the most respected name in sound.

CALL 1-800-720-2673, EXT. Q2217

For information on all our products: ***www.bose.com/q2217***

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State____ Zip_____

Day Phone (____) _____

Eve. Phone (____) _____

E-mail (Optional)_____

BOSE® Better sound through research®

Mail to: Bose Corp., Dept. DMG-Q2217, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168

©2003 Bose Corporation. Patent rights issued and/or pending. Financing and free shipping offer not to be combined with any other offer or applied to previous purchases, and subject to change without notice. Risk free refers to 30-day trial offer only. Delivery is subject to product availability. Quotes reprinted with permission: David Carnoy, *CNET*, 5/29/03; Jerry Morris, *Boston Globe*, 10/24/99 on the original airline headset; Rich Warren, *News-Gazette*, 5/19/03; Jonathan Takiff, *Philadelphia Daily News*, 5/29/03; Wayne Thompson, Portland *Oregonian*, 4/18/03.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If there is an archetype of the modern interrogator, it is Michael Koubi. The former chief interrogator for Israel's General Security Services, or Shabak, Koubi probably has more experience than anyone else in the world in the interrogation of hostile Arab prisoners, some of them confirmed terrorists and religious fanatics—men, he says, "whose hatred of the Jews is unbridgeable." He has blue eyes in a crooked face: time, the greatest caricaturist of all, has been at work on it for more than sixty years, and has produced one that is lean, browned, deeply lined, and naturally concave. His considerable nose has been broken twice, and now ends well to the right of where it begins, giving him a look that is literally off-center. His wisdom, too, is slightly off-center, because Koubi has been given a uniquely twisted perspective on human nature. For decades he has been experimenting with captive human beings, cajoling, tricking, hurting, threatening, and spying on them, steadily upping the pressure, looking for cracks at the seams.

I met Koubi at his home on the beach in Ashkelon, just a short drive north of the border with the Gaza Strip, in whose prisons he worked for much of his career. He is comfortably retired from his Shabak job now, a grandfather three times over, and works for the municipal Inspection and Sanitation Department. There are still many things he is not free to discuss, but he is happy to talk about his methods. He is very proud of his skills, among them an ability to speak Arabic so fluently that he can adopt a multitude of colloquial flavors. Koubi came to his career as an interrogator through his love of language. He grew up speaking Hebrew, Yiddish, and Arabic, and he studied Arabic in high school, working to master its idiom and slang. He also had a knack for reading the body language and facial expressions of his subjects, and for sensing a lie. He is a skilled actor who could alternately befriend or intimidate a subject, sometimes turning on a dime. Blending these skills with the tricks he had learned over the years for manipulating people, Koubi didn't just question his subjects, he orchestrated their emotional surrender.

To many, including many in Israel, Koubi and the unit he headed are an outrage. The games they played and the tactics they employed are seen as inhumane, illegal, and downright evil. It is hard to picture this pleasant grandfather as the leader of a unit that critics accuse of being brutal; but then, charm has always been as important to interrogation work as toughness or cruelty—perhaps more important. Koubi says that only in rare instances did he use force to extract information from his subjects; in most cases it wasn't necessary.

"People change when they get to prison," Koubi says. "They may be heroes outside, but inside they change. The conditions are different. People are afraid of the unknown. They are afraid of being tortured, of being held for a long time. Try to see what it is like to sit with a hood over your head for four hours, when you are hungry and tired and afraid, when you are isolated from everything and have no clue what is going on." When the captive believes that *anything* could happen—torture, execution, indefinite imprisonment, even the persecution of his loved ones—the interrogator can go to work.

Under pressure, he says, nearly everyone looks out first and foremost for No. 1. What's more, a very large part of who a man is depends on his circumstances. No matter who he is before his arrest, his sense of self will blur in custody. Isolation, fear, and deprivation force a man to retreat, to reorient himself, and to reorder his priorities. For most men, Koubi says, the hierarchy of loyalty under stress is 1) self, 2) group, 3) family, 4) friends. In other words, even the most dedicated terrorist (with very rare exceptions), when pushed hard enough, will act to preserve and protect himself at the expense of anyone or anything else. "There's an old Arab saying," Koubi says. "'Let one hundred mothers cry, but not my mother—but better my mother than me.'"

One CIA manual describes threats of death as "worse than useless." Others disagree. "I'll tell you how to make a man talk," a retired Special Forces officer says. "You shoot the man to his left and the man to his right. Then you can't shut him up."

With older men the priorities shift slightly. In middle age the family often overtakes the group (the cause) to become the second most important loyalty. Young men tend to be fiercely committed and ambitious, but older men—even men with deeply held convictions, men admired and emulated by their followers—tend to have loves and obligations that count for more. Age frays idealism, slackens zeal, and cools ferocity. Abstractions lose ground to wife, children, and grandchildren. "Notice that the leaders of Hamas do not send their own sons and daughters, and their own grandchildren, to blow themselves up," Koubi says.

So it is often the top-level men, like Sheikh Mohammed, who are easier to crack. Koubi believes that having the al-Qaeda leader's wife and children in custody gives his interrogators powerful leverage. The key is to find a man's weak point and exploit it.

For Koubi the three critical ingredients of that process are preparation, investigation, and theater.

Preparing a subject for interrogation means softening him up. Ideally, he has been pulled from his sleep—like Sheikh Mohammed—early in the morning, roughly handled, bound, hooded (a coarse, dirty, smelly sack serves the purpose perfectly), and kept waiting in discomfort, perhaps naked in a cold, wet room, forced to stand or to sit

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are you and your child prepared to play the college-admissions game?

College Admissions 101

The landscape of college admissions grows more competitive every year. And each year it becomes more difficult to provide applicants with informed guidance to help them through the process.

This fall *The Atlantic*'s national correspondent James Fallows and his colleagues detail what it takes to get into America's most exclusive colleges and universities. Relying on a network of college deans, high school guidance counselors, and others, *The Atlantic* chronicles new developments and trends in the world of college admissions—the standards, the processes, the applicant pool. You won't want to miss it. Subscribe today.

Plus: Your Questions Answered

Which colleges are the hardest to get into? Are the most selective schools in fact the best? Does the choice of school have a measurable impact on a child's long-term economic and social prospects?

Subscribe Now

Find out why *The Atlantic Monthly* has won five National Magazine Awards in the last two years. Subscribe by September 29, 2003, to ensure that you receive our special report on the state of college admissions.

THE Atlantic

SUBSCRIBE BY SEPTEMBER 29, 2003 · ONE YEAR (10 ISSUES) FOR $29.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in an uncomfortable position. He may be kept awake for days prior to questioning, isolated and ill-fed. He may be unsure where he is, what time of day it is, how long he has been or will be held. If he is wounded, as Abu Zubaydah was, pain medication may be withheld; it is one thing to cause pain, another to refuse to relieve it.

Mousa Khoury, a Palestinian businessman, knows the drill all too well. A slender thirty-four-year-old man with a black goatee and thinning hair, he is bitter about the Israeli occupation and his experiences in custody. He has been arrested and interrogated six times by Israeli forces. He was once held for seventy-one days.

"My hands were cuffed behind my back, and a potato sack was over my head," he says. "My legs were cuffed to a tiny chair. The chair's base is ten centimeters by twenty centimeters. The back is ten centimeters by ten centimeters. It is hard wood. The front legs are shorter than the back ones, so you are forced to slide forward in it, only your hands are bound in the back. If you sit back, the back of the chair digs into the small of your back. If you slump forward, you are forced to hang by your hands. It is painful. They will take you to the toilet only after screaming a request one hundred times." He could think about only one thing: how to make the treatment stop. "Your thoughts go back and forth and back and forth, and you can no longer have a normal stream of consciousness," he says.

Preparing an interrogator means arming him beforehand with every scrap of information about his subject. U.S. Army interrogation manuals suggest preparing a thick "dummy file" when little is known, to make it appear that the interrogator knows more than he does. Nothing rattles a captive more than to be confronted with a fact he thought was secret or obscure. It makes the interrogator seem powerful, all-knowing. A man's sense of importance is wounded, and he is slower to lie, because he thinks he might be caught at it. There are many ways that scraps of information—gathered by old-fashioned legwork or the interrogation of a subject's associates—can be leveraged by a clever interrogator into something new. Those scraps might be as simple as knowing the names of a man's siblings or key associates, the name of his girlfriend, or a word or phrase that has special meaning to his group. Uncovering privileged details diminishes the aura of a secret society, whether it is a social club, a terrorist cell, or a military unit. Joining such a group makes an individual feel distinct, important, and superior, and invests even the most mundane of his activities with meaning. An interrogator who penetrates that secret society, unraveling its shared language, culture, history, customs, plans, and pecking order, can diminish its hold on even the staunchest believer. Suspicion that a trusted comrade has betrayed the group—or the subject himself—undermines the sense of a secretly shared purpose and destiny. Armed with a few critical details, a skilled interrogator can make a subject doubt the value of information he has been determined to withhold. It is one thing to suffer in order to protect a secret, quite another to cling to a secret that is already out. This is how a well-briefed interrogator breaches a group's defenses.

Koubi believes that the most important skill for an interrogator is to know the prisoner's language. Working through interpreters is at best a necessary evil. Language is at the root of all social connections, and plays a critical role in secret societies like Hamas and al-Qaeda. A shared vocabulary or verbal shorthand helps to cement the group.

"I try to create the impression that I use his mother tongue even better than he does," Koubi says. "No accent, no mistaken syntax. I speak to him like his best friend speaks to him. I might ask him a question about a certain word or sentence or expression, how it is used in his culture, and then demonstrate that I know more about it than he does. This embarrasses him very much."

Psychologists have attempted a theory of interrogation—that coercive methods induce a "regression" of personality. It is not convincing. Interrogation simply backs a man into a corner, forces difficult choices, and dangles illusory avenues of escape.

Once a prisoner starts to talk, rapid follow-up is needed to sort fact from fiction, so that the interrogator knows whether his subject is being cooperative or evasive, and can respond accordingly. Interrogation sessions should be closely observed (many rooms designed for this purpose have one-way mirrors), and in a well-run unit a subject's words can sometimes be checked out before the session is over. Being caught so quickly in a lie demonstrates the futility of playing games with the interrogator, and strengthens his hand. It shames and rattles the subject. When information checks out, the interrogator can home in for more details and open up new avenues of exploration.

Religious extremists are the hardest cases. They ponder in their own private space, performing a kind of self-hypnosis. They are usually well educated. Their lives are financially and emotionally tidy. They tend to live in an ascetic manner, and to look down on nonbelievers. They tend to be physically and mentally strong, and not to be influenced by material things—by either the incentives or the disincentives available in prison. Often the rightness of their cause trumps all else, so they can commit any outrage—lie, cheat, steal, betray, kill—without remorse. Yet under sufficient duress, Koubi says, most men of even this kind will

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

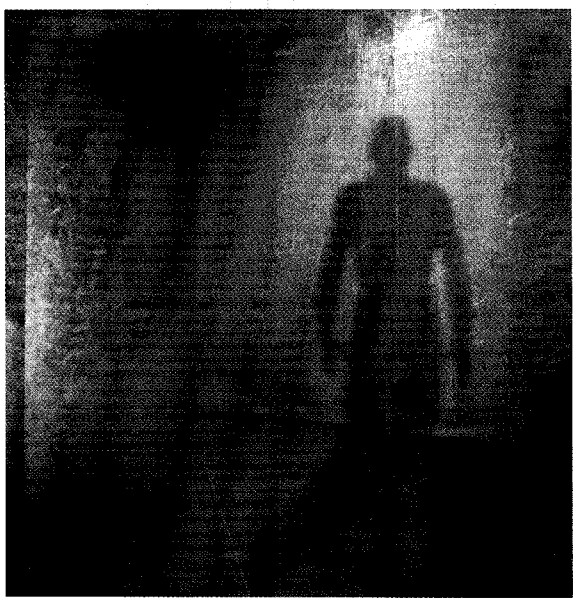
eventually break—most, but not all. Some cannot be broken.

"They are very rare," he says, "but in some cases the more aggressive you get, and the worse things get, the more these men will withdraw into their own world, until you cannot reach them."

Mousa Khoury, the Palestinian businessman who has been interrogated six times, claims that he never once gave in to his jailers. Koubi has no particular knowledge of Khoury's case, but he smiles his crooked, knowing smile and says, "If someone you meet says he was held by our forces and did not cooperate at all, you can bet he is lying. In some cases men who are quite famous for their toughness were the most helpful to us in captivity."

Interrogation is also highly theatrical. The *Kubark Manual* is very particular about setting the stage.

> The room in which the interrogation is to be conducted should be free of distractions. The colors of the walls, ceiling, rugs, and furniture should not be startling. Pictures should be missing or dull. Whether the furniture should include a desk depends not upon the interrogator's convenience but rather upon the subject's anticipated reaction to the connotations of superiority and officialdom. A plain table may be preferable. An overstuffed chair for the use of the interrogatee is sometimes preferable to a straight-backed, wooden chair because if he is made to stand for a lengthy period or is otherwise deprived of physical comfort, the contrast is intensified and increased disorientation results.



The manual goes on to recommend lighting that shines brightly in the face of the subject and leaves the interrogator in shadow. There should be no phone or any other means of contact with those outside the room, to enhance concentration and the subject's feeling of confinement. In Koubi's experience it was sometimes helpful to have associates loudly stage a torture or beating session in the next room. In old CIA interrogation training, according to Bill Wagner, a retired agent, it was recommended that mock executions take place outside the interrogation room.

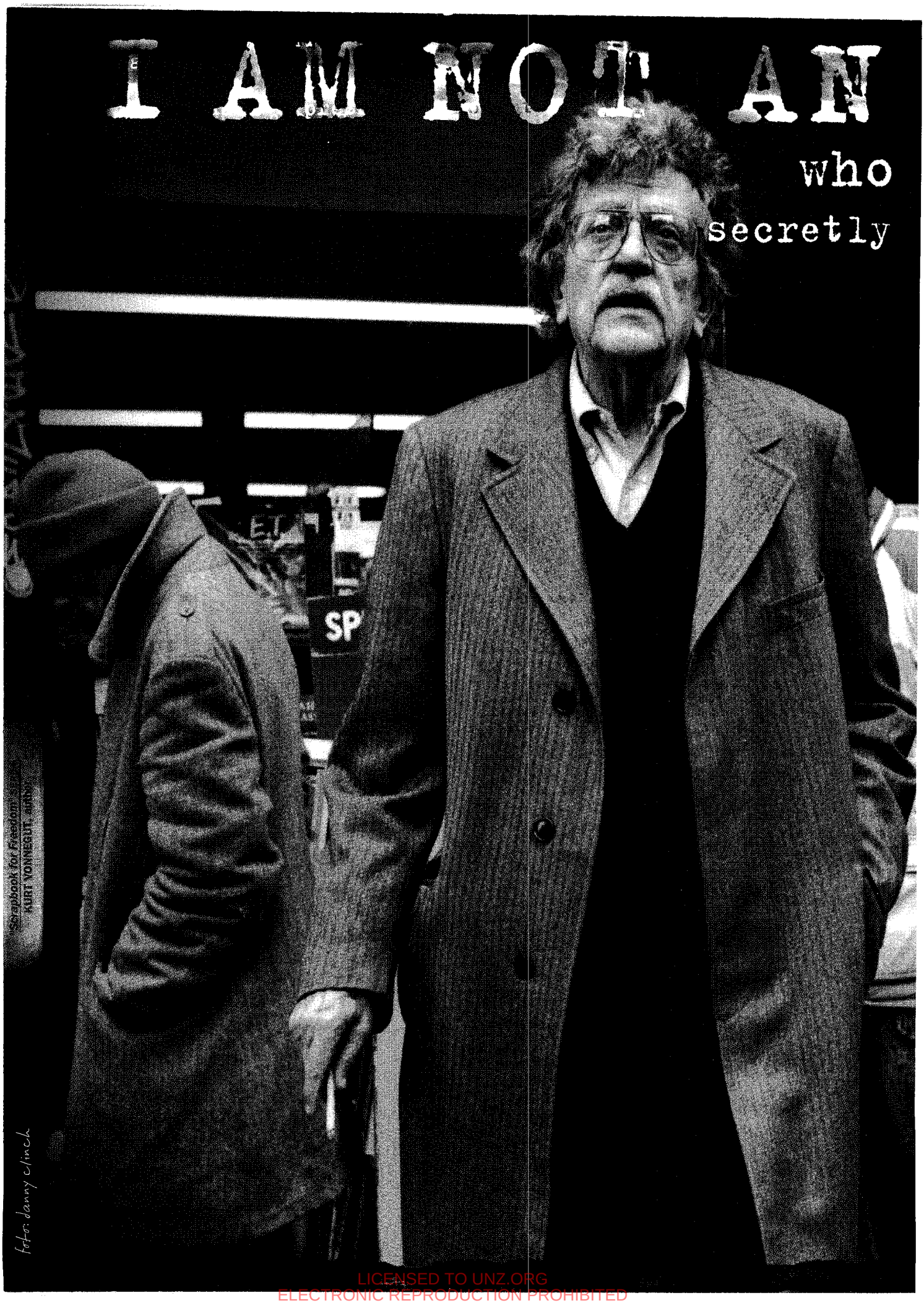
A good interrogator is a deceiver. One of Koubi's tricks was to walk into a hallway lined with twenty recently arrested, hooded, uncomfortable, hungry, and fearful men, all primed for interrogation, and shout commandingly, "Okay, who wants to cooperate with me?" Even if no hands, or only one hand, went up, he would say to the hooded men, "Okay, good. Eight of you. I'll start with you, and the others will have to wait." Believing that others have capitulated makes doing so oneself much easier. Often, after this trick, many of the men in the hall would cooperate. Men are herd animals, and prefer to go with the flow, especially when moving in the other direction is harsh.

In one case Koubi had information suggesting that two men he was questioning were secretly members of a terrorist cell, and knew of an impending attack. They were tough men, rural farmers, very difficult to intimidate or pressure, and so far neither man had admitted anything under questioning. Koubi worked them over individually for hours. With each man he would start off by asking friendly questions and then grow angrier and angrier, accusing the subject of withholding something. He would slap him, knock him off his chair, set guards on him, and then intervene to pull them off. Then he would put the subject back in the chair and offer him a cigarette, lightening the mood. "Let him see the difference between the two atmospheres, the hostile one and the friendly one," Koubi says. Neither man budged.

Finally Koubi set his trap. He announced to one of the men that his interrogation was over. The man's associate, hooded, was seated in the hallway outside the room. "We are going to release you," Koubi said. "We are pleased with your cooperation. But first you must do something for me. I am going to ask you a series of questions, just a formality, and I need you to answer 'Yes' in a loud, clear voice for the recorder." Then, in a voice loud enough for the hooded man outside in the hall to hear, but soft enough so that he couldn't make out exactly what was being said, Koubi read off a long list of questions, reviewing the prisoner's name, age, marital status, date of capture, length of detainment, and so forth. These were regularly punctuated by the prisoner's loud and cooperative "Yes." The charade was enough to convince the man in the hall that his friend had capitulated.

Koubi dismissed the first man and brought in the second. "There's no more need for me to question you," Koubi said. "Your friend has confessed the whole thing." He offered the second prisoner a cigarette and gave him a good meal. He told him that the information provided by his friend virtually ensured that they would both be in prison for the rest of their lives ... unless, he said, the second prisoner could offer him something, anything, that would dispose the court to leniency in his case. Convinced that his friend had already betrayed them both, the second prisoner acted promptly to save himself. "If you want to save Israeli lives, go immediately," he told

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

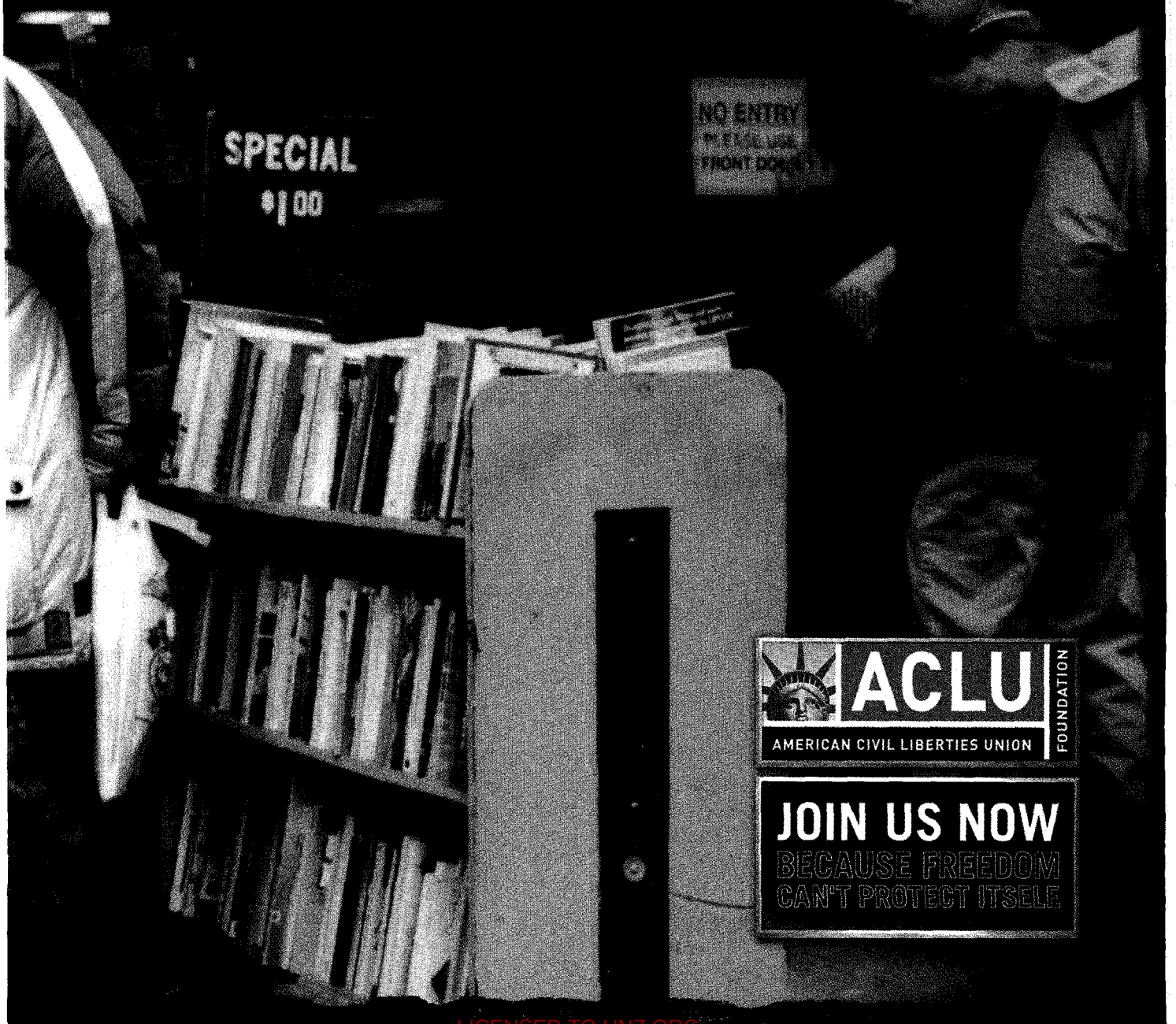
AMERICAN

thinks my government should
get a list of the books I read.

I AM AN AMERICAN who knows the importance
of being able to read & express any thought without fear.

I AM AN ACLU MEMBER because they will fight
to keep us all SAFE & FREE.

Join me and sign up at www.aclu.org



ACLU
AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION
FOUNDATION

JOIN US NOW
BECAUSE FREEDOM
CAN'T PROTECT ITSELF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Koubi. "My friends went with a car to Yeshiva Nehalim [a religious school]. They are going to kidnap a group of students ..." The men were found in Erez, and the operation was foiled.

There are other methods of keeping a prisoner confused and off balance, such as rapidly firing questions at him, cutting off his responses in mid-sentence, asking the same questions over and over in different order, and what the manual calls the "Silent" technique, in which the interrogator "says nothing to the source, but looks him squarely in the eye, preferably with a slight smile on his face." The manual advises forcing the subject to break eye contact first. "The source will become nervous, begin to shift around in his chair, cross and recross his legs, and look away," the manual says. "When the interrogator is ready to break silence, he may do so with some quite nonchalant questions such as 'You planned this operation a long time, didn't you? Was it your idea?'"

Then there is "Alice in Wonderland."

> The aim of the Alice in Wonderland or confusion technique is to confound the expectations and conditioned reactions of the interrogatee ... The confusion technique is designed not only to obliterate the familiar but to replace it with the weird ... Sometimes two or more questions are asked simultaneously. Pitch, tone, and volume of the interrogators' voices are unrelated to the import of the questions. No pattern of questions and answers is permitted to develop, nor do the questions themselves relate logically to each other.

If this technique is pursued patiently, the manual says, the subject will start to talk "just to stop the flow of babble which assails him."

Easily the most famous routine is "Good Cop/Bad Cop," in which one interrogator becomes the captive's persecutor and the other his friend. A lesser-known but equally effective technique is "Pride and Ego," "Ego Up/Ego Down," or (as the more pretentious *Kubark Manual* puts it) "Spinoza and Mortimer Snerd," in which the "Ego Down" part involves repeatedly asking questions that the interrogator knows the subject cannot answer. The subject is continually berated or threatened ("How could you not know the answer to that?") and accused of withholding, until, at long last, he is asked a simple question that he can answer. An American POW subjected to this technique has said, "I know it seems strange now, but I was positively grateful to them when they switched to a topic I knew something about."

CIA psychologists have tried to develop an underlying theory for interrogation—namely, that the coercive methods induce a gradual "regression" of personality. But the theory is not convincing. Interrogation simply backs a man into a corner. It forces difficult choices, and dangles illusory avenues of escape.

A skillful interrogator knows which approach will best suit his subject; and just as he expertly applies stress, he continually opens up these avenues of escape or release. This means understanding what, at heart, is stopping a subject from cooperating. If it is ego, that calls for one method. If it is fear of reprisal or of getting into deeper trouble, another method might work best. For most captives a major incentive to keep quiet is simply pride. Their manhood is being tested, not just their loyalty and conviction. Allowing the subject to save face lowers the cost of capitulation, so an artful interrogator will offer persuasive rationales for giving in: others already have, or the information is already known. Drugs, if administered with the subject's knowledge, are helpful in this regard. If a subject believes that a particular drug or "truth serum" renders him helpless, he is off the hook. He cannot be held accountable for giving in. A study cited in George Andrews's book *MKULTRA* found that a placebo—a simple sugar pill—was as effective as an actual drug up to half of the time.

Koubi layered his deception so thick that his subjects never knew exactly when their interrogation ended. After questioning, captives usually spent time in a regular prison. The Israelis had bugged the prison with a system that was disguised well enough to *appear* hidden but not well enough to avoid discovery. In this way prisoners were led to believe that only certain parts of the prison were bugged. In fact, all of the prison was bugged. Conversations between prisoners could be overheard anywhere, and were closely monitored. They were an invaluable source of intelligence. Prisoners who could hold out through the most intense interrogation often let their guard down later when talking to comrades in jail.

To help such inadvertent confessions along, Koubi had yet another card to play. Whenever an interrogated subject was released to the general prison, after weeks of often grueling questioning, he was received with open arms by fellow Palestinians who befriended him and congratulated him for having endured interrogation. He was treated like a hero. He was fed, nursed, even celebrated. What he didn't know was that his happy new comrades were working for Koubi.

Koubi calls them "birdies." They were Palestinians who, offered an incentive such as an opportunity to settle with their families in another country, had agreed to cooperate with Shabak. Some days or weeks after welcoming the new prisoner into their ranks, easing his transition into the prison, they would begin to ask questions. They would debrief the prisoner on his interrogation sessions. They would say, "It is very important for those on the outside to know what you told the Israelis and what you *didn't* tell them. Tell us, and we will get the information to those on the outside who need to know." Even prisoners who had managed to keep important secrets from Koubi spilled them to his birdies.

"The amazing thing is that by now the existence of the birdies is well known," Koubi says, "and yet the system still works. People come out of interrogation, go into the regular

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prison, and then tell their darkest secrets. I don't know why it still works, but it does."

BIG DADDY UPTOWN

Most professional interrogators work without the latitude given the CIA, the FBI, or the military in the war on terror. A policeman's subjects all have to be read their Miranda rights, and cops who physically threaten or abuse suspects—at least nowadays—may find themselves in jail. Jerry Giorgio, the legendary NYPD interrogator, has operated within these rules for nearly forty years. He may not know all the names of the CIA and military techniques, but he has probably seen most of them at work. Known as "Big Daddy Uptown," Giorgio now works for the New York County district attorney in a cramped office in Lower Manhattan that he shares with two others. He is a big man with a big voice, thinning gray hair, a broad belly, and wide, searching greenish-brown eyes. He is considered a wizard by his former colleagues in the NYPD. "All of us of a certain generation came out of the Jerry Giorgio school of interrogation," says John Bourges, a recently retired Manhattan homicide detective.

"Everybody knows the Good Cop/Bad Cop routine, right?" Giorgio says. "Well, I'm always the Good Cop. I don't work with a Bad Cop, either. Don't need it. You want to know the truth? The truth is—and this is important—everybody down deep *wants* to tell his or her story. It's true. No matter how damaging it is to them, no matter how important it is for them to keep quiet, they want to tell their story. If they feel guilty, they want to get it off their chest. If they feel justified in what they did, they want to explain themselves. I tell them, 'Hey, I know what you did and I can prove it. Now what are you going to do about it? If you show remorse, if you help me out, I'll go to bat for you.' I tell them that. And if you give them half a reason to do it, they'll tell you everything."

"You want a good interrogator?" Jerry Giorgio, the New York Police Department's legendary third-degree man, asks. "Give me somebody who people like, and who likes people. Give me somebody who knows how to put people at ease."

The most important thing is to get them talking. The toughest suspects are those who clam up and demand a lawyer right at the start. Giorgio believes that once he gets a suspect talking, the stream of words will eventually flow right to the truth. One murderer gave him three voluntary statements in a single day, each one signed, each one different, each one slightly closer to the truth.

The murderer was Carlos Martinez, a hulking former football player who in May of 1992 killed his girlfriend, Cheryl Maria Wright, and dumped her body in New York, right at the Coliseum overlook off the Henry Hudson Parkway. Since many young female murder victims are killed by their boyfriends, Giorgio started looking for Wright's. Martinez phoned Giorgio when he heard that the detective wanted to ask him some questions. Giorgio had pictures of Wright with Martinez, and in all the pictures the young beau had a giant head of Jheri curls. But he showed up in Giorgio's office bald. The detective was immediately more suspicious; a man who worries that somebody might have seen him commit a crime generally tries to alter his appearance.

Here is how Giorgio summarizes what turned out to be a very long and fruitful conversation:

"I was at home last night," Martinez said. "She did call me."

"Really, why?"

"She wanted me to pick her up. I told her, 'I'm watching the Mets game; I can't pick you up.'"

That was it. Giorgio acted very pleased with this statement, thanked Martinez, wrote it up, and asked the young man to sign it. Martinez did.

Then Giorgio stared at the statement and gave Martinez a quizzical look.

"You know, Carlos, something about this statement doesn't look right to me. You two had been going out for, what? Seven years? She calls you and asks you to pick her up at night where she's just gotten off work. It's not a safe neighborhood, and you tell her no? You mean a ball game on TV was more important to you?"

The question was cunning. The detective knew that Martinez was trying to make a good impression; he definitely didn't want to leave Giorgio with any unresolved issues to play in his mind. So it concerned him that his first statement didn't sound right. Giorgio's question also touched Martinez's sense of chivalry, an important quality for many Hispanic men. It wouldn't do to be seen as ungentlemanly. Here was a young woman who had just been brutally killed. How would it look to her family and friends if he admitted that she had called and asked him for a ride and he had left her to her fate—for a ball game on TV? The question also subtly suggested an out: The neighborhood wasn't safe. People got hurt or killed in that neighborhood all the time. Maybe Martinez could admit that he had seen Cheryl on the night of the murder without directly implicating himself. No one ever accused the former footballer of being especially bright. He rose to Giorgio's bait immediately.

He said, "Jerry, let me tell you what really happened." ("Note," Giorgio says proudly, "already I'm *Jerry*!") Martinez now said that he had left his place to pick Wright up after work, but they had gotten into an argument. "She got mad at me and told me she didn't need a ride, so I waited until

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she got on the bus, and then I left." ("Look, now he's the picture of chivalry!" Giorgio says happily.)

"Let me take that down," Giorgio said, again acting pleased with the statement. He wrote it out neatly and asked Martinez to look it over and sign it. Martinez did.

Again Giorgio squinted at the paper. "You know, Carlos, something is still not right here. Cheryl was a strikingly beautiful girl. People who saw her remembered her. She's taken that bus home from work many nights, and people on that bus know who she is. And you know what? Nobody who rode that bus saw her on it last night."

(This was, in Giorgio's words, "pure bullshit." He hadn't talked to anybody who rode that bus. "Sometimes you have to just take a chance," he says.)

Again Martinez looked troubled. He had not allayed the detective's suspicions. So he tried again. "Okay, okay," he said. "This is really it. Let me tell you what really happened. Cheryl called, and I left to pick her up, but I ran into a friend of mine—I can't tell you his name—and we picked her up together. Then Cheryl and I got in this argument, a big fight. My friend got fed up. So we drove away, up Broadway to 181st Street, and stopped at the McDonald's there. He pulled out a gun, my friend, and he told me to get out of the car. 'Wait here,' he told me. 'I'm going to get rid of your problem.' Then he left. I waited. Then he came back. He said he had gotten rid of my problem."

Giorgio nodded happily and started to write up statement No. 3. He acted troubled over the fact that Martinez refused to name the friend, and the young man quickly coughed up a name. Giorgio's lieutenant, who had been watching the session through a one-way mirror, immediately got to work tracking down Martinez's friend. By the time the third statement had been written up, signed, and nestled neatly on top of the other two, Giorgio had a new problem to pose to Martinez: it seemed that his friend was in South Carolina, and had been for some time.

"We never did get to finish the fourth statement," Giorgio says. "Martinez's family had hired a lawyer, and he called the station forbidding us to further question his client." It was, of course, too late.

Captain Crunch Versus the Tree Huggers

On a spring morning in the offices of Amnesty International, in Washington, D.C., Alistair Hodgett and Alexandra Arriaga were briefing me on their organization's noble efforts to combat torture wherever in the world it is found. They are bright, pleasant, smart, committed, attractive young people, filled with righteous purpose. Decent people everywhere agree on this: torture is evil and indefensible.

But is it always?

I showed the two an article I had torn from that day's *New York Times*, which described the controversy over a tragic kidnapping case in Frankfurt, Germany. On September 27 of last year a Frankfurt law student kidnapped an eleven-year-old boy named Jakob von Metzler, whose smiling face appeared in a box alongside the story. The kidnapper had covered Jakob's mouth and nose with duct tape, wrapped the boy in plastic, and hidden him in a wooded area near a lake. The police captured the suspect when he tried to pick up ransom money, but the suspect wouldn't reveal where he had left the boy, who the police thought might still be alive. So the deputy police chief of Frankfurt, Wolfgang Daschner, told his subordinates to threaten the suspect with torture. According to the suspect, he was told that a "specialist" was being flown in who would "inflict pain on me of the sort I had never experienced." The suspect promptly told the police where he'd hidden Jakob, who, sadly, was found dead. The newspaper said that Daschner was under fire from Amnesty International, among other groups, for threatening torture.

"Under these circumstances," I asked, "do you honestly think it was wrong to even *threaten* torture?"

Hodgett and Arriaga squirmed in their chairs. "We recognize that there are difficult situations," said Arriaga, who is the group's director of government relations. "But we are opposed to torture under any and all circumstances, and threatening torture is inflicting mental pain. So we would be against it."

Few moral imperatives make such sense on a large scale but break down so dramatically in the particular. A way of sorting this one out is to consider two clashing sensibilities: the warrior and the civilian.

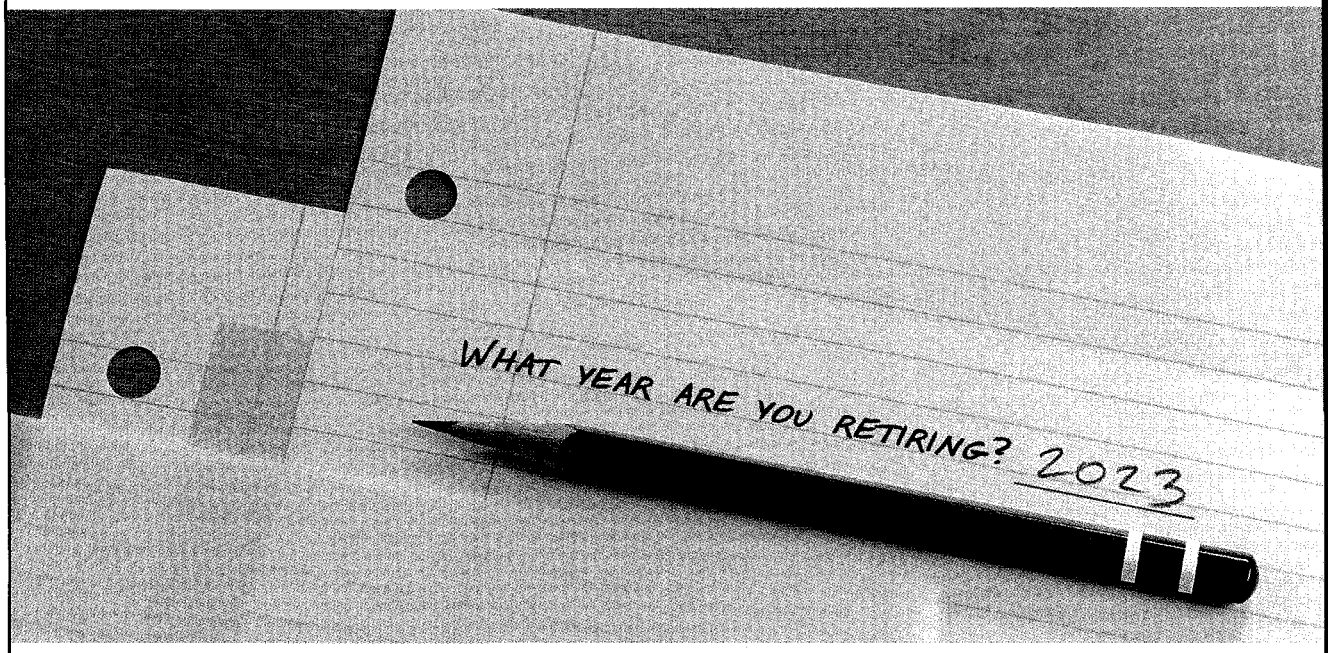
The civilian sensibility prizes above all else the rule of law. Whatever the difficulties posed by a particular situation, such as trying to find poor Jakob von Metzler before he suffocated, it sees abusive government power as a greater danger to society. Allowing an exception in one case (saving Jakob) would open the door to a greater evil.

The warrior sensibility requires doing what must be done to complete a mission. By definition, war exists because civil means have failed. What counts is winning, and preserving one's own troops. To a field commander in a combat zone, the life of an uncooperative enemy captive weighs very lightly against the lives of his own men. There are very few who, faced with a reluctant captive, would not in certain circumstances reach for the alligator clips, or something else.

"It isn't about getting mad, or payback," says Bill Cowan, the Vietnam interrogator. "It's strictly business. Torturing people doesn't fit my moral compass at all. But I don't think there's much of a gray area. Either the guy has information you need or not. Either it's vital or it's not. You know which guys you need to twist."

The official statements by President Bush and William Haynes reaffirming the U.S. government's opposition to torture have been applauded by human-rights groups—but again, the language in them is carefully chosen. What does the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



T. Rowe Price Rollover Advantage℠

Just choose your retirement date, and we'll manage the rest.

The T. Rowe Price Rollover Advantage makes it easier than ever to take control of your old 401(k) savings. Our Rollover Specialists will help you handle the paperwork and open an account right over the phone. Not only that, T. Rowe Price Retirement Funds also make choosing an investment just as simple.

With T. Rowe Price Retirement Funds, all you have to do is pick a fund with the date closest to your planned retirement year. In a single fund, you get a diversified retirement portfolio of proven performers, professionally managed by T. Rowe Price. We automatically adjust the fund's allocations over time, from higher to lower risk, so as your retirement date nears, you don't have to worry about your investment being properly allocated.*

To learn more about the Rollover Advantage and T. Rowe Price Retirement Funds, or to open an account, call or visit our Web site.

Roll over your old 401(k) with a fund closest to your retirement date.

- Retirement 2040 Fund
- Retirement 2030 Fund
- Retirement 2020 Fund
- Retirement 2010 Fund
- Retirement Income Fund

TROWEPRICE.COM/ROLLOVER

1-800-541-5845

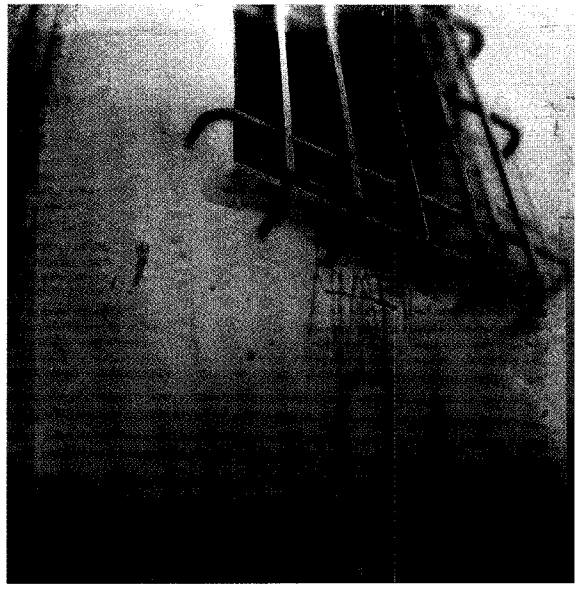
T.RowePrice®
INVEST WITH CONFIDENCE

*The funds should not be considered a complete retirement solution. Investors must weigh their objectives, time horizon, risk tolerance, other assets, and income needs before investing.

For more information, including risks, fees, and expenses, request a fund profile or prospectus; read it carefully before investing. T. Rowe Price Investment Services, Inc., Distributor. IRAR-R067716

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bush Administration mean by "torture"? Does it really share the activists' all-inclusive definition of the word? In his letter to the director of Human Rights Watch, Haynes used the term "enemy combatants" to describe those in custody. Calling detainees "prisoners of war" would entitle them to the protections of the Geneva Convention, which prohibits the "physical or mental torture" of POWs, and "any other form of coercion," even to the extent of "unpleasant or disadvantageous treatment of any kind." (In the contemptuous words of one military man, they "prohibit everything except three square meals, a warm bed, and access to a Harvard education.") Detainees who are American citizens have the advantage of constitutional protections against being held without charges, and have the right to legal counsel. They would also be protected from the worst abuses by the Eighth Amendment, which prohibits "cruel and unusual punishment." The one detainee at Guantánamo who was discovered to have been born in the United States has been transferred to a different facility, and legal battles rage over his status. But if the rest of the thousands of detainees are neither POWs (even though the bulk of them were captured during the fighting in Afghanistan) nor American citizens, they are fair game. They are protected only by this country's international promises—which are, in effect, unenforceable.



What are those promises? The most venerable are those in the Geneva Convention, but the United States has sidestepped this agreement in the case of those captured in the war on terror. The next most important would be those in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which asserts, in Article 5, "No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment." There is also the Convention Against Torture, the agreement cited by Bush in June, which would seem to rule out any of the more aggressive methods of interrogation. It states, in Article I, "For the purposes of this Convention, torture means any act by which severe pain or suffering, whether physical or mental, is intentionally inflicted on a person." Again, note the word "severe." The United States is avoiding the brand "torturer" only by sleight of word.

The history of interrogation by U.S. armed forces and spy agencies is one of giving lip service to international agreements while vigorously using coercion whenever circumstances seem to warrant it. However, both the Army and the CIA have been frank in their publications about the use of coercive methods. The *Kubark Manual* offers only a few nods in its 128 pages to qualms over what are referred to, in a rare euphemism, as "external techniques": "Moral considerations aside, the imposition of external techniques of manipulating people carries with it the grave risk of later lawsuits, adverse publicity, or other attempts to strike back." The use of the term "strike back" here is significant; it implies that criticism of such unseemly methods, whether legal, moral, or journalistic, would have no inherent validity but would be viewed as an enemy counterattack.

Bill Wagner, the former CIA agent, remembers going to the Agency's three-week interrogation course at "The Farm," in Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1970. Until it was shut down, a few years later, it was considered the Agency's "premier course," Wagner says, and only the best recruits were invited to take it. "To say you had been through it was a real feather in your cap."

Volunteers played the role of captives in return for guaranteed space in a future session of the coveted course. They were deprived of sleep, kept doused with water in cold rooms, forced to sit or stand in uncomfortable positions for long periods, isolated from sunlight and social contacts, given food deliberately made unappetizing (oversalted, for instance, or tainted with a green dye), and subjected to mock executions. At least 10 percent of the volunteers dropped out, even though they knew it was just a training exercise. Wagner says that many of those who had served as victims later refused to take the course and victimize others. "They lost their stomach for it," he says.

Several years after Wagner took the course, he says, the Agency dropped it entirely. The scandals of the Nixon years put the CIA under unprecedented scrutiny. Over the next three decades spying schools and most human-intelligence networks were gradually dismantled. The United States itself was losing its stomach for hands-on intelligence gathering—and with it, interrogation.

Nobody experienced the effects of this shift more dramatically than Keith Hall, who earned the nickname Captain Crunch before he lost his job as a CIA agent. Now he describes himself as "a poster child for political correctness." He is a pugnacious brick of a man, who at age fifty-two is just a thicker (especially in the middle) version of the young man who joined the Marines thirty years ago. After his discharge he earned a master's degree in history and international relations; he took

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a job as a police officer, because he craved a more physical brand of excitement than academia had to offer. His nickname comes from this craving.

The CIA hired Hall immediately after he applied, in 1979, because of his relatively rare combination of academic and real-world credentials. He was routed into the Investigation and Analysis Directorate, where he became one of the Agency's covert operators, a relatively small group ("about forty-eight guys, total," Hall says) known as the "knuckle-draggers." Most CIA agents, especially by the 1980s, were just deskmen.

Hall preferred traveling, training, and blowing things up, even though he felt that the rest of the Agency looked down its patrician nose at guys like him. When the U.S. Embassy in Beirut was bombed, on April 18, 1983, eight of the seventeen Americans killed were CIA employees. There were going to be plenty of official investigations, but the Agency wanted one of its own. Hall was selected to carry it out.

"They flew me to Langley on one of their private planes, and delivered me to the seventh floor," he says. "They told me, 'We want you to go to Beirut and find out who blew up the embassy and how they did it. The President himself is going to be reading your cables. There is going to be some retribution here.'"

Terrorists are lockboxes containing potentially life-saving information. Sheikh Mohammed has his own reasons for plotting mass murder, and there are those who would applaud his defiance in captivity. But we pay for his silence in blood.

Hall was honored, and excited. This was a mission of singular purpose, of the highest priority, and he knew he was expected to get results. Having been a police officer and a Marine, he knew that the official investigations had to build a case that might someday stand up in court. His goal was not to build a case but just to find out who did it.

He slept on rooftops in Beirut, changing the location every two nights. It was a dangerous time to be an American—especially a CIA officer—there, and Hall kept moving. He worked with the Lebanese Special Security Force, and set up a computer in the police building.

Hall says he took part without hesitation in brutal questioning by the Lebanese, during which suspects were beaten with clubs and rubber hoses or wired up to electrical generators and doused with water. Such methods eventually led him to the suspected "paymaster" of the embassy bombing, a man named Elias Nimr. "He was our biggest catch," Hall says—a man with powerful connections. "When I told the Lebanese Minister of Defense, I watched the blood drain out of his face."

Nimr was a fat, pampered-looking twenty-eight-year-old, used to living the good life, a young man of wealth, leisure, and power. He came to the police building wearing slacks, a shiny sport shirt, and Gucci shoes. He had a small, well-trimmed moustache at the center of his soft, round face, and wore gold on his neck, wrists, and fingers. When he was marched into the building, Hall says, some of the officers "tried to melt into the shadows" for fear of eventual retribution. Nimr was nonchalant and smirking in his initial interview, convinced that when word got back to his family and connections, he would promptly be released.

When Hall got a chance to talk to him, he set out to disabuse Nimr. "I'm an American intelligence officer," he said. "You really didn't think that you were going to blow up our embassy and we wouldn't do anything about it, did you? You really should be looking inside yourself and telling yourself that it's a good idea to talk to me. The best way to go is to be civilized ... I know you think you are going to walk right out of here in a few minutes. That's not going to happen. You're mine. I'm the one who will make the decisions about what happens to you. The only thing that will save your ass is to cooperate." Nimr smiled at him dismissively.

The next time they met, Nimr wasn't in such good shape. In this case his connections were failing him. No one had roughed him up, but he had been kept standing for two days. Hall placed him in a straight-backed metal chair, with hot floodlights in his face. The agent sat behind the light, so that Nimr couldn't see him. Nimr wasn't as cocky, but he was still silent.

At the third interrogation session, Hall says, he kicked Nimr out of his chair. It was the first time anyone had physically abused him, and he seemed stunned. He just stared at Hall. He hadn't eaten since his arrest, four days earlier. But he still had nothing to say.

"I sent him back to his cell, had water poured over him again and again while he sat under a big fan, kept him freezing for about twenty-four hours. He comes back after this, and you can see his mood is changing. He hasn't walked out of jail, and it's beginning to dawn on him that no one is going to spring him."

Over the next ten days Hall kept up the pressure. During the questioning sessions he again kicked Nimr out of his chair, and both he and the Lebanese captain involved cracked him occasionally across the shins with a wooden bat. Finally Nimr broke. According to Hall, he explained his role in the bombing, and in the assassination of Lebanon's President. He explained that Syrian intelligence agents had been behind the plan. (Not everyone in the CIA agrees with Hall's interpretation.)

Soon afterwards Nimr died in his cell. Hall was back in Washington when he heard the news. He assumed that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nimr had been killed to prevent him from testifying and naming others involved in the plot. Armed with tapes of Nimr's confession, Hall felt he had accomplished his mission; but several months after finishing his report he was fired. As he understood it, word had leaked out about torture sessions conducted by a CIA agent, and the U.S. government was embarrassed.

None of the men charged was ever prosecuted for the bombing. Hall believes that the United States may have paid dearly for backing away from his investigation and letting the matter drop. William Buckley, who was Hall's station chief, was subsequently kidnapped, tortured, and killed. He was among fourteen Western civilians kidnapped in Beirut in 1984. In October of the previous year, 241 American servicemen were killed in the bombing of their barracks at the Beirut airport. Some analysts believe that all these atrocities were committed by the same group, the one Hall believes he unearthed in his investigation. Still bitter about it nineteen years later, Hall says, "No one was punished for it, except me!"

Hall sees the loss of his career as dramatic proof that the CIA sold out to the "tree huggers" two decades ago, and points with scorn to a directive from President Bill Clinton that effectively barred intelligence agents from doing business with unsavory characters. The full-scale U.S. retreat from the uglier side of espionage is well documented—but has, by all accounts, been sharply reversed in the aftermath of 9/11.

"People are being very careful, very legal, and very sensible," one former top intelligence official says. "We are not inflicting intense pain, or doing anything damaging or life-threatening. We are once again asking, 'How do you take people down a series of steps in such a way that it has an impact?' That's the only game in town."

Despite the hue and cry over mistreatment of prisoners at Guantánamo, two former Pakistani inmates there—Shah Muhammad and Sahibzada Osman Ali—told me that except for some roughing up immediately after they were captured, they were not badly treated at Camp X-Ray. They both felt bored, lonely, frustrated, angry, and helpless (enough for Shah Muhammad to attempt suicide), but neither believed that he would be harmed by his American captors, and both regarded the extreme precautions (shackles, handcuffs, hoods) that so outraged the rest of the world as comical. "What did the American soldiers think I could do to them?" asked Sahibzada, who stands about five feet eight and weighs little more than 150 pounds. Indeed, the lack of fear at Camp X-Ray no doubt made it more difficult to sort out foot soldiers from dedicated terrorists.

The perfect model of an interrogation center would be a place where prisoners lived in fear and uncertainty, a place where they could be isolated or allowed to mingle freely, as the jailer wished, and where conversations anywhere could be overheard. Interrogators would be able to control the experience of their subjects completely, shutting down access to other people, or even to normal sensation and experience, or opening that access up. Subjects' lives could be made a misery of discomfort and confusion, or restored to an almost normal level of comfort and social interaction within the limitations of confinement. Hope could be dangled or removed. Cooperation would be rewarded, stubbornness punished. Interrogators would have ever growing files on their subjects, with each new fact or revelation yielding new leads and more information—drawn from field investigations (agents in the real world verifying and exploring facts gathered on the inside), the testimony of other subjects, collaborators spying inside the prison, and surreptitious recordings. The interrogators in this center would have the experience and the intuition of a Jerry Giorgio or a Michael Koubi.

Serious interrogation is clearly being reserved for only the most dangerous men, like Sheikh Mohammed. So why not lift the fig leaf covering the use of coercion? Why not eschew hypocrisy, clearly define what is meant by the word "severe," and amend bans on torture to allow interrogators to coerce information from would-be terrorists?

This is the crux of the problem. It may be clear that coercion is sometimes the right choice, but how does one allow it yet still control it? Sadism is deeply rooted in the human psyche. Every army has its share of soldiers who delight in kicking and beating bound captives. Men in authority tend to abuse it—not all men, but many. As a mass, they should be assumed to lean toward abuse. How does a country best regulate behavior in its dark and distant corners, in prisons, on battlefields, and in interrogation rooms, particularly when its forces number in the millions and are spread all over the globe? In considering a change in national policy, one is obliged to anticipate the practical consequences. So if we formally lift the ban on torture, even if only partially and in rare, specific cases (the attorney and author Alan Dershowitz has proposed issuing "torture warrants"), the question will be, How can we ensure that the practice does not become commonplace—not just a tool for extracting vital, life-saving information in rare cases but a routine tool of oppression?

As it happens, a pertinent case study exists. Israel has been a target of terror attacks for many years, and has wrestled openly with the dilemmas they pose for a democracy. In 1987 a commission led by the retired Israeli Supreme Court justice Moshe Landau wrote a series of recommendations for Michael Koubi and his agents, allowing them to use "moderate physical pressure" and "nonviolent psychological pressure" in interrogating prisoners who had information that could prevent impending terror attacks. The commission sought to allow such coercion only in "ticking-bomb scenarios"—that is, in cases like the kidnapping of Jakob von Metzler, when the information withheld by the suspect could save lives.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDULGE YOUR CURIOSITY

Life's Solution
Inevitable Humans in a Lonely Universe
Simon Conway Morris
"This is the most important book about evolution since *The Selfish Gene;* essential reading for everyone who has wondered about why we are here in a Universe that seems tailor-made for life."
—John Gribbin, author of *Science: A History*
0-521-82704-3 Hardback $30.00

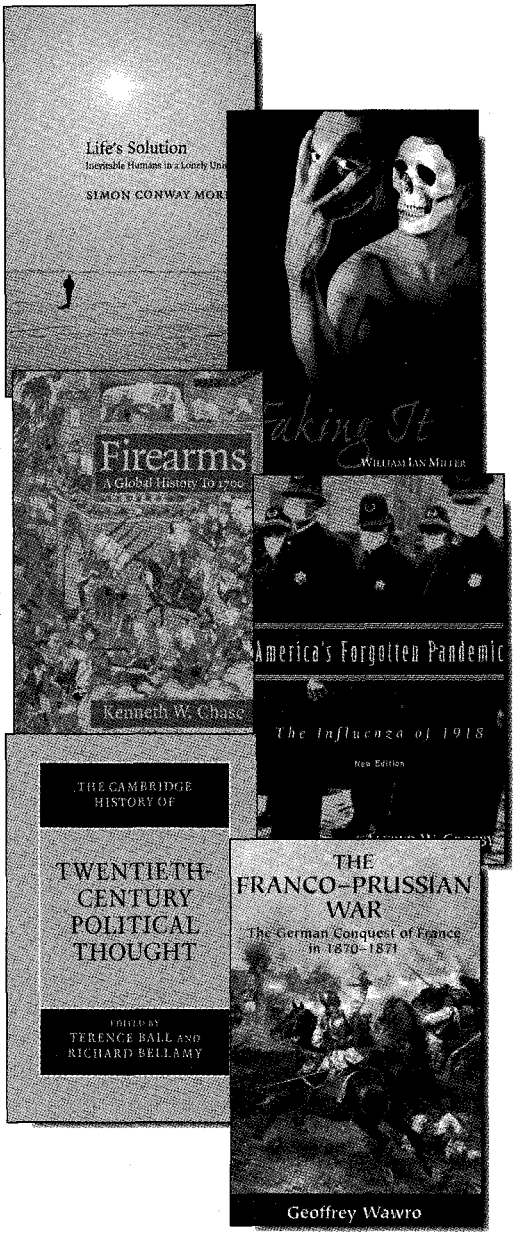
Firearms
A Global History To 1700
Kenneth W. Chase
"The Chinese invented [the gun], but it was the Europeans who refined it and made it an instrument of world hegemony. That mysterious migration of technology and obsession from east to west is the subject of Kenneth Chase's insightful book, along with what firearms did to and for Turks, Mughals, Japanese, and all the rest of us."
—Alfred W. Crosby, Professor Emeritus, University of Texas, Austin
0-521-82274-2 Hardback $30.00

The Cambridge History of Twentieth-Century Political Thought
Terrence Ball and Richard Bellamy
A comprehensive overview of the development of political thought from the late nineteenth to the end of the twentieth century.
0-521-56354-2 Hardback $140.00

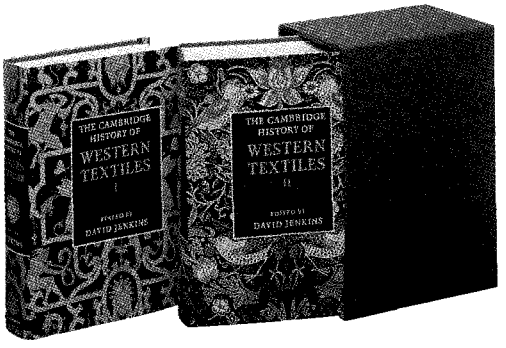
Faking It
William Ian Miller
"Wonderfully wry, satirical, comical, and of course extremely widely read, [Miller's] apparently all-knowing about every low personal dodge by which we maneuver to appear better in the eyes of others than we really are-in love, in church, in bed, in the classroom, in the everyday moral stakes. . . . One turns the page in a mounting agony of embarrassed recognition—exposed, found out, guilty as charged on every count. What a glorious delight of a book for the ethical self-flagellant!"
—Valentine Cunningham, Oxford University
0-521-83018-4 Hardback $29.00

America's Forgotten Pandemic
NEW EDITION!
The Influenza of 1918
Alfred W. Crosby
This edition, with a new preface discussing recent outbreaks of diseases including the Asian flu and the SARS epidemic is both prescient and relevant.
0-521-83394-9 Hardback $60.00
0-521-54175-1 Paperback $22.00

The Franco-Prussian War
The German Conquest of France in 1870-1871
Geoffrey Wawro
"This is an extraordinarily luminous book about not only a war but also a continent and a century. Written with verve and wit, *The Franco-Prussian War* harnesses scholarship and story-telling to wonderful effect. Geoffrey Wawro has given us a magnificent yarn."
—Rick Atkinson, author of *An Army at Dawn* and winner of the 2003 Pulitzer Prize for History
0-521-58436-1 Hardback $35.00



The Cambridge History of Western Textiles
Edited by David Jenkins
An elegant, two-volume history about the production and uses of textiles in western societies from the earliest times to the present day that incorporates the social, cultural, military, and symbolic functions of textiles, as well as the economic impact.
0-521-34107-8 Two-Volume Hardback Set $300.00
Introductory price through 12/31/03; $375.00 thereafter



At better bookstores

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS www.cambridge.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twelve years later the Israeli Supreme Court effectively revoked this permission, banning the use of any and all forms of torture. In the years following the Landau Commission recommendations, the use of coercive methods had become widespread in the Occupied Territories. It was estimated that more than two thirds of the Palestinians taken into custody were subjected to them. Koubi says that only in rare instances, and with court permission, did he slap, pinch, or shake a prisoner—but he happens to be an especially gifted interrogator. What about the hundreds of men who worked for him? Koubi could not be present for all those interrogations. Every effort to regulate coercion failed. In the abstract it was easy to imagine a ticking-bomb situation, and a suspect who clearly warranted rough treatment. But in real life where was the line to be drawn? Should coercive methods be applied only to someone who knows of an immediately pending attack? What about one who might know of attacks planned for months or years in the future?

"Assuming you get useful information from torture, then why not always use torture?" asks Jessica Montell, the executive director of B'Tselem, a human-rights advocacy group in Jerusalem. "Why stop at the bomb that's already been planted and at people who know where the explosives are? Why not people who are building the explosives, or people who are donating money, or transferring the funds for the explosives? Why stop at the victim himself? Why not torture the victims' families, their relatives, their neighbors? If the end justifies the means, then where would you draw the line?"

And how does one define "coercion," as opposed to "torture"? If making a man sit in a tiny chair that forces him to hang painfully by his bound hands when he slides forward is okay, then what about applying a little pressure to the base of his neck to aggravate that pain? When does shaking or pushing a prisoner, which can become violent enough to kill or seriously injure a man, cross the line from coercion to torture?

Montell has thought about these questions a lot. She is thirty-five, a slender woman with scruffy short brown hair, who seems in perpetual motion, directing B'Tselem and tending baby twins and a four-year-old at home. Born in California, she emigrated to Israel partly out of feelings of solidarity with the Jewish state and partly because she found a job she liked in the human-rights field. Raised with a kind of idealized notion of Israel, she now seems committed to making the country live up to her ideals. But those ideals are hardheaded. Although Montell and her organization have steadfastly opposed the use of coercion (which she considers torture), she recognizes that the moral issue involved is not a simple one.

She knows that the use of coercion in interrogation did not end completely when the Israeli Supreme Court banned it in 1999. The difference is that when interrogators use "aggressive methods" now, they know they are breaking the law and could potentially be held responsible for doing so. This acts as a deterrent, and tends to limit the use of coercion to only the most defensible situations.

"If I as an interrogator feel that the person in front of me has information that can prevent a catastrophe from happening," she says, "I imagine that I would do what I would have to do in order to prevent that catastrophe from happening. The state's obligation is then to put me on trial, for breaking the law. Then I come and say these are the facts that I had at my disposal. This is what I believed at the time. This is what I thought necessary to do. I can evoke the defense of necessity, and then the court decides whether or not it's reasonable that I broke the law in order to avert this catastrophe. But it has to be that I broke the law. It can't be that there's some prior license for me to abuse people."

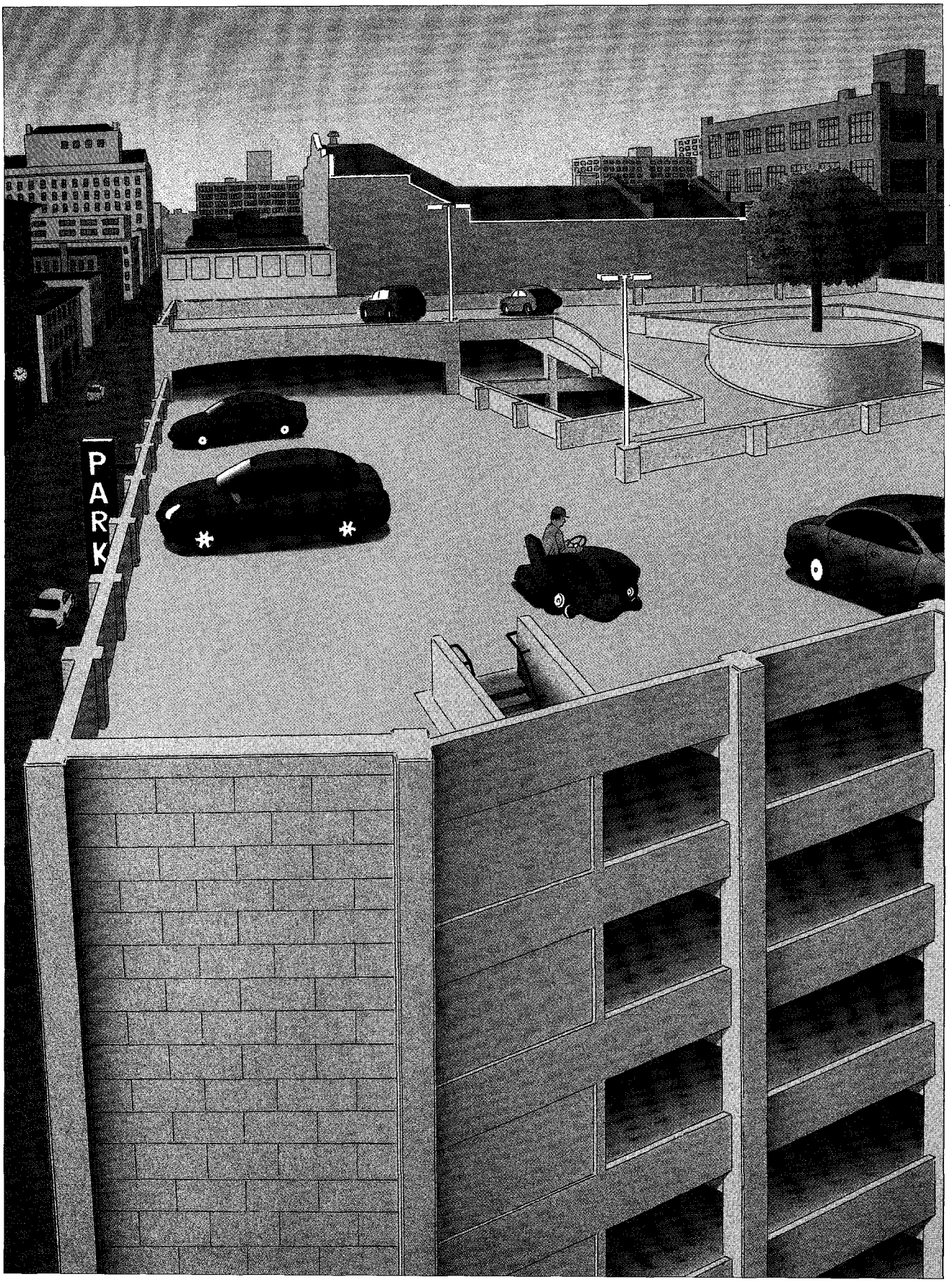
In other words, when the ban is lifted, there is no restraining lazy, incompetent, or sadistic interrogators. As long as it remains illegal to torture, the interrogator who employs coercion must accept the risk. He must be prepared to stand up in court, if necessary, and defend his actions. Interrogators will still use coercion because in some cases they will deem it worth the consequences. This does not mean they will necessarily be punished. In any nation the decision to prosecute a crime is an executive one. A prosecutor, a grand jury, or a judge must decide to press charges, and the chances that an interrogator in a genuine ticking-bomb case would be prosecuted, much less convicted, is very small. As of this writing, Wolfgang Daschner, the Frankfurt deputy police chief, has not been prosecuted for threatening to torture Jakob von Metzler's kidnapper, even though he clearly broke the law.

The Bush Administration has adopted exactly the right posture on the matter. Candor and consistency are not always public virtues. Torture is a crime against humanity, but coercion is an issue that is rightly handled with a wink, or even a touch of hypocrisy; it should be banned but also quietly practiced. Those who protest coercive methods will exaggerate their horrors, which is good: it generates a useful climate of fear. It is wise of the President to reiterate U.S. support for international agreements banning torture, and it is wise for American interrogators to employ whatever coercive methods work. It is also smart not to discuss the matter with anyone.

If interrogators step over the line from coercion to outright torture, they should be held personally responsible. But no interrogator is ever going to be prosecuted for keeping Khalid Sheikh Mohammed awake, cold, alone, and uncomfortable. Nor should he be.

Mark Bowden is a national correspondent for The Atlantic. *He is the author of six books, including* Black Hawk Down *(1999) and* Killing Pablo, *which won the Overseas Press Club's Cornelius Ryan Award as the best book of 2001. Bowden's article "Tales of the Tyrant," about Saddam Hussein, was* The Atlantic's *cover story in May of 2002.*

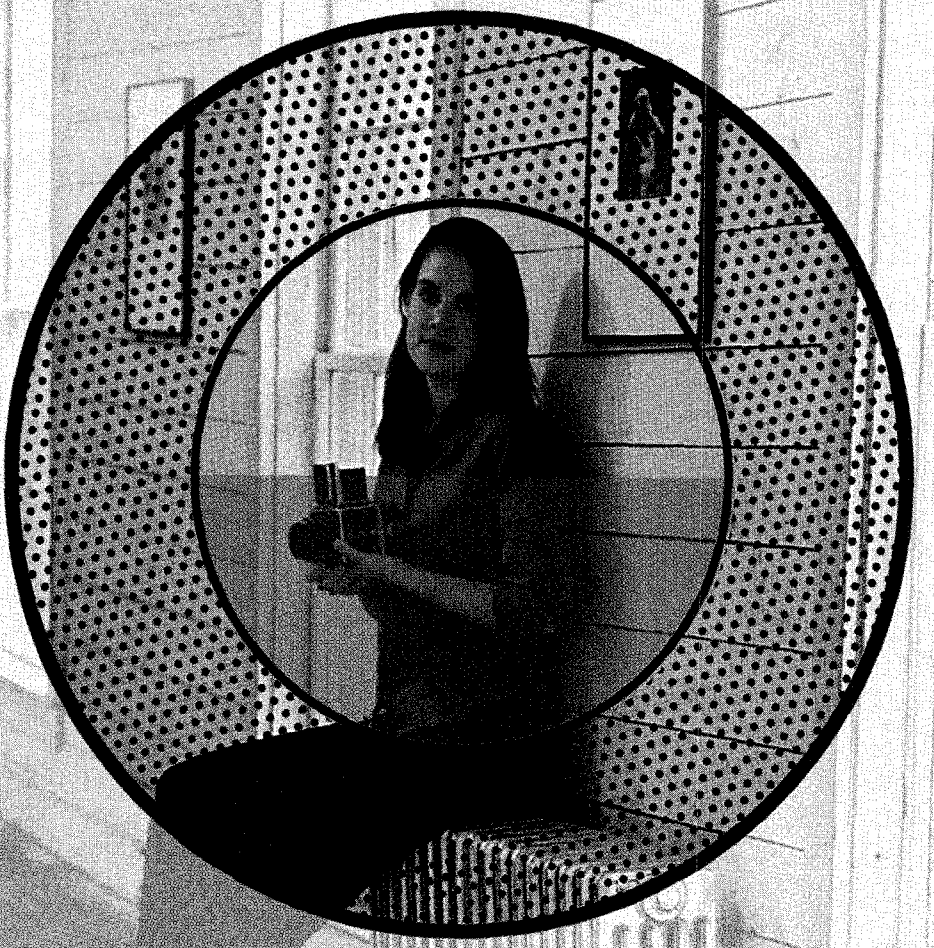
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PARK *by Guy Billout*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Annie's classroom has 8 lenses, 3 tripods and is dark 15 hours a week.



At Union Institute & University, Annie Van Avery was able to combine her love of teaching with her passion for photography. Through her studies she found the initiative to create the non-profit Center for Photographic Studies, develop her freelance photography business, and teach part-time.

At Union Institute & University, learners create individualized undergraduate and graduate distance-learning programs that combine flexibility, social relevance and rigorous academic standards.

Offering: **B.A. • B.S. • M.A. M.Ed. • M.F.A. • Ph.D.**

www.tui.edu **800.486.3116**

UNION INSTITUTE & UNIVERSITY

A leading national university for adults

Annie Van Avery

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHARAOHS-IN-WAITING

Who will succeed Egypt's Hosni Mubarak as the ruler of the world's most populous and important Arab country?

BY MARY ANNE WEAVER

Illustrations by Greg Manchess

.....

This past January, Hosni Mubarak, Egypt's aging President—increasingly lonely in the splendid isolation of the palaces from which he reigns—made an astonishing remark on national TV. It came during the Cairo International Book Fair, the Egyptian capital's cultural event of the year, which Mubarak uses as an occasion to meet Egyptian intellectuals. The seventy-five-year-old President was particularly irritable that morning, one of his aides told me. With war imminent in Iraq, and with growing pressure from the Bush Administration for "regime change" elsewhere in the Middle East, most particularly, at the moment, in Iran, Mubarak felt ever more under siege. His old order was being vanquished; anger on his streets was raw and rife; and the time appeared to have come to implement democratic and economic reforms, something he had tenaciously resisted. He didn't particularly enjoy meeting intellectuals, especially when his popularity was diminishing at home—and now also in Washington. Indeed, to many of those assembled in the fair's main hall, Mubarak seemed to be walking perhaps the most precarious tightrope he had ever walked. As he made his way through the crowd, a prominent writer asked him if it was true that in an effort to avert war in Iraq, Saudi Arabia had attempted to persuade Saddam Hussein to step down.

Mubarak, normally a man of stolid demeanor and few words, looked genuinely startled. "Impossible!" he replied. "No President ever steps down!"

Egyptians were incredulous. After twenty-two years, Mubarak already was the longest-serving President in their country's history, and popular anger against his regime was on the rise. Although Egypt is nominally a democracy, a government-controlled committee has vetted new political parties for a quarter of a century—and has refused every application except one. Mubarak has presented himself to Egyptian voters for six-year terms an unprecedented four times—but in referenda in which no opposition candidates were permitted to stand and voters simply had the choice of voting yes or no.

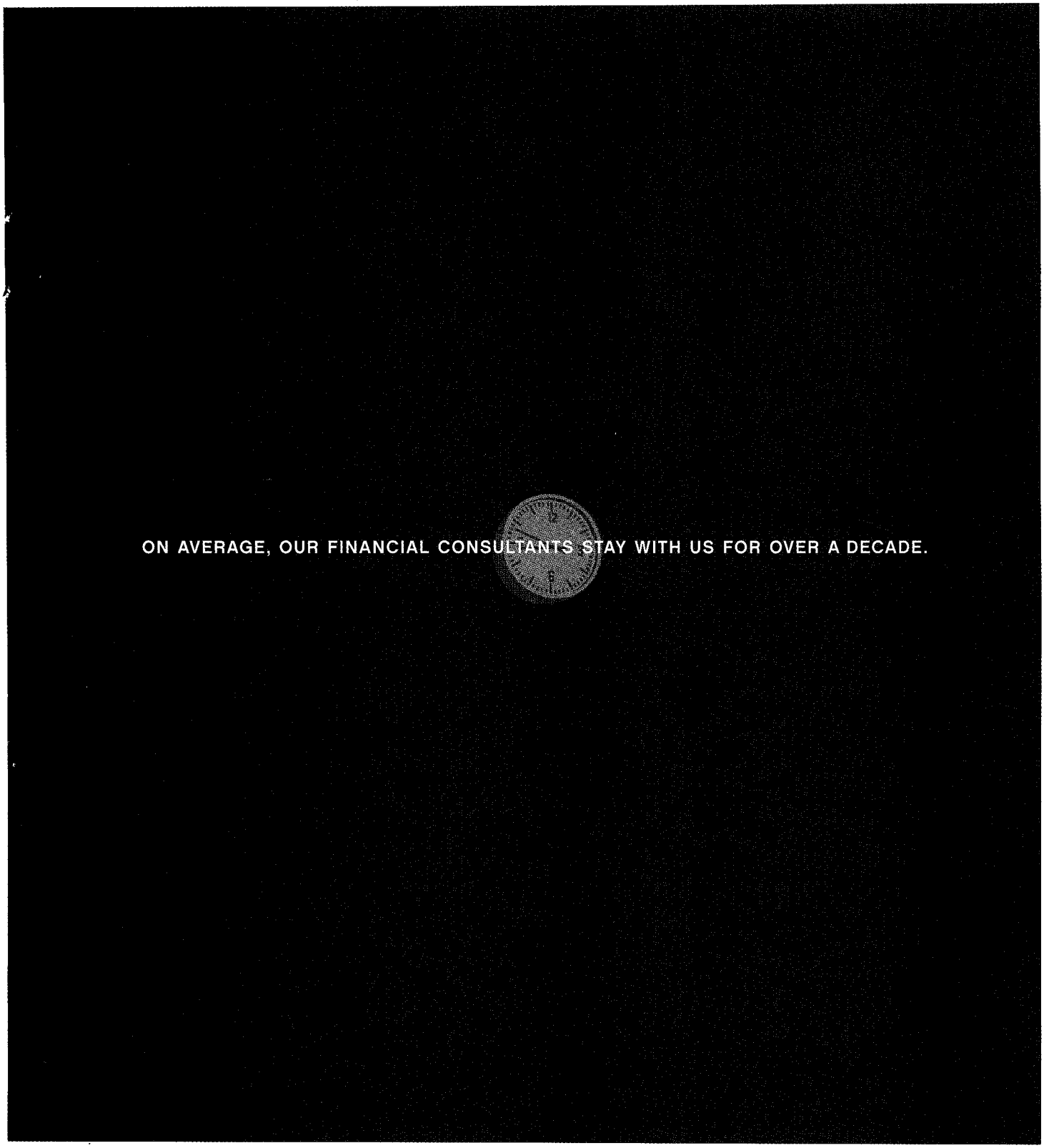
During Mubarak's rule the real arbiters of power have changed little. Ever since he took over the presidency, in 1981 (after militant Islamists assassinated his predecessor, Anwar Sadat), Mubarak has led Egypt as the head of a narrow ruling circle of military officers and security and intelligence men. Sadat was part of that same circle, as was *his* predecessor, the legendary Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, who in 1952 led a secular, Arab-nationalist revolution that today is exhausted and in steady decline. And yet, although his regime has for some time been authoritarian, surrounded by corruption and political stagnation, and inclined to suppress dissent by often unsavory means, the United States until recently was content to let Mubarak reign supreme, and indefinitely. In exchange, Mubarak, a former commander of the Egyptian air force, transformed Egypt into Washington's second most important strategic partner in the Middle East. On assuming office he immediately reaffirmed Egypt's commitment to its peace treaty with Israel, re-established his country as the leader of the Arab world, and set to work behind the scenes as a mediator in the ongoing quest for a larger Middle Eastern peace. Over a decade ago he, more than anyone

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A good Financial Consultant never clocks out. Markets close but the process of watching, evaluating, reading and discerning never ceases. For us at Smith Barney, building your wealth is an unending process. The goal is not a number. The goal is a

©2003 Citigroup Global Markets Inc. All rights reserved. Member SIPC. Smith Barney is a division and service mark of Citigroup Global Markets Inc. and its affiliates and is used and registered throughout the world. CITIGROUP and the Umbrella

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



tireless work ethic that doesn't wax and wane with market conditions. It is a belief shared by Financial Consultant and company alike. Maybe that's why so many of the best FCs, and clients, stay with us for so long. www.smithbarney.com

THIS IS WHO WE ARE. THIS IS HOW WE EARN IT.℠

SMITH BARNEY
citigroup

Device are trademarks and service marks of Citicorp or its affiliates and are used and registered throughout the world. Source: Centrak 2002. THIS IS WHO WE ARE. THIS IS HOW WE EARN IT. is a service mark of Citigroup Global Markets Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

else, gave legitimacy to the U.S.-led coalition in the Gulf War. He not only moved quickly to persuade several Arab states to join the coalition following Iraq's 1990 invasion of Kuwait, but also dispatched 36,000 soldiers to the battlefield and provided the United States with overflight and basing rights. For all intents and purposes, Mubarak remade Cairo into the hub of U.S. policy in the Arab world; and for his efforts he has been rewarded handsomely. Egypt today receives more U.S. foreign aid—worth some $2 billion a year—than any other country in the world except Israel.

But not all is well in Mubarak's Egypt. Little of the billions of dollars in aid the country receives each year has ever trickled down: per capita GNP is frozen at about $1400 a year, and half of the population is illiterate. The political system has ossified. And although Mubarak boasts of Egypt's stability, his people—some 70 million, a quarter of the Arab world—have lived under an official state of emergency for all but eight of the past sixty-four years. Half of all Egyptians have never known life without it; and there are now nearly twice as many Egyptians as there were when Mubarak assumed power. The number of Cairenes increases by nearly a thousand every day; the total number of Egyptians grows by more than a million every year; and the amount of resentment and disillusionment in the country has grown incalculably.

The question of succession is a surprisingly open one, and Egypt's entire political future rests on it. How it is answered will be critical not only for Egypt but also for the rest of the Arab world—and for the United States.

These emotions are being exploited most effectively by the country's Islamists—in particular, the Muslim Brotherhood, which in recent years has established itself as an increasingly appealing political alternative. During the buildup to the Iraq War, I spent a month in Cairo—where I lived more than twenty years ago and have visited regularly since—and I was struck more than ever before by how Islamic the city has become. Large numbers of women now wear headscarves, or *hijabs*; some wear veils. Many men sport full Islamic beards. Indeed, even among Egypt's wealthy and Western-educated professionals, long favorably disposed toward the United States and secular politics, I noticed a resurgence of religious piety. I was also struck by the extent to which the city seemed angry and out of control—as was made clear earlier this year, when a pro-Palestinian, pro-Iraq, anti-government demonstration brought some 20,000 protesters onto Cairo's streets. *"Jihad! Jihad! Jihad!"* the swelling crowds shouted as they hurled rocks at the police. The government responded brutally. According to human-rights groups, hundreds were arrested and dozens tortured.

At the same time, the U.S.-Egyptian relationship was souring considerably. The process began when President Bill Clinton, in his final months in office, was frantically trying to forge a peace agreement between the Israelis and the Palestinians, and Mubarak was unable to bring Yasir Arafat into line—a disastrous failing, in Washington's view. "If he can't even deliver Arafat," one State Department official recently said to me, "what the hell *can* he do?" American anger with Mubarak began to grow. Then, in quick succession, the President's infamous security men arrested Saad Eddin Ibrahim, a prominent Egyptian-American civil-rights advocate and one of the Arab world's leading social scientists; the official Egyptian press began to publish increasingly tasteless anti-Semitic and anti-American cartoons and editorials; and state-controlled television ran a series called *Horseman Without a Horse*, based in large part on the long discredited *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. Washington was furious.

Yet if there was a single turning point in the relationship, it came in the wake of the September 11 terrorist attacks, when Mubarak and his regime doggedly went into denial—refusing to acknowledge that Osama bin Laden's designated heir, Ayman al-Zawahiri, was an Egyptian physician radicalized in Mubarak's jails; that Mohammed Atef, bin Laden's director of military operations, was a former Egyptian policeman; and that Mohammed Atta, who had crashed American Airlines Flight 11 into the North Tower of the World Trade Center, was the son of a Cairo lawyer. Hundreds of other Egyptians filled al-Qaeda's ranks. Indeed, it was often said prior to September 11 that al-Qaeda was an Egyptian organization with a Saudi head.

Then there was the Iraq War—which, despite tremendous pressure from the United States, Egypt had very conspicuously criticized and sat out, with Mubarak warning Washington publicly that a continuing U.S. presence in Iraq would produce "a hundred bin Ladens." The American decision to go to war in Iraq, against the objections of Mubarak and his generals, put a remarkable strain on the only significant element of the U.S.-Egyptian relationship that remained intact: military cooperation. Just how unhappy the Egyptian ruling elite was with Washington became clear to me when I met with Major General Fuad Saad al-Din, the governor of Ismailia. He had just finished lunching with the U.S. ambassador and the U.S. military attaché; one of his aides told me that the meeting had not gone well. "This war," the general said, surely reprising what he had just told the Americans, "has all the earmarks of being a total disaster!"

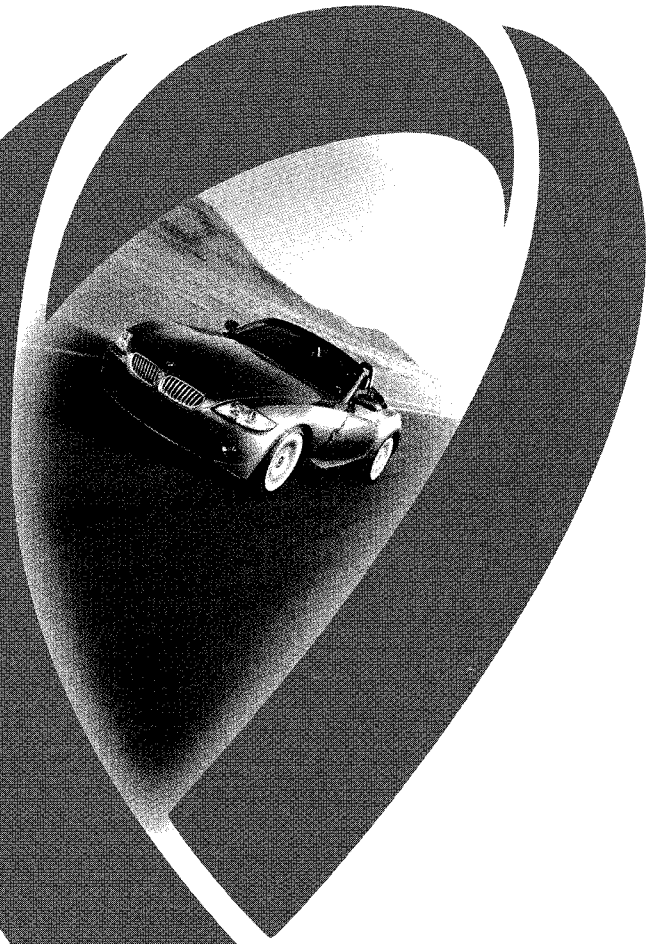
Angry and exasperated at the lack of cooperation during the war, among other things, the Bush Administration told Mubarak, without the usual nuanced diplomacy, that his senescent regime—which survives almost exclusively on American aid—simply *had* to reform. While I was in Egypt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ultimate Drive®

bmwusa.com
1-877-4-A-DRIVE

The Ultimate Driving Machine®



Discover your inner drive...
to help find a cure for breast cancer.

You drive the miles.
BMW donates the dollars.

Since 1997, BMW has donated over $6 million to the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation. This year, the goal is to donate another $1 million. So when The Ultimate Drive® comes to your area, take part. For every mile you drive, BMW will donate $1. For more information and to register, call 1-877-4-A-DRIVE or visit us on-line at bmwusa.com.

The Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation

MICHELIN

WYNDHAM HOTELS & RESORTS™

GEAR FOR SPORTS

©2003 BMW of North America, LLC. The BMW name and logo are registered trademarks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressure on Mubarak grew palpably by the day. There was, of course, the much noted public outcry over the war. But there was a significant undercurrent, too: many Egyptians were of the view that "regime change" might not be such a bad idea at home.

Caught between the not altogether conflicting pressures from Washington and the Egyptian street, Mubarak and his generals are being forced to confront some delicate questions about political reform, including the most delicate one of all: Who will succeed Hosni Mubarak as President?

The question of succession in Egypt is a surprisingly open one, and the country's entire political future rests on it. An astonishing aspect of Hosni Mubarak's twenty-two-year rule—though it is little discussed outside the Middle East—is that he has never appointed a Vice President or anointed an heir, something that neither Sadat nor Nasser dared to neglect. His dilemma has always been whether to appoint a civilian or a military man. Now, finally, he seems to be grooming an heir in each camp: one a general, the other an entrepreneur; the first arguably his closest aide, the second his son.

Until not so long ago few Egyptians even knew who Lieutenant General Omar Suleiman, Egypt's powerful chief of intelligence, was. Suleiman, sixty-seven, had moved quietly through the shadows for years. But then, curiously, the general began coming out. And his emergence was all the more curious because it coincided with the rise of Gamal Mubarak, the President's forty-year-old younger son. Suleiman, a member of Egypt's highest caste, the military, which considers itself destined to rule, came of age on the battlefields of the Arab-Israeli wars. He stands for law and order and stability. Gamal—only a child in 1967, when the most devastating of those wars occurred—came of age in his father's palaces and at the best of Egypt's universities and private clubs. He is meant to represent cautious economic and one-party political reform. Many consider Suleiman too old and Gamal too young; neither generates enthusiasm from the Egyptian intellectuals and professionals over whom he might rule. But the profile of each has risen dramatically in the past two and a half years, and the chattering classes are chattering, endlessly: Should Mubarak and his generals promote another soldier from within the regime? Should they join other leaders of the authoritarian Arab world in establishing the incongruous concept of a republican dynasty? Would the military countenance such a thing? Or is now the time to permit a free and fair election, with the probability that an outsider—almost certainly from the Muslim Brotherhood—will win? Should Mubarak anoint a son, a soldier, or a sheikh?

How these questions are answered will be critical not only for Egypt but also for the United States, and for the rest of the Arab world—a world in which what happens in Cairo, the region's geopolitical, cultural, and intellectual capital, has always been a harbinger of things to come.

THE SON

Tall and well-proportioned, with a boyish face, short-cropped hair, and an engaging smile, Gamal Mubarak looks more like his Welsh-Egyptian mother, Suzanne, than like the stout and flat-featured President. He has an aquiline nose, dark hair, and dark eyes, and he moves with long and purposeful strides. He favors the latest fashions and is particularly comfortable in hand-tailored suits of fine English cloth and in supple, hand-stitched Italian leather shoes.

Professionally, Gamal—or Jimmy, as he is called by friends—is an investment banker, a financial consultant, and the founder or chairman of various foundations and boards. He spent his student days at the American University in Cairo, where he received both an undergraduate degree and an M.B.A. A bachelor, he is said to enjoy the company of attractive women and to have a penchant for expensive sports cars. Unlike the other sons-in-waiting across the Arab world, Gamal for most of his life did not seem on a path to accede to his father's post. But not long before the September 11 attacks the father began grooming the son.

Gamal Mubarak—a forty-year-old investment banker with a penchant for hand-stitched leather shoes, attractive women, and sports cars—came of age in his father's palaces and at the best of Egypt's universities and private clubs.

Looking back now, one can chart an oddly precise parallel between the decline in the U.S.-Egyptian relationship—accompanied by mounting pressure for political reform—and the rise of the son. First, in the mid-1990s, Gamal returned home, after six years in London with Bank of America, and was soon given a senior post in his father's ruling National Democratic Party (NDP). Then, in September of last year, just when the Bush Administration first began to publicly champion the idea of regime change in Iraq, Gamal gained further prominence in the party with his appointment to the newly created position of Secretary of Policies, charged with reform. He began to accompany his father on official visits abroad and to attend cabinet meetings, much to the collective irritation of the largely septuagenarian government. He set up the Future Generation Foundation, which is meant to promote young Egyptians in business and public life, and a private equity firm called MedInvest, which now has $100 million in assets.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His key priority, however, appeared to be to court the country's immensely wealthy business community—the only new element on Egypt's sclerotic political scene. They were largely young and seemed to be Gamal's natural constituency; they were also keenly aware that economic reform was long overdue, as was he. Gamal moved easily through their world of villas in the desert and weekend chalets on the sea, and was certainly far more comfortable with them than with his father's military entourage, or with the entrenched officials of the NDP—the standard-bearers of a party rife with ward bosses, corruption, and patronage.

One senses that Hosni Mubarak is never quite certain how his son should project himself. Should he be the advocate of free-market economic reforms? The impresario of Egypt's thriving mobile-phone sector? The banker who oversaw the January flotation of the Egyptian pound—an economic reform Washington sought for years? Should he be described as the protégé of Peter Mandelson, the British member of Parliament who reshaped the Labour Party and Tony Blair and was now attempting to reshape Gamal? Or should he simply be his father's son?

Hosni Mubarak had little time to decide which persona fit Gamal best; barely had he begun the careful process of legitimizing him when the U.S. war in Afghanistan began, followed by the war in Iraq. Mubarak is an exceedingly cautious and plodding man whose best day, a Western ambassador once said to me, is "when he wakes up and goes to bed and nothing has happened." But feeling on the street was now on the verge of boiling over; the economy had suffered a sudden and serious slump; and the country's businessmen were becoming increasingly concerned about the nearly four-year delay of his privatization process, once heralded as proof of Egypt's commitment to economic reform. The government's reputation for rampant corruption was also fueling popular discontent and was being exploited by the Islamists. Particularly nettlesome were accusations against the Gang of Sons, as the wheeling-and-dealing offspring of a number of key Mubarak officials are called; one of the most frequently mentioned was Ala'a, Gamal's older brother—who, as a result, according to Western diplomats, had been passed over as his father's potential heir. As if that were not enough, in parliamentary elections in the autumn of 2000—despite mass arrests, intimidation, and the best efforts of the regime to prevent Islamists from voting or standing in the poll—the Muslim Brotherhood, whose candidates ran as independents, had emerged as the second largest bloc in the largely symbolic parliament. The army was restive. Then came the final insult: the Bush Administration made clear that its preferred interlocutors in the Arab world were now Jordan and Saudi Arabia.

Egypt's powerful generals were not pleased. Nor were they happy with the idea of a Mubarak dynasty; they largely favored the ascendancy of one of their own. When I raised the succession question with a retired major general, he said with a smile, "We're still rather Sphinxlike. But that being said, go to any officers' club and you'll hear the discussion again and again. Egypt is not a country that should have a dynastic succession. It's just never happened here. Our tradition is that the country should be ruled by a military man. Nasser had a son, Sadat had a son, and in neither case was a son anointed. Nobody even considered it."

I asked Ali Hilal Dessouki, the Minister of Youth and a key political mentor to Gamal, what he thought about the major general's skepticism. "One of Gamal's greatest strengths," he replied, without answering, "is his keen awareness of the need for reform. Look at our demographics! Two thirds of our population is under the age of thirty-five. Eight hundred thousand graduates enter the job market every year; and they make up almost ninety percent of our unemployment. Gamal also understands our number-two problem, which is the result of the first—and that is the spread of religious extremism, especially among the young. For some time now our only effective discourse has been a religious one, and as a result, every issue has been shrouded in religion: 'Does religion approve interest in banking? Does it approve tourism? What is a proper Islamic lifestyle?'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Religion has become pervasive. And Gamal knows this."

I heard a different assessment of Gamal from Hisham Kassem, the publisher of the English-language weekly *The Cairo Times* and the president of the Egyptian Organization of Human Rights. "I've followed Gamal's speeches," he told me, "and like every other editor, I've struggled to find something new. It's just not there. Gamal is average, no more than that. He was an average student, an average banker, who might have been demoted or let go by Bank of America had he not been the son of the President." One U.S. official who has met Gamal several times echoed that view. "He makes a very good impression," he told me. "He's very confident and, more than his father, he understands where Americans are coming from. That's the package. But what's inside?"

Hisham Kassem believes that not much is. "I really don't think Gamal is a serious contender for the presidency," he said. "His father must understand the danger of someone as green as Gamal inheriting the job. He simply wouldn't survive. Perhaps three months, perhaps less, and then there'd be a countercoup, or Gamal would be placed under house arrest."

One of the more puzzling things about the elder Mubarak is that he has persevered in grooming Gamal despite his generals' displeasure. During the time I spent in Cairo, Gamal was on a whirlwind tour of the United States, leading his first official delegation to Washington. While there he granted an interview to *The Washington Post*, one that the Bush Administration and others found troubling. He said that reform of the Egyptian referendum system—the system that has consecrated his father's presidency for more than two decades—was simply "not on the agenda." When asked about numerous reports, including one from the State Department, that criticism of Mubarak or his possible dynasty was the easiest way to get the attention of Egypt's censors and prosecutors, he replied, "Absurd." He also said earnestly, "In terms of elections ... in terms of dissent, in terms of argument and counterargument ... we've come a long way."

At about the time Gamal made that remark, I was weaving my way around the pavilions and through the stalls of the Cairo International Book Fair, looking for an antiwar demonstration that I had heard was under way. I soon found the equivalent of a city block surrounded by some 2,000 baton-wielding riot police and plainclothes security men. Inside the cordon were about fifty demonstrators and ten journalists. A police general was in charge, and he strutted back and forth, a swagger stick jutting out from under his arm. As I watched him stepping smartly, I remembered something a Western ambassador had told me a few days earlier. "Egypt moves in fits and starts," he said. "But I truly doubt that we're going to see real change here, as long as the intelligence and security people remain as watchful as they are. You liberalize the economy, and then you'll have an even greater disparity between the rich and the poor; you open the political process, and then you'll see very open censure of this regime. Either scenario could bring people into the streets."

Only twice in Egypt's modern history—in 1977, during food riots, and then again in 1986, during riots by police recruits—has the Egyptian army been brought into the streets in order to safeguard the country's presidency. Yet in the aftermath of the Iraq War some of its units are being readied and trained to face just such a possibility. And there is an inherent danger in all this for Mubarak, of course: if his army is sent into the streets again, will its soldiers fire on their fellow Egyptians?

A few weeks after the protest at the book fair, Mubarak sanctioned two anti-U.S. demonstrations, both of which were huge, in an effort to channel public anger over Iraq. The opposition, largely the Muslim Brotherhood, organized the first; the second was organized by the NDP and cohosted by Gamal. Security arrangements for both were supervised by the enigmatic General Omar Suleiman.

The sixty-seven-year-old Lieutenant General Omar Suleiman—a member of Egypt's highest caste, the military, which considers itself destined to rule—came of age on the battlefields of the Arab-Israeli wars. He stands for law and order and stability.

The General

Qena, a city in Egypt's south, is a brooding and melancholy place in the midst of the desert, and its people, like those in the rest of Upper Egypt, are the country's most neglected, poorest, least educated, and most uncontrolled. It has a reputation for clannishness and a strict code of honor, which requires that revenge be exacted for a wrong. It also has the feel of a small, sparse place, with three or four sad little parks. I visited the city frequently as a journalist during the 1990s, because it was in the forefront of the Islamist insurrection against Mubarak's government. And it was there, in 1935, that Omar Suleiman was born.

Physically the general reminds me a bit of Anwar Sadat. He is tall and slim, with the kind of Upper Egyptian, Nubian looks that Sadat had. His complexion is fairly dark, and his features are less heavy than most Egyptians'. Now nearly bald, he has a fringe of dark hair that is complemented by a graying dark moustache.

Suleiman left Qena for Cairo in 1954, at the age of nineteen, to enroll in Egypt's prestigious Military Academy. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

road he traveled out of Upper Egypt was the same one traveled by a number of prominent members of the Muslim Brotherhood—for the two traditional routes of upward mobility in places like Qena are to become a soldier or a sheikh. After his graduation from the academy, Suleiman, at the behest of Nasser, was sent to the Soviet Union (then Egypt's chief arms supplier) for advanced training at Moscow's Frunze Military Academy. "After we were nominated, Nasser called us in," a retired general who also trained at Frunze told me one morning over tea. "He told us that he had only one request: he wanted us to re-

turn home as anti-communists." Omar Suleiman did. Two Arab-Israeli wars followed his return: first in 1967 and then in 1973. In the mid-1980s—by which time he had distinguished himself as a brilliant military strategist and had received bachelor's and master's degrees in political science from Ain Shams and Cairo Universities—Suleiman was transferred to military intelligence, where he began what was to be a long relationship with Washington.

That relationship was reinforced during the two Bush Administrations' wars against Iraq. In 1991 Suleiman was the director of military intelligence. "He was a very proactive director, sometimes ahead of us," one U.S. official who has worked with Suleiman over the years told me when I raised the possibility of the general's succession to the presidency. "He's a moderate, a very decent guy who's been around for a long time. He's acceptable to the business community. But very few people know his political views. That being said, I think in the long term we'll end up being more comfortable with him."

In 1993 Suleiman was named the director of general intelligence—the head of the most significant intelligence-gathering organization in the Arab world (in effect, the head of Egypt's CIA). But not until the summer of 1995 did the general and the President develop their present relationship.

Mubarak was planning to attend a summit meeting of the Organization of African Unity, in Addis Ababa. During a cabinet meeting the day before his departure Suleiman insisted that Mubarak take his armored Mercedes limousine to the Ethiopian capital. The President's foreign-policy advisers were aghast: it would be an extraordinary affront to the Ethiopians, they said. But Suleiman was adamant.

At 8:15 on the morning of June 26 Mubarak's three-car motorcade pulled out of the airport in Addis Ababa. Suleiman was sitting with Mubarak in the back seat of the President's limousine when AK-47 machine-gun fire began. Three gunmen fired round after round at close range, which thumped repeatedly into the limousine. Other rounds rained down from rooftops. An ordinary vehicle would never have survived the fusillade. General Suleiman had saved Hosni Mubarak's life. The would-be assassins were eleven members of the militant Islamist group Gama'a al-Islamiya; all were from Upper Egypt, and some from Qena.

There was irony implicit in the fact that a high-achieving general from Qena had saved Mubarak that day—from other high achievers who came from the same obscure little place. The main difference was that the would-be assassins, all successful university students or graduates, had never been permitted a political space. Life in Mubarak's Egypt is so circumscribed that the country's political parties have little to do with the country's political trends. As a result the only two forces of significant consequence are the generals and the Islamists.

Mubarak returned to Cairo full of rage, as did Omar Suleiman. But the general also began to sense that his government was on a potentially dangerous path. Its every effort to break Egypt's Islamist movement or to counter the movement's appeal—whether by brutal suppression or by a carefully orchestrated campaign to make itself appear more Islamic than the activists—had failed.

It was only in June of 2000, five years after the assassination attempt in Addis Ababa, that Egyptians were first int roduced to General Suleiman. Until then the Egyptian press had rarely even mentioned his name. But then, in his first public appearance, the general marched solemnly alongside Mubarak and other aging leaders of the Arab world to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the burial ground of Syria's President Hafez al-Assad—who, of course, had been succeeded by his son, Bashar. For Egyptians, the strange significance of the moment was not lost. Suleiman's first public function was attending a funeral and an act of succession.

That September, when the current Palestinian intifada broke out and the Israeli-Palestinian peace process came to an abrupt halt, Suleiman, for all intents and purposes, assumed Egypt's "Palestinian portfolio." Shuttling tirelessly between Israel and the West Bank and Gaza Strip, he embarked on secret negotiations with the Mossad and the government of Ariel Sharon. One of his chief interlocutors was Omri Sharon, the Israeli Prime Minister's son. He spent endless hours with Arafat, and with the leaders of Hamas, pleading for a cease-fire—which he finally helped achieve this past June. And he was instrumental in persuading a reluctant Arafat to appoint, at the insistence of the United States, Mahmoud Abbas as the Palestinians' Prime Minister.

The President began to spend more and more time with his intelligence chief. "He tells Mubarak everything that's happening," one of the retired generals I spoke to said. "After twenty-two years in power, the gerontocracy that surrounds the President tells him what they think he wants to hear. Suleiman tells Mubarak the way it is."

I asked an Egyptian ambassador how Suleiman is perceived on the diplomatic stage. "He's held in high esteem by the Israelis and by the Palestinians," the ambassador said. "And the Americans trust him more than anyone else."

Suleiman is an increasingly frequent visitor to Washington—and, in fact, has become a key Mubarak troubleshooter and point person with the United States. At first he was not altogether comfortable in his new role. "As an intelligence man, he's used to working in the shadows," the general, who is a friend of Suleiman's, went on. "It's difficult for him to stand up in a nonmilitary setting and make a speech; he doesn't have the charisma that a politician has. But that being said, he's not unsophisticated, nor is he a timid man. I've dealt with him over the years and have seen him tell the high command, 'This is wrong, and this is right,' even when his opinions have not been popular. He's not on good terms with [Field Marshal Mohammed] Tantawi"—the Minister of Defense, who would have been a logical successor to the presidency, but he's in poor health and nearly as old as Mubarak—"but that's not uncommon here. One of the givens in Egypt is that the chief of intelligence, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Defense are *meant* to dislike one another. It's one of the ways that Mubarak manages to stay ahead of them."

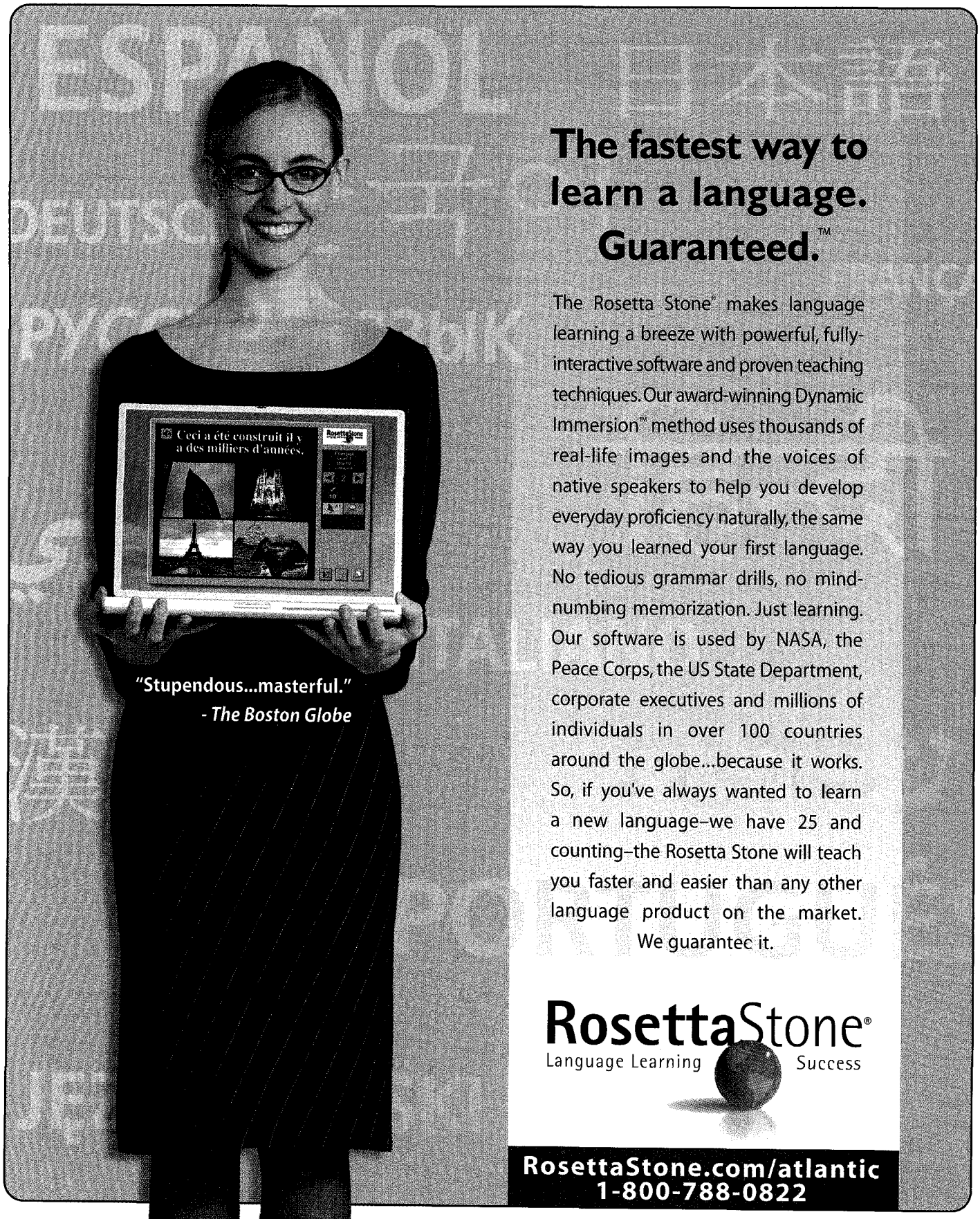
To learn more about General Suleiman's new public image, I asked Hisham Kassem, of *The Cairo Times*, about it. He pointed to two enlarged photographs of Suleiman that hang above his desk. One had appeared in *The Cairo Times* a few months before, the other in the official government press shortly afterward. The *Cairo Times* photograph shows a dour and rigid Suleiman, seemingly annoyed by the intrusion of the photographer's lens, standing with Yasir Arafat, with whom the general was attempting to negotiate the cease-fire in the West Bank and Gaza Strip. The official photograph, taken at the same time, shows a more sympathetic Suleiman: his eyes are twinkling, almost in a smile; his posture is more relaxed; and Arafat seems to have shrunk in the general's commanding presence.

The political game is not in Omar Suleiman's blood. Yet now he, like Gamal Mubarak, is seemingly being groomed by the establishment—of which both men, of course, are part. One of the more intriguing questions about their emergence as potential successors is whether they are being groomed in tandem or, perhaps, represent a power struggle between reformers and hard-liners of the regime. This might explain the government's often zigzag policies. When, for example, Gamal Mubarak was credited with establishing a council for human rights, General Suleiman was held responsible for a newly restrictive law on the activities of nongovernmental organizations. And when the younger Mubarak championed the abolition of state security courts, Suleiman was the driving force behind the renewal of emergency law. Cairenes were mystified, and some began to ask whether the tight cabal of generals ruling Egypt was in danger of losing its grip.

The Islamists

By this summer it was clear that an unintended consequence of the destruction of Saddam Hussein's secular government was that the way had been paved for the emergence in Iraq of a formidable Shiite clerical bloc—one that could end up dominating politics in the Middle East for years to come. At the same time, the volume of "chatter" intercepted between various militant Islamist groups had convinced U.S. intelligence officials that Osama bin Laden's al-Qaeda was very much alive. The chatter also indicated the emergence of a new leader in the organization: a name new to many, he is Saif al-Adel. A member of the militant Egyptian group al-Jihad, bin Laden's former chief of security, and before that one of his bodyguards, al-Adel is believed by intelligence officials to have assumed the role of al-Qaeda's military commander—making him No. 3 in the organization. That he's a former Egyptian army colonel trained in special operations is not a surprise: members of Egypt's army, intelligence services, and police have long been key members of al-Jihad—a military cell of which was responsible for the assassination of Anwar Sadat. And since the mid-1990s al-Qaeda has drawn its most capable, competent, and ruthless operatives from al-Jihad. Some were radicalized in Mubarak's prisons, others in army mosques, still others in the decade-long Egyptian-supported and CIA-financed *jihad* in Afghanistan in the 1980s. Saif al-Adel—whose real name is Mohammed Makkawi—was sculpted by all three. Ambitious and erratic, he may have directed three lethal car bombings

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The fastest way to learn a language. Guaranteed.™

The Rosetta Stone® makes language learning a breeze with powerful, fully-interactive software and proven teaching techniques. Our award-winning Dynamic Immersion™ method uses thousands of real-life images and the voices of native speakers to help you develop everyday proficiency naturally, the same way you learned your first language. No tedious grammar drills, no mind-numbing memorization. Just learning. Our software is used by NASA, the Peace Corps, the US State Department, corporate executives and millions of individuals in over 100 countries around the globe...because it works. So, if you've always wanted to learn a new language–we have 25 and counting–the Rosetta Stone will teach you faster and easier than any other language product on the market. We guarantee it.

RosettaStone®
Language Learning Success

RosettaStone.com/atlantic
1-800-788-0822

Call today or buy online for your 10% Atlantic Monthly reader discount

Level 1 CD-ROM ..... reg. $195 *your price* $175.50
Level 2 CD-ROM ..... reg. $225 *your price* $202.50
Best Value Level 1 & 2 CD-ROM ..... reg. $329 *your price* $296.10

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Riyadh this past May; and is said to have devised a plan, as early as 1987, to hijack an Egyptian commercial jet and crash it into the country's parliament. Al-Adel's army training proved critical over the years, as did his friendship with Ayman al-Zawahiri, bin Laden's designated heir, who had served as a surgeon in the Egyptian army.

"Whatever happens in Egypt in the aftermath of Iraq," a Western diplomat told me recently, "one of the key questions is, To what extent have the Islamists infiltrated the army? We're seeing a lot of beards in the lower ranks, and these guys are not that keen on the United States. The government is newly watchful of the ranks, and that watchfulness tells me there's something to be worried about." He went on to tell me that Tantawi, the Minister of Defense, shocked his aides during a visit to an army hospital this past spring when, upon noticing that an army nurse was wearing the *hijab*, he strode across the ward and tore her headscarf off.

I asked Montasser al-Zayat, an Egyptian Islamist lawyer I have known for a number of years, what he thought the Islamist strength in the army was. A cheerful man with a long dark beard and some girth, al-Zayat has defended hundreds, if not thousands, of members of Gama'a and al-Jihad. He said that on average 10 to 15 percent of the defendants in Islamist trials are former or active-duty military men—a surprisingly high figure considering the extent to which Mubarak has purged the army over the years. And yet despite his purges military men have been involved in all of the known attempts on the President's life. The new generation of army officers—men not unlike al-Adel, who joined the military after the humiliation of the Six-Day War—*is* more Islamic than the previous, nationalist one: the generation of Omar Suleiman, which came of age shortly after Nasser's revolution in 1952. This new generation came of age after that revolution was perceived to have failed.

In the early months of 1997 al-Zayat was instrumental in negotiating a cease-fire declared by imprisoned leaders of Gama'a and al-Jihad. He has never been willing to tell me who his negotiating partners in the government were, but on my recent visit one of Mubarak's aides told me that the key figure behind the scenes was Omar Suleiman.

The cease-fire call later that year essentially ended the war between the Islamists and the state. The battle was transformed into a political struggle between Mubarak's government and the Muslim Brotherhood, an organization that over the years has been sometimes tolerated, sometimes suppressed, sometimes in alliance with various Egyptian regimes, but always—for five decades, despite its renunciation of violence in the 1990s—officially banned. The Islamist movement's most moderate voice, the Brotherhood has in recent years made significant strides toward its ultimate goal of usurping power by stealth: it has set up impressive social structures, including hospitals and schools, far superior to those in rundown government facilities. It has also routinely swept elections in Egypt's most important unions, student organizations, and professional syndicates. But during the 1990s, at the height of the Islamist insurgency, it suffered defections from its ranks, particularly among the young, who were increasingly frustrated by the ongoing failure of the Brotherhood to reverse the emergency order banning it. As a result, young men and women from the generation that Gamal Mubarak is attempting to woo swelled the ranks of the militant Islamist underground.

Since everyone to whom I spoke agreed that the Islamists would almost certainly win if free and fair elections were held in Egypt in the coming months or year, I asked Montasser al-Zayat what General Suleiman's position on the

---

PRIVATE GRIEF

He was inducted out of God knows where,
and sent marching up and down the parade grounds
blindfolded.

At night, in the barracks, he wept
into the dark of snoring men.

He looked like a fever, or some ragweed touched by sun,
or an elm with dark eyes.

Mail call found him sitting beside the flagpole,
cleaning his fingernails.

If you crossed him, he would cross you back
and mean nothing by it.

Where he went on leave was a secret
having something to do with pinewoods and racing cars.

He had no real appetite
except for potatoes, which he'd always fiercely hated.

The firing range fascinated him,
all that kneeling, all those silent targets.

When we sent him to war, he went without complaint
but came home no hero.

Private Grief, Private Grief, what are we to do with you?
"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

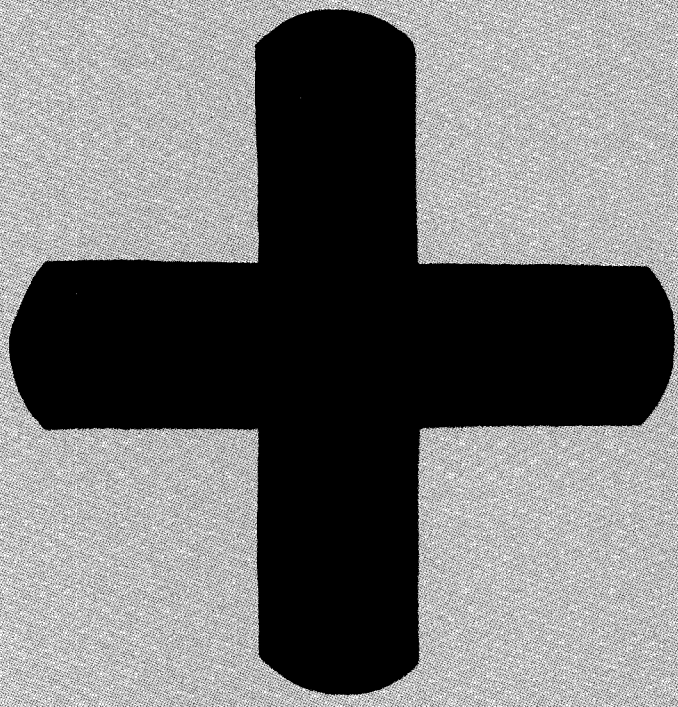
Mustered out, he stepped into a barroom brawl,
then stepped back, unsmiling.

Private Grief, Private Grief,
I'll never believe you fought with all your heart.

—DICK ALLEN

Dick Allen's sixth collection, The Day Before: New Poems, *was published this year.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Give blood.

When we give blood, we help save lives, often the lives of people we might never even meet. It's one of the many simple actions we can take to help prepare ourselves and our communities for the unexpected, and it doesn't take much time. When we come together, we become part of something bigger than us all. To find out about the next blood drive in your area, contact the American Red Cross at 1-800-GIVE LIFE (1-800-448-3543).

American Red Cross

TOGETHERWE **Make a plan** | **Build a kit** | **Get trained** | **Volunteer** | **Give blood**

Together, we can save a life

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Islamists is. He didn't answer immediately. Then he said, "Sometimes he stands with the hard-liners. In other areas he's a moderate."

"Such as?" I asked.

"He always objected to the torture that the Islamists were subjected to—because he realized that in the end, torture is a self-defeating concept. He wants to contain the Islamists, without giving them significant gains. But he wants them to be present, to have some political space. In other words, his view is to let limited numbers stand in elections, to be part of the process as long as they play according to the rules and are obedient."

I knew that a quiet dialogue between the Islamists and the regime still existed in fits and starts, so I asked al-Zayat what its status was.

He smiled. "No war, no peace."

"Does General Suleiman favor legalizing the Muslim Brotherhood?"

Al-Zayat leaned back in his chair and stroked his beard. Then he said, "The Americans would never accept it."

And yet the Brotherhood is the best-organized—indeed, the only—political opposition in Egypt. It cooperated for a time with Nasser, and was used by Sadat as a counterbalance to the left. I puzzled over whether such a coming together of the generals and the Islamists could happen again.

As I left al-Zayat's office and drove back to my hotel, I passed a number of butcher shops, where lamb carcasses hung from spikes encircled by strings of twinkling lights. Shoppers queued patiently outside the shops. It was the eve of the Eid al-Adha, the feast of the sacrifice, Islam's most important holiday. To mark the occasion, 861 Islamists —many of whom had never been charged or tried—were released from prison that night. Some 15,000 others remained inside.

I couldn't help wondering if the releases were connected with a message that al-Zayat had received (and posted on his Web site) a month or so before from Ayman al-Zawahiri—the Egyptian leader of al-Jihad and Osama bin Laden's chief aide—in which he had called for continuing attacks against Americans but had told his followers that those attacks should not be carried out in Egypt.

And not long after that, on the day of the Eid itself, bin Laden, in a sixteen-minute audiotape broadcast by the Arab satellite television station al-Jazeera, called on Muslims around the world to repel the U.S. invasion of Iraq. As he had sometimes done before, he cited a number of countries whose regimes should be overthrown. Egypt had usually been on his list. This time it was not. ▲

Mary Anne Weaver is the author of A Portrait of Egypt: A Journey Through the World of Militant Islam *(1999) and* Pakistan: In the Shadow of Jihad and Afghanistan *(2002). Her article "Blowback," about the emergence of Osama bin Laden and the rise of global militant Islam, appeared in the May 1996* Atlantic.

Edward Sorel is a regular contributor to The Atlantic. Unauthorized Portraits *(1997) is the most recent of several collections of his work. In 2001 the Art Directors Club elected him to its Hall of Fame.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY LIVES *by Edward Sorel*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLIVER'S TRAVELS

In the days when he would make himself a nightcap and sit down to watch TV with his keepers, a chimpanzee named Oliver was hailed as the missing link. The author tracks down a retired world celebrity

BY JAMES SHREEVE

.....

On April 1, 1996, a truck carrying twelve chimpanzees backed up to the delivery gate at Primarily Primates, an animal sanctuary north of San Antonio. The chimps on the truck had come from a Pennsylvania research company called the Buckshire Corporation, and their delivery to Primarily Primates represented one of the first attempts anywhere to retire chimps to a sanctuary after they've been used in medical experiments. Wally Swett, the director of Primarily Primates, had been negotiating for eight months to take custody of them.

Swett came out to oversee the unloading of the animals. He was eager to get a glimpse of one in particular. The paperwork from Buckshire indicated that the shipment included an elderly primate named Oliver. Twenty years before, a chimp by that name had enjoyed a brief, feverish celebrity as a purported "missing link" between apes and men. This extraordinary claim was based on several behavioral and morphological peculiarities, especially Oliver's determined preference for walking upright on two legs. Preliminary genetic tests were said to indicate that he had forty-seven chromosomes, whereas human beings have forty-six, and common chimpanzees forty-eight. The tests were unconfirmed, however, and the media soon lost interest. After drifting for a decade from one California theme park to another, Oliver faded from view. Most of those who remembered him at all presumed he was dead. Wally Swett believed he might be alive, and crouching in one of the cages in the back of the truck.

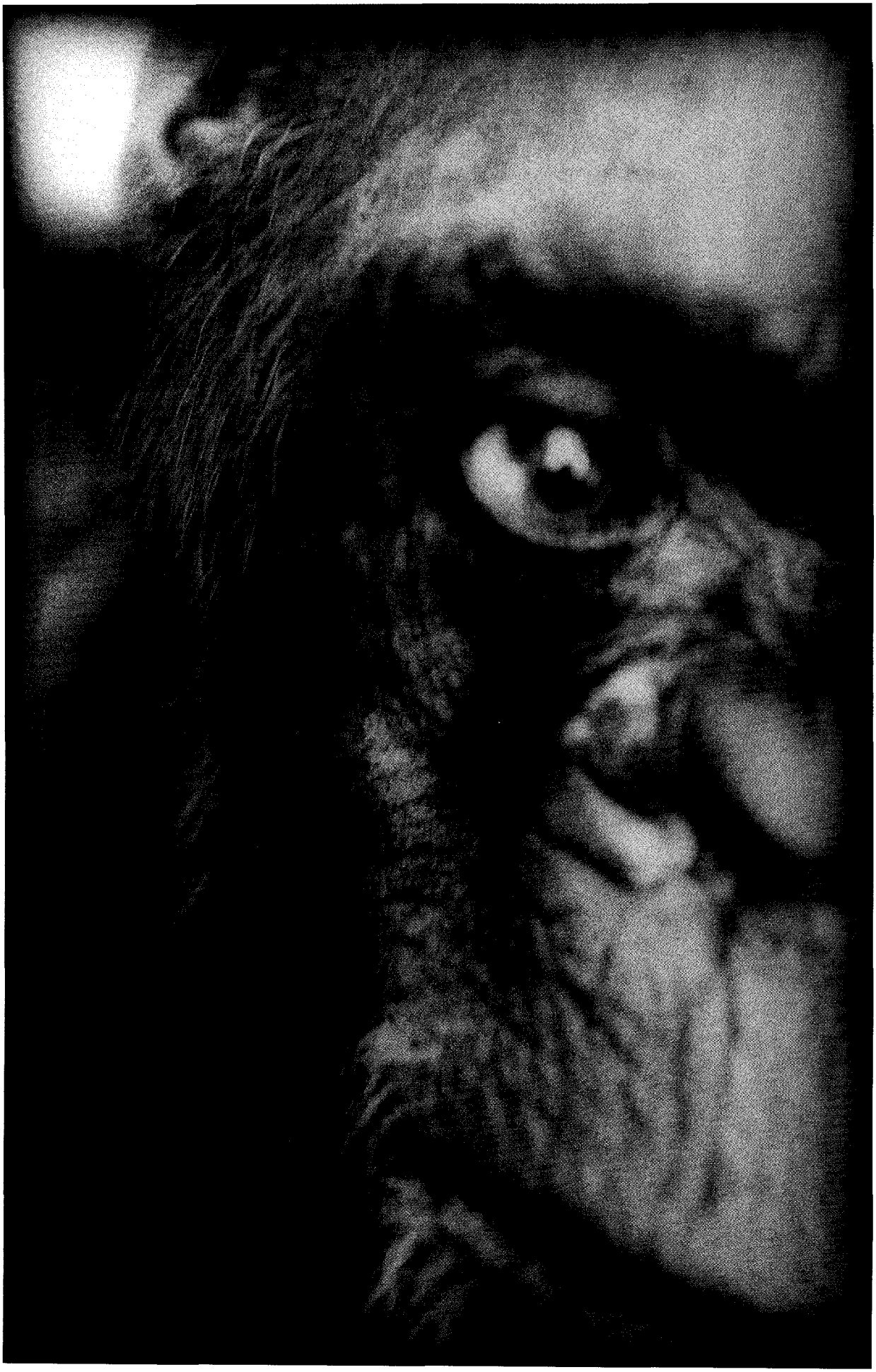
Oliver became a celebrity in January of 1976, when he was approximately sixteen years old. There is no question that he was odd. His head was bald and abnormally small in proportion to his body, with a cranium more rounded than a typical chimp's. His lower face lacked the usual pronounced forward jut. His ears were high and pointed, his skin pale and freckled, and his aspect unusually gentle and intelligent. His body odor was said to be strangely sharp, wholly atypical of chimpanzees. And he walked on two legs all the time. When he lived under the care of Frank and Janet Burger, the animal trainers who raised him, Oliver occasionally fed the dogs and did other chores, relaxing afterward with a cup of coffee. In the evening he might sit and watch TV with the couple, sometimes preparing a nightcap for Frank and himself of whiskey and 7UP. He did not get along with other chimps, and separation from his human companions was said to bring him to tears. When he reached sexual maturity, he was interested only in human females.

During Wally Swett's negotiations with Buckshire Corporation, Sharon Hursh, the company's president, had insisted that there was no reason to link the aged ape in her possession with the freakish creature whose likeness had once appeared in the pages of *Time*. But even in the darkness of the truck Swett, who as a young man had followed Oliver's story closely, thought he could recognize the ape's Mr. Spock ears and other distinctive features. He was not completely sure, however, until the animals had been unloaded and released from their transport cages.

The moment was recorded on film. The first few chimps to emerge, their limbs weakened from inactivity, knuckle-walk gingerly around their new enclosure looking frightened and confused. Then Oliver appears and immediately begins striding around on two legs, his body hair bristling with excitement. For a moment he, too, seems disoriented, his steps directionless. But at the sound of Swett's voice—"Hi, Ollie! Wow, Ollie, you stand up!"—the ape turns and rushes toward the human observers, eager and a little stiff-legged, like a passenger after a long flight catching sight of waiting friends.

BURTON PRITZKER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

According to news reports when Oliver first came into public view, he had been obtained by agents of Frank Burger as an infant in "the Congo River region." Considering that the Congo River drains an area of about 1.5 million square miles, much of it dense rain forest, the reports might as well have said he came from darkest Africa. Oliver spent his formative years with the Burgers in Blackwood, New Jersey, a stone's throw from the traffic whizzing by on Route 42. The Burgers were circus performers whose dog, pony, and chimp act had been featured on *The Ed Sullivan Show* in the early 1960s. They intended to train Oliver to join the act. He ended up with a far more unusual career.

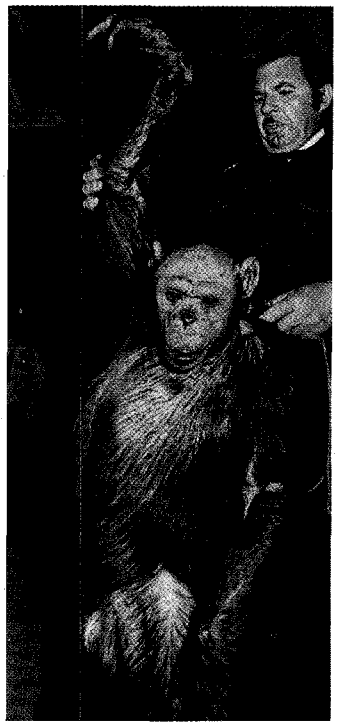
Frank Burger died a few years ago, but Janet, at seventy-five, was still actively training animals on the same property in Blackwood when I visited her there late last year. (Since then she has given away her last chimpanzees, to Primarily Primates, and she is preparing to move to Florida.) Burger is a small, energetic woman with a platinum-blonde ponytail, indifferently painted-on eyebrows, and hands rough from work. "I've had forty chimps in my day," she told me. "But Oliver, he was altogether different. A real oddball. This guy walked all over the place. He lived out in the barn with the others, but as soon as it was morning, he'd want to come in the house. He'd sit around watching television, maybe have a jelly sandwich. That made him happy. He loved TV. But he didn't like the violence. If he saw two men fighting, he'd go over and punch the screen. He was peaceful. Kind of a loner. He liked helping Frank with the chores, like loading sawdust into a wheelbarrow. In the evening we would put him back out in the barn. But you couldn't put him with the other guys. They hated him."

In a photo of Oliver from that time, his face is flat, its contours almost human in appearance, and his pate is peach-fuzzed and liver-spotted, like that of an old courtier without his wig. He is staring back at the viewer with the half hopeful, half resigned expression of someone who has always relied on the kindness of strangers but is used to being disappointed.

"Deep down in my heart I believe he's got something in him other than chimpanzee," Burger told me. "Myself, I think he's some kind of throwback."

Burger remembers Oliver most of all for his persistent amorous advances toward her and her female friends. "He'd get aroused, and want to kiss you and so forth," she said. "I'd tell him, 'I love you, but I'm not going to have sex with you.'"

Because of the animosity of the other chimps, the Burgers never succeeded in integrating Oliver into their animal act. But Frank would trot him out on a leash afterward as a sort of encore, and say a few words about the mysterious ape who walked like a man. Following one of these appearances a short article in an obscure magazine caught the attention of a thirty-three-year-old Manhattan appellate



Frank Burger with Oliver; Oliver's upright stride

lawyer named Michael Miller. Miller found himself so obsessed with the notion of an upright-walking ape that he tracked the Burgers down at their place in New Jersey and asked if he could meet Oliver in person. In December of 1975 Frank invited Miller and his wife to dinner. After loosening them up for a few hours with tales of his adventures with the chimpanzees, he took Miller out to the barn. He sat him down in an easy chair, excused himself, and came back with Oliver on a tether. As soon as Oliver caught sight of the visitor, he threw his shoulders back, and with every hair on his body erect, he strode over to Miller, cocked an eye to get a better look at him, and reached out to shake his hand, grasping his elbow with the other hand.

"It was a transforming experience," Miller told me recently. "I thought I was seeing the missing link. I was seeing *Australopithecus*. And I felt a terrible sense that if this creature was so important to science, he shouldn't be with a carnival guy."

Miller decided on the spot that Oliver should be with a Manhattan appellate lawyer instead. At first Frank refused to sell, claiming that Oliver was like a son. It was then after midnight, so Miller and his wife said good-bye, and the Burgers led them to the highway. But just as they reached it, Frank and Janet waved them over and offered to sell Oliver for eight thousand dollars. They wrote out the agreement on a piece of paper on the hood of the car.

"In my heart, I felt destiny was pointing," Miller told me. "Here I was, Michael Miller, just a guy, with the opportunity to present to the world this extraordinary creature. I felt I was the fisherman who finds the coelacanth in his net, or the shepherd who discovers the Dead Sea scrolls. The earth

PHOTOS COURTESY MICHAEL MILLER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oliver-mania: a Tokyo billboard during his Japanese tour

has many secrets, and I was privileged to find a living one. My life was moved off the rails that night. I couldn't go back to practicing law."

Having bought Oliver, Miller had to figure out what to do with him. Obviously, the lawyer and his wife could not have an ape living with them in their Manhattan apartment. Miller's plan, to the extent he had one, was to present his discovery to experts at the American Museum of Natural History, who would probably want to keep Oliver in their custody, he thought, while they delved into the myriad questions raised by his existence. "I thought they would say thanks very much, here's a bronze plaque, we'll take it from here," he told me.

The museum, however, had no interest in even meeting Oliver, much less taking him in for research purposes. Miller decided to go back to the Burgers' and arrange to board Oliver there, which Frank was glad to do for $500 a month. Miller then began inviting experts to travel to Blackwood and examine Oliver. Some were highly reputable scientists—among them George Schaller, of the Wildlife Conservation Society, one of the world's best-known field biologists, and Clifford Jolly, a physical anthropologist at New York University. Others were authorities on the Bigfoot legend and its African manifestations—tales of mysterious, apelike creatures known by such names as Agogwe, Apamandi, and Sehite.

"I made everybody sign a secrecy agreement about what they saw and where it was located," Miller said. "Not because I wanted to manipulate things but because I knew the story was huge." In spite of his efforts, in January of 1976 a reporter got wind of the news, and his story was picked up by the UPI wire. Miller was obliged to hold a press conference, and there he produced photos of Oliver, which appeared in newspapers around the world the next day and in *Time* a couple of days later. With the media vying for a chance to see the missing link, Miller scheduled a full-scale coming out at the Explorers Club, in New York City. The press release for the event made no definite claims about Oliver's species identity, but it did drop a number of hints: his erect posture was "a total mystery," his chromosomes "abnormal," and his place of origin in Africa known to be inhabited by both human beings and chimpanzees, which the press took as an implication that Oliver was perhaps half one and half the other. Oliver was otherwise described as light-skinned, myopic, and virtually toothless, the last condition as yet to be explained. (Janet Burger told me that Oliver had developed a gum disease when he was younger, and had pulled out his own teeth as they became loose.) His body odor was "extraordinarily pungent," and he was known to make a warbling noise in his throat that "occasionally breaks into a scream." Reporters were warned that although Oliver was normally docile, he was extremely strong, and their safety could not be guaranteed.

On the day of the event the police cordoned off the street outside the Explorers Club. Inside, with security officers holding back a wall of photographers, Oliver, guided by Frank Burger's leash, appeared—stopping on command to pose with his arms outstretched, his legs spread wide apart, and his enormous chimp testicles in full view. The performance was repeated a month later at the Explorers Club's annual dinner, in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, and this time it was captured on film. The curtain rises, and Burger, dressed in a powder-blue leisure suit, trots out with Oliver, who is strolling along beside him in bowlegged, easygoing cowpoke style. At one point he breaks into a goofy, toothless grimace, but otherwise he seems as coolly indifferent to the audience's gasps and applause as a fashion model on a runway.

By this time the scientists had reported the results of their examinations of Oliver. Miller heard what he wanted to hear and ignored the rest. Meanwhile, officials from the Nippon Television Network, in Japan, had approached him with an offer: they would pay him a small fee and fund additional scientific studies to be carried out in Japan, including genetic tests, in exchange for the right to reveal the results in a nationally televised program. This seemed to Miller like a perfect opportunity to determine Oliver's true nature, to increase his public exposure, and to make a little money.

Oliver spent three weeks on tour in Japan, with Nippon's cameras following his every move: at a banquet, dressed in a tux; enjoying a cigar and an outsize can of beer; in a kimono, getting ready for bed. In the center of Tokyo a billboard bearing his image rotated above the rush-hour traffic. The Japanese made good on their promise to conduct an elaborate scientific examination, Nippon's ubiquitous camera

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Miller and Oliver

crews recording every step. At one point scientists placed Oliver on a device called a "gravicoder," which indicated that his center of gravity resembled a human being's more than a chimpanzee's. In most other respects, however, Oliver fell toward the chimp side of the spectrum. Karyotypes were worked up on forty of his cells; most seemed to indicate the presence of forty-eight chromosomes, but the results were ambiguous enough to keep the possibility of forty-seven alive for anyone who wanted to believe that. Reportedly, some 26 million people watched the Japanese television broadcast.

How was Oliver dealing with all this? In the broadcast, or at least in the segments reaired this past June on the Discovery Channel, he appears to be thoroughly enjoying himself, bestowing hugs and handshakes all around. But according to Miller, there were less happy moments in Japan—such as the time Oliver turned white with rage when he was pushed into a tiny house his hosts had built for him to pretend to live in, and the time he grabbed hold of a little girl's hair and wouldn't let go. And he had to be sedated before undergoing x-rays, blood tests, and other scientific probing. In order to administer an injectable sedative, researchers placed him in a "squeeze cage"—a box with one side that can be cranked inward until the animal inside is unable to move.

"Oliver screamed very loud, because he was frightened," Miller told me. "It was very disturbing to me then. It disturbs me to think about it now." Miller himself was growing increasingly uncomfortable on the Japan tour. Far from rescuing Oliver from the life of a circus freak, he appeared to have delivered the animal onto a bigger stage, over which he was losing control. Miller said that the final blow came during a televised press conference, when it was announced that a young and attractive Japanese actress had offered to mate with Oliver and to allow the act to be recorded in the interests of science. "Japan was a fiasco," he said. "It was the beginning of the end for me. In fact it was the end of the end."

When Miller got back to the United States, he started looking around for a place to unload his missing link. He ended up giving Oliver away to an animal trainer in California named Ralph Helfer, on the condition that Helfer take care of Oliver for life. Miller had owned him for less than a year.

To people in the animal-entertainment business, Ralph Helfer is a legend. In the 1960s he ran a thriving enterprise called Africa USA, which for a while met virtually all of Hollywood's wild-animal needs—big cats, elephants, bears, chimps, and other exotic species. All received what Helfer called "affection training," which purported to replace the whip, gun, and chair of the old-school handlers with love, understanding, and respect. Africa USA fell on hard times, however, and by the fall of 1976, when he acquired Oliver from Michael Miller, Helfer was running a theme park off Interstate 5 called Enchanted Village, which also provided animals to the motion-picture industry.

"Lots of people came to see him," Helfer told me recently, over breakfast in Newport Beach, California, not far from one of his offices. "The Bigfoot people came. They brought tents and literally camped around his cage. We had primate-research people come—good ones. There wasn't anybody who walked away without saying 'We don't know what he is.' Everybody had their ideas, but nobody ever resolved it."

Helfer told me some things about Oliver I hadn't heard yet: that his fingernails were long, "like a woman's," and that he would peel grapes before popping them into his mouth. Chimps urinate anywhere, he said, but Oliver would only go directly into the drain in the floor of his cage, standing up and holding his penis like a gentleman. "I don't think he was a missing link," Helfer said, "but *something* happened back there in the forest. This was not a chimpanzee."

Enchanted Village went bankrupt in 1977, and Helfer opened another animal park, called Gentle Jungle; that business, too, ran into trouble, and eventually folded. Helfer gave Oliver to one of his trainers, Ken Decroo, who had started his own exotic-animal rental company. By this time Oliver was doing a little work in front of the camera, though he was not particularly good at it. I recently met Decroo, who told me that Oliver hated being ordered to do things, and did not react well at all to being rushed. If a director, setting up a shot, started screaming at him, Oliver would become even more unmanageable. There was also the problem of the mutual animosity between Oliver and other chimpanzees. Decroo said that the only person other than himself who could really handle Oliver was Bill Rivers, another Gentle Jungle trainer. Under their management Oliver and some other chimps were able to perform in a couple of television commercials, and in the animal equivalent of bit movie parts—the wild scenes, without actors around who might get hurt. Oliver's biggest role was in a Dick Clark TV show called *Animals Are the Funniest People*, where he played the President in a skit with Loretta Swit. But stage-managing Oliver was never easy.

This was the mid-1980s, and Oliver was well into his twenties; it is a wonder that he was still tractable enough to be worked with at all. A performing chimp's career is usually over by around the age of eight, though a trainer may be able to safely squeeze out a couple more years by pulling the

PHOTO COURTESY MICHAEL MILLER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hopelessness is No Ride for Children

1 in 6 U.S. children lives in poverty. They are caught, like their parents, in a cycle of hopelessness…

But you can help…

Become a volunteer or sponsor and help Habitat for Humanity build homes with families in need. Because every child deserves a safe and healthy home.

Stop the cycle…get involved

Habitat for Humanity® International

www.habitat.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oliver at his current home, Primarily Primates

BURTON PRITZKER

animal's front teeth or, in the case of a male, by castration. Since chimps in captivity can live forty or even fifty years, the question arises of what to do with all those movie and circus veterans for the remaining 80 percent of their lives. Some are used to breed the next crop of performers; others end up in private homes or roadside zoos; and many, like Oliver, are sent to biomedical-research labs. But it was not yet clear to me how Oliver had ended up in one.

Decroo told me that in 1987 he sold or gave away all his animals. Bill Rivers bought Oliver. After lunch with Decroo, I drove out to meet Rivers, who is still in the animal-rental business, running a ranch in Winchester, California, called Bill Rivers' Movieland Animals. Rivers, who is stocky and rugged-looking and dresses like a cowboy, recalled, "I kept hearing stories about how Oliver was half human. But once I got a look at him myself, I thought, hell, he's just a different-looking chimp. He walked upright all the time, that's true, and he had those high ears. But it was his gentle nature that really impressed me. He liked people. We got along right off the bat. In the early morning I'd take him on walks through the park, before the public arrived. He liked to hold my hand. He couldn't see very well, so he'd stick real close to me."

As I was leaving, I mentioned to Rivers that I planned to stop in San Antonio to meet Oliver on my way back to Silver Spring, Maryland, where I was living at the time. This prompted a confessional moment. "I sold him to an outfit in Pennsylvania," Rivers told me. "I told them that if they were going to inject him with cancer or AIDS, I wasn't interested. But they said they just wanted to study his blood. It's been in the back of my mind ever since—whether I did the right thing." He asked me to take a message to Wally Swett, Oliver's current owner. Rivers had heard that Primarily Primates was having trouble making ends meet, and he wanted me to say that he'd be more than willing to take Oliver back to live out the rest of his days. "I loved that chimp," Rivers said. "He was one of a kind."

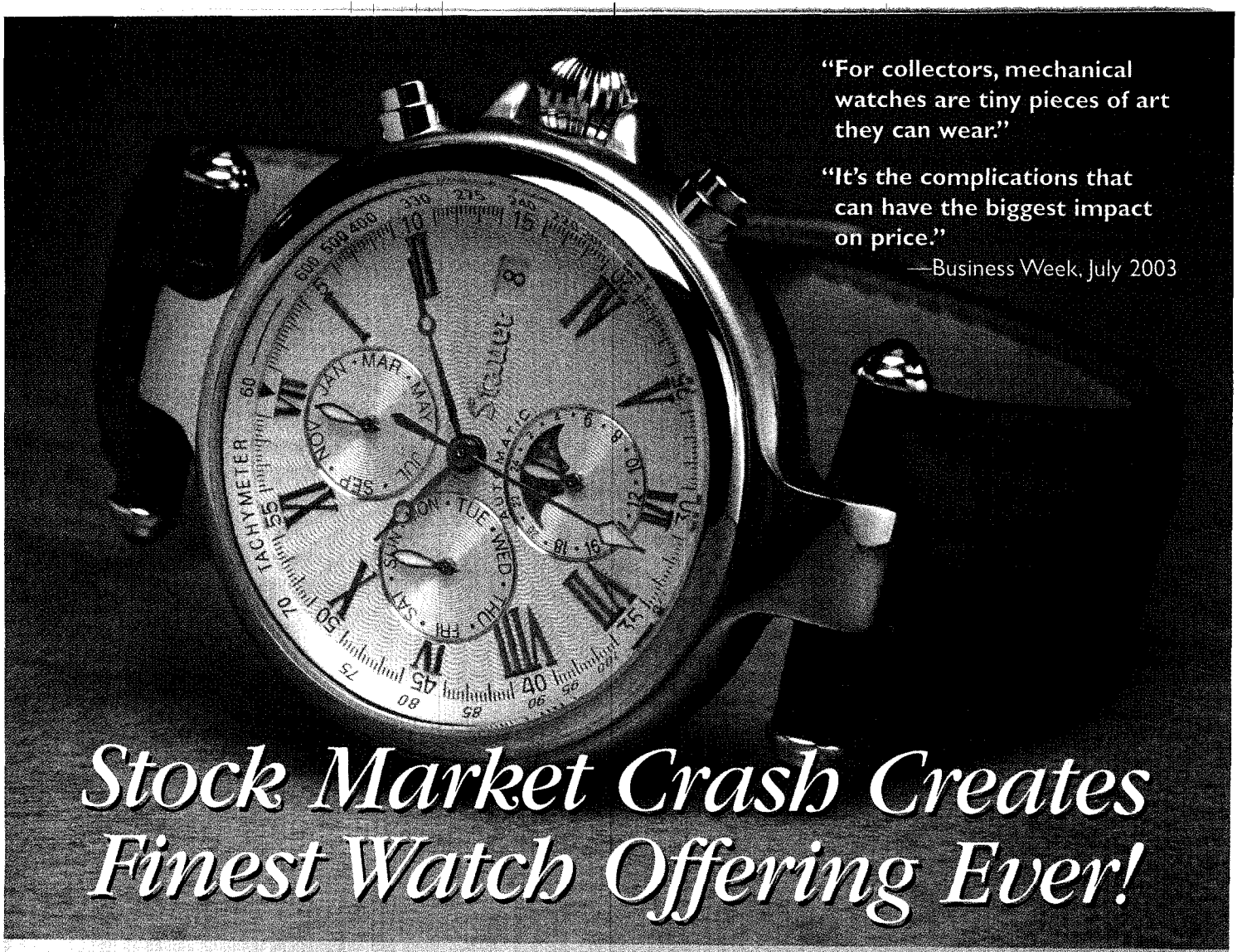
Oliver spent seven years with the Buckshire Corporation. As it turned out, by 1996 Sharon Hursh was just as eager to get rid of the "Buckshire 12" as Wally Swett was to receive them. Through the 1980s Buckshire had been supplying chimps to laboratories and pharmaceutical companies trying to develop a vaccine for hepatitis B. But by 1989, when Oliver arrived at Buckshire, chimps were a losing proposition, and he was never actually leased out for lab use. He just sat for seven years in his cage.

Today most of the Buckshire chimps live in two group enclosures at Primarily Primates, where they can go indoors or outdoors as they please, interacting with one another and climbing around on wooden scaffolding in the Texas sun. But Oliver still lives alone. Swett attempted to integrate him into a social group, trying different combinations of animals, but even normally good-natured chimps would harass Oliver when he was put in their enclosure. Swett persisted, and for a while did manage to settle him into a group with one female, two toothless castrates from a circus act, and a huge old chimp named Onan, who took on the role of Oliver's protector and gave him hugs when he needed them. But Onan died, and even if the others weren't openly hostile, they kept running over Oliver when they got rowdy, because he was frail and slow and too blind to see them coming. Swett decided that he was safer by himself. Oliver is arthritic and no longer walks upright. Even when he first arrived, he did so only when excited—a change from his past behavior that Swett attributes to his years at Buckshire. "Let's try putting *you* in a little cage for seven years, and see how well you walk around afterward," he said when we first spoke.

Primarily Primates is not open to the public. It took a couple of e-mails, a dozen phone calls, and an abjectly pleading fax before Swett would allow me to come see Oliver. Swett is something of a misanthrope. He is particularly ill disposed toward faithless geneticists, animal trainers who once owned Oliver and claim to want him back, and nagging journalists—at least until he gets to know them better. He is grouchy with his staff; I had the feeling that if he didn't need help caring for the 850 animals now in his sanctuary, he would fire the lot. He lives alone in a little ranch house with a baby chimp named Emma, on whom he dotes. He does have a few good friends among his own species. "Wally doesn't get out much," one of them told me. "It's not people he has a problem with. It's society." Swett explained, "I just feel more comfortable with the animals and trees and whatever."

Swett developed his grudge against geneticists in the course of new genetic investigations of Oliver. David Led-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Stock Market Crash Creates Finest Watch Offering Ever!

Eighty two years ago, a small watchmaker in Europe created a legendary watch. He invented the first watch with an automatic mechanical movement. These innovative movements required no batteries and never needed to be manually wound. Only seven of these ultra-rare watches were ever made and we've only actually seen one surviving masterpiece in a watch history book. We were fascinated with the complex functions of this historical timepiece.

Production of this design did not survive the crash of 1929. Watch production plunged as did the economy. As we researched 1920's chronographs from Switzerland, we found that these mechanical marvels are now highly prized by today's collectors. One leading auction house recently sold an exquisite 1929 mechanical Chronograph for $1,487,000. Inspired by that brilliant design, our Stauer *Meisterzeit* has been painstakingly handcrafted to the demanding standards of vintage watch collectors.

It's Complicated.

Every interior dial has been carefully engineered to replicate the "complications" of the earliest chronographs. Two interior dials display day and month. A rare third dial depicts the sun and the stars on a 24-hour clock. The 21-jewel mechanical movement utilizes an automatic self-winding mechanism inspired by a patent from 1923. Thus this watch never needs batteries and never needs to be manually wound. It's powered by the movement of the body.

A Masterpiece for only $199...How is that possible?

We revere what has come before. Classic cars, fine antiques, paintings of the old masters—but we absolutely hate to pay retail. Stauer doesn't waste your money on Polo match sponsorships or high priced celebrity endorsements. And since Stauer is selling this vintage chronograph directly to you, there are no Park Avenue jewelry store rents. We know that you are a smart collector, smart enough to want the best and still keep most of your money in your wallet and not on your wrist. This limited edition Stauer *Meisterzeit* allows you to wear a watch far more exclusive than most new "upscale" models.

Here is your chance to claim a piece of watchmaking history in a rare design that is priced to wear everyday. The watch comes with our 30-day no questions asked money back guarantee. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return it for a full refund of the purchase price. This offer might not reappear for another 80 years.

Not Available in Stores

Call now to take advantage of this limited offer.

Stauer Meisterzeit ~~$299~~ **$199** +S&H.

800-859-6540

Promotional Code SMT105

Please mention this when you call.

To order by mail, please call for details.

Stauer

14101 Southcross Drive W.
Dept. SMT105
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day **800-859-6540**

Visit us online at www.Stauer.com for the complete line of Stauer Watches, Jewelry and Collectables

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better, of the University of Chicago, did blood tests in 1996. They showed conclusively that Oliver has forty-eight chromosomes, just like any other chimpanzee. Swett did not take issue with the results; he had never bought into the half human, half chimp notion anyway. But he did believe that Oliver was something more wonderful and strange than just an ordinary chimpanzee. Swett thought that perhaps Oliver was a cross between a common chimp (*Pan troglodytes*) and a pygmy chimp (*Pan paniscus*), or possibly an unknown subspecies of one or the other. A more refined genetic analysis might answer the question; but much to Swett's disgust, Ledbetter wasn't interested in pursuing the matter.

Swett subsequently enlisted the help of two other geneticists: John Ely, of Trinity University, in San Antonio, and Charleen Moore, of the University of Texas Health Science Center at San Antonio. Moore's work confirmed the chromosome count of forty-eight, and showed that when treated with a stain, Oliver's chromosomes had the pattern of light and dark bands characteristic of common chimps. This ruled out the theory that Oliver was a hybrid. Meanwhile, Ely's study of Oliver's mitochondrial DNA suggested that he was a member of the subspecies *Pan troglodytes troglodytes*—not just a common chimp but a very common common chimp. He resembled most of all chimps from Gabon, which might make that central African country his most likely birthplace. Swett is listed as a co-author on a 1998 paper reporting these results in the *American Journal of Physical Anthropology*. But that does not mean he supports the paper's conclusions. He maintains that Ely betrayed him by rushing into print while there were still more studies to be done that might track Oliver's oddness to its source.

I first arrived at Primarily Primates toward day's end, and Swett allowed me to tag along while he made his evening rounds. If Oliver hadn't yet retired for the night, he said, we could pay him a quick visit. The sanctuary encompasses about eight acres of live oak and juniper trees. We walked past some leopards, a sleeping bear, and many cylindrical enclosures full of monkeys, who screeched and chattered indignantly as we passed. Peacocks, overflow from the San Antonio zoo, roamed freely on the paths. Mingling with them were guinea fowl and some goggle-eyed Egyptian geese who had just shown up one day, as if they'd heard through the grapevine about this place where the living was easy. A pair of royal palm turkeys fell into step behind us. "Somebody dropped them off for leopard food, but I didn't have the heart," Swett said.

Around a corner we came within view of a couple of large chimpanzee enclosures; in front of them was a smaller cage, where Oliver lives. Surrounding it were yucca plants, mountain laurel, crepe myrtle, Japanese plum, and some antique roses in bloom. Oliver's cage had three sides open to the air; on the fourth a passageway covered by a canvas flap led to an indoor area. The chimp was nowhere in sight. Swett rattled the bars.

"Oliver!" he called. When there was no response, he called again, drawing out the syllables: "O-li-ver!" After a moment the canvas opened and Oliver shuffled out, making his way slowly on all fours. Guided by the sound of Swett's voice, Oliver reached through the bars and gave him a hug. "Handsome boy!" Swett said, placing a banana in Oliver's hand and hugging him back. Oliver peeled off the skin with his long fingernails and ate the fruit, grunting and sighing softly and looking heavenward with his milky eyes. He had an old man's pot belly, shaggy limbs, and hands that seemed made of black purse leather. The wind changed, and I got a whiff of his notorious odor. It was strong but not really unpleasant, like wet laundry that has been left a little too long in the washer on a hot day.

Oliver stuck his muzzle between the bars and gave Swett a kiss. Watching the pair of them, I thought about what Bill Rivers had said—that it wasn't his upright gait that made Oliver stand out, or his weird, humanlike face, but how much he reached out to people. In Swett he had found a person who had been reaching all his life in the opposite direction. Sensing another presence, Oliver felt his way toward me along the bars of the cage and extended a hand to my face, to see if I had something to offer him too. ▲

James Shreeve is the author of The Neandertal Enigma: Solving the Mystery of Modern Human Origins *(1995) and* The Genome War: How Craig Venter Tried to Capture the Code of Life and Save the World, *to be published in January.*

THE SITUATION

It's tough, isn't it, star,
to be harangued
by every strain
of brimming heart?

It's hard, isn't it, moon,
when crowds fidget
with their swizzle sticks
as you brighten the bay?

And head, doesn't it hurt
when love ignites
its pesky orbit
and all logic strays?

Hot, isn't it, sun?
Admit it's a relief, shade,
to wear camouflage
while the flamboyant
fade away.

Go ahead, god,
and blame this mess
of blood
and flesh on free will.

That's life, isn't it, death,
when guardrails
along the steep drive home
bristle with wreaths and
bouquets?

—JOHN SKOYLES

John Skoyles teaches at Emerson College. He is the author of a collection of nonfiction, Generous Strangers, *and three books of poetry, most recently* Definition of the Soul.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILL FRANKENFOOD SAVE THE PLANET?

Over the next half century genetic engineering could feed humanity and solve a raft of environmental ills—if only environmentalists would let it

BY JONATHAN RAUCH

Illustrations by Greg Clarke

.....

That genetic engineering may be the most environmentally beneficial technology to have emerged in decades, or possibly centuries, is not immediately obvious. Certainly, at least, it is not obvious to the many U.S. and foreign environmental groups that regard biotechnology as a bête noire. Nor is it necessarily obvious to people who grew up in cities, and who have only an inkling of what happens on a modern farm. Being agriculturally illiterate myself, I set out to look at what may be, if the planet is fortunate, the farming of the future.

It was baking hot that April day. I traveled with two Virginia state soil-and-water-conservation officers and an agricultural-extension agent to an area not far from Richmond. The farmers there are national (and therefore world) leaders in the application of what is known as continuous no-till farming. In plain English, they don't plough. For thousands of years, since the dawn of the agricultural revolution, farmers have ploughed, often several times a year; and with ploughing has come runoff that pollutes rivers and blights aquatic habitat, erosion that wears away the land, and the release into the atmosphere of greenhouse gases stored in the soil. Today, at last, farmers are working out methods that have begun to make ploughing obsolete.

At about one-thirty we arrived at a 200-acre patch of farmland known as the Good Luck Tract. No one seemed to know the provenance of the name, but the best guess was that somebody had said something like "You intend to farm this? Good luck!" The land was rolling, rather than flat, and its slopes came together to form natural troughs for rainwater. Ordinarily this highly erodible land would be suitable for cows, not crops. Yet it was dense with wheat—wheat yielding almost twice what could normally be expected, and in soil that had grown richer in organic matter, and thus more nourishing to crops, even as the land was farmed. Perhaps most striking was the almost complete absence of any chemical or soil runoff. Even the beating administered in 1999 by Hurricane Floyd, which lashed the ground with nineteen inches of rain in less than twenty-four hours, produced no significant runoff or erosion. The land simply absorbed the sheets of water before they could course downhill.

At another site, a few miles away, I saw why. On land planted in corn whose shoots had only just broken the surface, Paul Davis, the extension agent, wedged a shovel into the ground and dislodged about eight inches of topsoil. Then he reached down and picked up a clump. Ploughed soil, having been stirred up and turned over again and again, becomes lifeless and homogeneous, but the clump that Davis held out was alive. I immediately noticed three squirming earthworms, one grub, and quantities of tiny white insects that looked very busy. As if in greeting, a worm defecated. "Plant-available food!" a delighted Davis exclaimed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This soil, like that of the Good Luck Tract, had not been ploughed for years, allowing the underground ecosystem to return. Insects and roots and microorganisms had given the soil an elaborate architecture, which held the earth in place and made it a sponge for water. That was why erosion and runoff had been reduced to practically nil. Crops thrived because worms were doing the ploughing. Crop residue that was left on the ground, rather than ploughed under as usual, provided nourishment for the soil's biota and, as it decayed, enriched the soil. The farmer saved the fuel he would have used driving back and forth with a heavy plough. That saved money, and of course it also saved energy and reduced pollution. On top of all that, crop yields were better than with conventional methods.

The conservation people in Virginia were full of excitement over no-till farming. Their job was to clean up the James and York Rivers and the rest of the Chesapeake Bay watershed. Most of the sediment that clogs and clouds the rivers, and most of the fertilizer runoff that causes the algae blooms that kill fish, comes from farmland. By all but eliminating agricultural erosion and runoff—so Brian Noyes, the local conservation-district manager, told me—continuous no-till could "revolutionize" the area's water quality.

Even granting that Noyes is an enthusiast, from an environmental point of view no-till farming looks like a dramatic advance. The rub—if it is a rub—is that the widespread elimination of the plough depends on genetically modified crops.

The modern environmental movement was to a large extent founded on suspicion of markets and artificial substances. Markets exploit the earth; chemicals poison it. Biotech—seemingly the very epitome of the unnatural—touches both hot buttons.

It is only a modest exaggeration to say that as goes agriculture, so goes the planet. Of all the human activities that shape the environment, agriculture is the single most important, and it is well ahead of whatever comes second. Today about 38 percent of the earth's land area is cropland or pasture—a total that has crept upward over the past few decades as global population has grown. The increase has been gradual, only about 0.3 percent a year; but that still translates into an additional Greece or Nicaragua cultivated or grazed every year.

Farming does not go easy on the earth, and never has. To farm is to make war upon millions of plants (weeds, so-called) and animals (pests, so-called) that in the ordinary course of things would crowd out or eat or infest whatever it is a farmer is growing. Crop monocultures, as whole fields of only wheat or corn or any other single plant are called, make poor habitat and are vulnerable to disease and disaster. Although fertilizer runs off and pollutes water, farming without fertilizer will deplete and eventually exhaust the soil. Pesticides can harm the health of human beings and kill desirable or harmless bugs along with pests. Irrigation leaves behind trace elements that can accumulate and poison the soil. And on and on.

The trade-offs are fundamental. Organic farming, for example, uses no artificial fertilizer, but it does use a lot of manure, which can pollute water and contaminate food. Traditional farmers may use less herbicide, but they also do more ploughing, with all the ensuing environmental complications. Low-input agriculture uses fewer chemicals but more land. The point is not that farming is an environmental crime—it is not—but that there is no escaping the pressure it puts on the planet.

In the next half century the pressure will intensify. The United Nations, in its midrange projections, estimates that the earth's human population will grow by more than 40 percent, from 6.3 billion people today to 8.9 billion in 2050. Feeding all those people, and feeding their billion or so hungry pets (a dog or a cat is one of the first things people want once they move beyond a subsistence lifestyle), and providing the increasingly protein-rich diets that an increasingly wealthy world will expect—doing all of that will require food output to at least double, and possibly triple.

But then the story will change. According to the UN's midrange projections (which may, if anything, err somewhat on the high side), around 2050 the world's population will more or less level off. Even if the growth does not stop, it will slow. The crunch will be over. In fact, if in 2050 crop yields are still increasing, if most of the world is economically developed, and if population pressures are declining or even reversing—all of which seems reasonably likely—then the human species may at long last be able to feed itself, year in and year out, without putting any additional net stress on the environment. We might even be able to grow everything we need while *reducing* our agricultural footprint: returning cropland to wilderness, repairing damaged soils, restoring ecosystems, and so on. In other words, human agriculture might be placed on a sustainable footing forever: a breathtaking prospect.

The great problem, then, is to get through the next four or five decades with as little environmental damage as possible. That is where biotechnology comes in.

One day recently I drove down to southern Virginia to visit Dennis Avery and his son, Alex. The older Avery, a man in late middle age with a chinstrap beard, droopy eyes, and an intent, scholarly manner, lives on ninety-seven acres that he shares with horses, chickens, fish, cats, dogs, bluebirds, ducks, transient geese, and as-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sorted other creatures. He is the director of global food issues at the Hudson Institute, a conservative think tank; Alex works with him, and is trained as a plant physiologist. We sat in a sunroom at the back of the house, our afternoon conversation punctuated every so often by dog snores and rooster crows. We talked for a little while about the Green Revolution, a dramatic advance in farm productivity that fed the world's burgeoning population over the past four decades, and then I asked if the challenge of the next four decades could be met.

"Well," Dennis replied, "we have tripled the world's farm output since 1960. And we're feeding twice as many people from the same land. That was a heroic achievement. But we have to do what some think is an even more difficult thing in this next forty years, because the Green Revolution had more land per person and more water per person—"

"—and more potential for increases," Alex added, "because the base that we were starting from was so much lower."

"By and large," Dennis went on, "the world's civilizations have been built around its best farmland. And we have used most of the world's good farmland. Most of the good land is already heavily fertilized. Most of the good land is already being planted with high-yield seeds. [Africa is the important exception.] Most of the good irrigation sites are used. We can't triple yields again with the technologies we're already using. And we might be lucky to get a fifty percent yield increase if we froze our technology short of biotech."

"Biotech" can refer to a number of things, but the relevant application here is genetic modification: the selective transfer of genes from one organism to another. Ordinary breeding can cross related varieties, but it cannot take a gene from a bacterium, for instance, and transfer it to a wheat plant. The organisms resulting from gene transfers are called "transgenic" by scientists—and "Frankenfood" by many greens.

Gene transfer poses risks, unquestionably. So, for that matter, does traditional crossbreeding. But many people worry that transgenic organisms might prove more unpredictable. One possibility is that transgenic crops would spread from fields into forests or other wild lands and there become environmental nuisances, or worse. A further risk is that transgenic plants might cross-pollinate with neighboring wild plants, producing "superweeds" or other invasive or destructive varieties in the wild. Those risks are real enough that even most biotech enthusiasts—including Dennis Avery, for example—favor some government regulation of transgenic crops.

What is much less widely appreciated is biotech's potential to do the environment good. Take as an example continuous no-till farming, which really works best with the help of transgenic crops. Human beings have been ploughing for so long that we tend to forget why we started doing it in the first place. The short answer: weed control. Turning over the soil between plantings smothers weeds and their seeds. If you don't plough, your land becomes a weed garden—unless you use herbicides to kill the weeds. Herbicides, however, are expensive, and can be complicated to apply. And they tend to kill the good with the bad.

In the mid-1990s the agricultural-products company Monsanto introduced a transgenic soybean variety called Roundup Ready. As the name implies, these soybeans tolerate Roundup, an herbicide (also made by Monsanto) that kills many kinds of weeds and then quickly breaks down into harmless ingredients. Equipped with Roundup Ready crops, farmers found that they could retire their ploughs and control weeds with just a few applications of a single, relatively benign herbicide—instead of many applications of a complex and expensive menu of chemicals. More than a third of all U.S. soybeans are now grown without ploughing, mostly owing to the introduction of Roundup Ready varieties. Ploughless cotton farming has likewise received a big boost from the advent of bioengineered varieties. No-till farming without biotech is possible, but it's more difficult and expensive, which is why no-till and biotech are advancing in tandem.

In 2001 a group of scientists announced that they had engineered a transgenic tomato plant able to thrive on salty water—water, in fact, almost half as salty as seawater, and fifty times as salty as tomatoes can ordinarily abide. One of the researchers was quoted as saying, "I've already transformed tomato, tobacco, and canola. I believe I can transform any crop with this gene"—just the sort of Frankenstein hubris that makes environmentalists shudder. But consider the environmental implications. Irrigation has for millennia been a cornerstone of agriculture, but it comes at a price. As irrigation water evaporates, it leaves behind traces of salt, which accumulate in the soil and gradually render it infertile. (As any Roman legion knows, to destroy a nation's agricultural base you salt the soil.) Every year the world loses about 25 million acres—an area equivalent to a fifth of California—to salinity; 40 percent of the world's irrigated land, and 25 percent of America's, has been hurt to some degree. For decades traditional plant breeders tried to create salt-tolerant crop plants, and for decades they failed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Salt-tolerant crops might bring millions of acres of wounded or crippled land back into production. "And it gets better," Alex Avery told me. The transgenic tomato plants take up and sequester in their leaves as much as six or seven percent of their weight in sodium. "Theoretically," Alex said, "you could reclaim a salt-contaminated field by growing enough of these crops to remove the salts from the soil."

His father chimed in: "We've worried about being able to keep these salt-contaminated fields going even for decades. We can now think about *centuries*."

One of the first biotech crops to reach the market, in the mid-1990s, was a cotton plant that makes its own pesticide. Scientists incorporated into the plant a toxin-producing gene from a soil bacterium known as *Bacillus thuringiensis*. With Bt cotton, as it is called, farmers can spray much less, and the poison contained in the plant is delivered only to bugs that actually eat the crop. As any environmentalist can tell you, insecticide is not very nice stuff—especially if you breathe it, which many Third World farmers do as they walk through their fields with backpack sprayers.

Transgenic cotton reduced pesticide use by more than two million pounds in the United States from 1996 to 2000, and it has reduced pesticide sprayings in parts of China by more than half. Earlier this year the Environmental Protection Agency approved a genetically modified corn that resists a beetle larva known as rootworm. Because rootworm is American corn's most voracious enemy, this new variety has the potential to reduce annual pesticide use in America by more than 14 million pounds. It could reduce or eliminate the spraying of pesticide on 23 million acres of U.S. land.

All of that is the beginning, not the end. Bioengineers are also working, for instance, on crops that tolerate aluminum, another major contaminant of soil, especially in the tropics. Return an acre of farmland to productivity, or double yields on an already productive acre, and, other things being equal, you reduce by an acre the amount of virgin forest or savannah that will be stripped and cultivated. That may be the most important benefit of all.

Of the many people I have interviewed in my twenty years as a journalist, Norman Borlaug must be the one who has saved the most lives. Today he is an unprepossessing eighty-nine-year-old man of middling height, with crystal-bright blue eyes and thinning white hair. He still loves to talk about plant breeding, the discipline that won him the 1970 Nobel Peace Prize: Borlaug led efforts to breed the staples of the Green Revolution. (See "Forgotten Benefactor of Humanity," by Gregg Easterbrook, an article on Borlaug in the January 1997 *Atlantic*.) Yet the renowned plant breeder is quick to mention that he began his career, in the 1930s, in forestry, and that forest conservation has never been far from his thoughts. In the 1960s, while he was working to improve crop yields in India and Pakistan, he made a mental connection. He would create tables detailing acres under cultivation and average yields—and then, in another column, he would estimate how much land had been saved by higher farm productivity. Later, in the 1980s and 1990s, he and others began paying increased attention to what some agricultural economists now call the Borlaug hypothesis: that the Green Revolution has saved not only many human lives but, by improving the productivity of existing farmland, also millions of acres of tropical forest and other habitat—and so has saved countless animal lives.

From the 1960s through the 1980s, for example, Green Revolution advances saved more than 100 million acres of wild lands in India. More recently, higher yields in rice, coffee, vegetables, and other crops have reduced or in some cases stopped forest-clearing in Honduras, the Philippines, and elsewhere. Dennis Avery estimates that if farming techniques and yields had not improved since 1950, the world would have lost an additional 20 million or so square miles of wildlife habitat, most of it forest. About 16 million square miles of forest exists today. "What I'm saying," Avery said, in response to my puzzled expression, "is that we have saved every square mile of forest on the planet."

Over the next half century the world's population is projected to grow by more than 40 percent. The great problem is to get through that crunch with as little environmental damage as possible. That is where biotechnology comes in.

Habitat destruction remains a serious environmental problem; in some respects it is the most serious. The savannahs and tropical forests of Central and South America, Asia, and Africa by and large make poor farmland, but they are the earth's storehouses of biodiversity, and the forests are the earth's lungs. Since 1972 about 200,000 square miles of Amazon rain forest have been cleared for crops and pasture; from 1966 to 1994 all but three of the Central American countries cleared more forest than they left standing. Mexico is losing more than 4,000 square miles of forest a year to peasant farms; sub-Saharan Africa is losing more than 19,000.

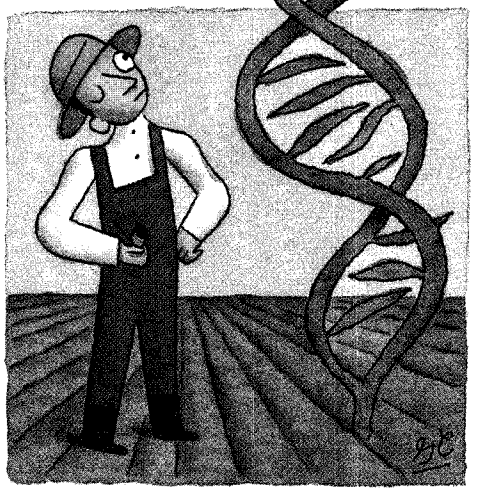
That is why the great challenge of the next four or five decades is not to feed an additional three billion people (and their pets) but to do so without converting much of the world's prime habitat into second- or third-rate farmland. Now, most agronomists agree that some substantial yield improvements are still to be had from advances in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conventional breeding, fertilizers, herbicides, and other Green Revolution standbys. But it seems pretty clear that biotechnology holds more promise—probably much more. Recall that world food output will need to at least double and possibly triple over the next several decades. Even if production could be increased that much using conventional technology, which is doubtful, the required amounts of pesticide and fertilizer and other polluting chemicals would be immense. If properly developed, disseminated, and used, genetically modified crops might well be the best hope the planet has got.

If properly developed, disseminated, and used. That tripartite qualification turns out to be important, and it brings the environmental community squarely, and at the moment rather jarringly, into the picture.

Not long ago I went to see David Sandalow in his office at the World Wildlife Fund, in Washington, D.C. Sandalow, the organization's executive vice-president in charge of conservation programs, is a tall, affable, polished, and slightly reticent man in his forties who holds degrees from Yale and the University of Michigan Law School.



Some weeks earlier, over lunch, I had mentioned Dennis Avery's claim that genetic modification had great environmental potential. I was surprised when Sandalow told me he agreed. Later, in our interview in his office, I asked him to elaborate. "With biotechnology," he said, "there are no simple answers. Biotechnology has huge potential benefits and huge risks, and we need to address both as we move forward. The huge potential benefits include increased productivity of arable land, which could relieve pressure on forests. They include decreased pesticide usage. But the huge risks include severe ecological disruptions—from gene flow and from enhanced invasiveness, which is a very antiseptic word for some very scary stuff."

I asked if he thought that, absent biotechnology, the world could feed everybody over the next forty or fifty years without ploughing down the rain forests. Instead of answering directly he said, "Biotechnology could be part of our arsenal if we can overcome some of the barriers. It will never be a panacea or a magic bullet. But nor should we remove it from our tool kit."

Sandalow is unusual. Very few credentialed greens talk the way he does about biotechnology, at least publicly. They would readily agree with him about the huge risks, but they wouldn't be caught dead speaking of huge potential benefits—a point I will come back to. From an ecological point of view, a very great deal depends on other environmentalists' coming to think more the way Sandalow does.

Biotech companies are in business to make money. That is fitting and proper. But developing and testing new transgenic crops is expensive and commercially risky, to say nothing of politically controversial. When they decide how to invest their research-and-development money, biotech companies will naturally seek products for which farmers and consumers will pay top dollar. Roundup Ready products, for instance, are well suited to U.S. farming, with its high levels of capital spending on such things as herbicides and automated sprayers. Poor farmers in the developing world, of course, have much less buying power. Creating, say, salt-tolerant cassava suitable for growing on hardscrabble African farms might save habitat as well as lives—but commercial enterprises are not likely to fall over one another in a rush to do it.

If earth-friendly transgenics are developed, the next problem is disseminating them. As a number of the farmers and experts I talked to were quick to mention, switching to an unfamiliar new technology—something like no-till—is not easy. It requires capital investment in new seed and equipment, mastery of new skills and methods, a fragile transition period as farmer and ecology readjust, and an often considerable amount of trial and error to find out what works best on any given field. Such problems are only magnified in the Third World, where the learning curve is steeper and capital cushions are thin to nonexistent. Just handing a peasant farmer a bag of newfangled seed is not enough. In many cases peasant farmers will need one-on-one attention. Many will need help to pay for the seed, too.

Finally there is the matter of using biotech in a way that actually benefits the environment. Often the technological blade can cut either way, especially in the short run. A salt-tolerant or drought-resistant rice that allowed farmers to keep land in production might also induce them to plough up virgin land that previously was too salty or too dry to farm. If the effect of improved seed is to make farming more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profitable, farmers may respond, at least temporarily, by bringing more land into production. If a farm becomes more productive, it may require fewer workers; and if local labor markets cannot provide jobs for them, displaced workers may move to a nearby patch of rain forest and burn it down to make way for subsistence farming. Such transition problems are solvable, but they need money and attention.

In short, realizing the great—probably unique—environmental potential of biotech will require stewardship. "It's a tool," Sara Scherr, an agricultural economist with the conservation group Forest Trends, told me, "but it's absolutely not going to happen automatically."

So now ask a question: Who is the natural constituency for earth-friendly biotechnology? Who cares enough to lobby governments to underwrite research—frequently unprofitable research—on transgenic crops that might restore soils or cut down on pesticides in poor countries? Who cares enough to teach Asian or African farmers, one by one, how to farm without ploughing? Who cares enough to help poor farmers afford high-tech, earth-friendly seed? Who cares enough to agitate for programs and reforms that might steer displaced peasants and profit-seeking farmers away from sensitive lands? Not politicians, for the most part. Not farmers. Not corporations. Not consumers.

Who is the natural constituency for earth-friendly biotechnology? The natural constituency is, of course, environmentalists. But very few credentialed greens would be caught dead speaking of biotechnology's huge potential benefits.

At the World Resources Institute, an environmental think tank in Washington, the molecular biologist Don Doering envisions transgenic crops designed specifically to solve environmental problems: crops that might fertilize the soil, crops that could clean water, crops tailored to remedy the ecological problems of specific places. "Suddenly you might find yourself with a virtually chemical-free agriculture, where your cropland itself is filtering the water, it's protecting the watershed, it's providing habitat," Doering told me. "There is still so little investment in what I call design-for-environment." The natural constituency for such investment is, of course, environmentalists.

But environmentalists are not acting as such a constituency today. They are doing the opposite. For example, Greenpeace declares on its Web site: "The introduction of genetically engineered (GE) organisms into the complex ecosystems of our environment is a dangerous global experiment with nature and evolution ... GE organisms must not be released into the environment. They pose unacceptable risks to ecosystems, and have the potential to threaten biodiversity, wildlife and sustainable forms of agriculture."

Other groups argue for what they call the Precautionary Principle, under which no transgenic crop could be used until proven benign in virtually all respects. The Sierra Club says on its Web site,

> In accordance with this Precautionary Principle, we call for a moratorium on the planting of all genetically engineered crops and the release of all GEOs [genetically engineered organisms] into the environment, *including those now approved.* Releases should be delayed until extensive, rigorous research is done which determines the long-term environmental and health impacts of each GEO and there is public debate to ascertain the need for the use of each GEO intended for release into the environment. [italics added]

Under this policy the cleaner water and healthier soil that continuous no-till farming has already brought to the Chesapeake Bay watershed would be undone, and countless tons of polluted runoff and eroded topsoil would accumulate in Virginia rivers and streams while debaters debated and researchers researched. Recall David Sandalow: "Biotechnology has huge potential benefits and huge risks, and we need to address both as we move forward." A lot of environmentalists would say instead, "*before* we move forward." That is an important difference, particularly because the big population squeeze will happen not in the distant future but over the next several decades.

For reasons having more to do with politics than with logic, the modern environmental movement was to a large extent founded on suspicion of markets and artificial substances. Markets exploit the earth; chemicals poison it. Biotech touches both hot buttons. It is being pushed forward by greedy corporations, and it seems to be the very epitome of the unnatural.

Still, I hereby hazard a prediction. In ten years or less, most American environmentalists (European ones are more dogmatic) will regard genetic modification as one of their most powerful tools. In only the past ten years or so, after all, environmentalists have reversed field and embraced market mechanisms—tradable emissions permits and the like—as useful in the fight against pollution. The environmental logic of biotechnology is, if anything, even more compelling. The potential upside of genetic modification is simply too large to ignore—and therefore environmentalists will not ignore it. Biotechnology will transform agriculture, and in doing so will transform American environmentalism.

Jonathan Rauch is a correspondent for The Atlantic *and a senior writer for* National Journal. *He is also a writer in residence at the Brookings Institution and the author of several books, including* Government's End: Why Washington Stopped Working *(1999).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LESSON *by Philip Levine*

.....

Early in the final industrial century
on the street where I was born lived
a doctor who smoked black shag
and walked his dog each morning
as he muttered to himself in a language
only the dog knew. The doctor had saved
my brother's life, the story went, reached
two stained fingers down his throat
to extract a chicken bone and then
bowed to kiss the ring-encrusted hand
of my beautiful mother, a young widow
on the lookout for a professional.
Years before, before the invention of smog,
before Fluid Drive, the eight-hour day,
the iron lung, I'd come into the world
in a shower of industrial filth raining
from the bruised sky above Detroit.
Time did not stop. Mother married
a bland wizard in clutch plates
and drive shafts. My uncles went off
to their world wars, and I began a career
in root vegetables. Each morning,
just as the dark expired, the corner church
tolled its bells. Beyond the church
an oily river ran both day and night
and there along its banks I first conversed
with the doctor and Waldo, his dog.
"Young man," he said in words
resembling English, "you would dress
heavy for autumn, scarf, hat, gloves.
Not to smoke," he added, "as I do."
Eleven, small for my age but ambitious,
I took whatever good advice I got,
though I knew then what I know
now: the past, not the future, was mine.
If I told you he and I became pals
even though I barely understood him
would you doubt me? Wakened before dawn
by the Catholic bells, I would dress
in the dark—remembering scarf, hat, gloves—
to make my way into the deserted streets
to where Waldo and his master ambled
the riverbank. Sixty-four years ago,
and each morning is frozen in memory,
each a lesson in what was to come.
What was to come? you ask. This world
as we have it, utterly unknowable,
utterly unacceptable, utterly unlovable,
the world we waken to each day
with or without bells. The lesson was
in his hands, one holding a cigarette,
the other buried in blond dog fur, and in
his words thick with laughter, hushed,
incomprehensible, words that were sound
only without sense, just as these must be.
Staring into the moist eyes of my maestro,
I heard the lost voices of creation running
over stones as the last darkness sifted upward,
voices saddened by the milky residue
of machine shops and spangled with first light,
discordant, harsh, but voices nonetheless.

Philip Levine's recent books include The Mercy *(2000), a collection of poems, and* So Ask: Essays, Conversations, and Interviews *(2002). He received the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1995.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UCLA live

Our Favorite Writers

A Series of Readings and Shop Talk
with Mona Simpson
curated by the UCLA English Department
and *The Atlantic Monthly*

Jeffrey Eugenides
Alice McDermott
Peter Carey
Tobias Wolff
Martin Amis &
Christopher Hitchens

Jeffrey Eugenides
Pulitzer-winning author of the haunting *The Virgin Suicides*, Eugenides "has emerged as the great American writer that many of us suspected him of being" [*Los Angeles Times*].

Mon, Sept 15 at 8pm
Schoenberg Hall

Alice McDermott
Author of the National Book Award-winning *Charming Billy*, McDermott "is the master of a domain that in the hands of most writers would be limiting...We should rejoice" [*Los Angeles Times*].

Tue, Nov 4 at 8pm
Freud Playhouse

Peter Carey
The New York Times called two-time Booker Prize-winner Carey's recent *True History of the Kelly Gang* "a spectacular feat of literary ventriloquism [with] all the makings of a swaggering adventure tale as well as a classic Western tragedy."

Thu, Nov 20 at 8pm
Freud Playhouse

Tobias Wolff
PEN/Faulkner-winning author of the dark, genre-defining memoir *This Boy's Life*, "Wolff's fiction soars...His descriptive prose rings like a struck bell" [*San Francisco Chronicle*].

Thu, Dec 4 at 8pm
Freud Playhouse

Martin Amis and Christopher Hitchens
The best-selling author of *Times Arrow, London Fields, Money* and *Experience: A Memoir*, Britain's Amis will be joined by friend and *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Vanity Fair* contributing editor Christopher Hitchens.

Tue, Apr 20 at 8pm
Royce Hall

Presented by UCLA Live, the UCLA English Department, and *The Atlantic Monthly*

Exclusive offer for *The Atlantic Monthly* readers!
Purchase 3 or more events and receive a 20% discount.

Call 310.825.2101
Info www.uclalive.org
Ticketmaster 213.365.3500

Support provided by Merle & Gerald Measer; Marjorie Fasman; and Astrid & Howard Preston

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & CRITICS

THIS MONTH:

Material Girl
"Finding something pernicious in people's buying their emblems from Target instead of hacking them from trees is sheer humbug." Tom Carson reviews Virginia Postrel's *The Substance of Style*
PAGE 115

Notes From a Native Daughter
Benjamin Schwarz finds that Joan Didion's *Where I Was From* confirms "her apparently irreversible decline"
PAGE 119

Nannyhood and Apple Pie
The Commercialization of Intimate Life, by Arlie Russell Hochschild, reviewed by Sandra Tsing Loh
PAGE 122

Divine Comedy
Jamesland, by Michelle Huneven, reviewed by Elizabeth Judd
PAGE 124

Alpine Daisy Miller
L'Affaire, by Diane Johnson, reviewed by Thomas Mallon
PAGE 124

That Blessed Plot, That Enigmatic Isle
"Englishness does exist," Christopher Hitchens writes, "and I know it not when I see it but when I feel it." A review of Peter Ackroyd's *Albion*
PAGE 126

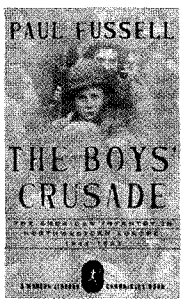
Sticking Together
Urban Tribes: A Generation Redefines Friendship, Family, and Commitment, by Ethan Watters, reviewed by Caitlin Flanagan
PAGE 133

NEW & NOTEWORTHY

What to read this month

BY BENJAMIN SCHWARZ

In this superb, tough-minded, and impressionistic introduction to the experiences of the U.S. infantry in northwest Europe from D-Day to Germany's surrender, Paul Fussell confronts the sanctimonious "military romanticism" of Messrs. Ambrose, Brokaw, and Spielberg, "which, if not implying that war is really good for you, does suggest that it contains desirable elements—pride, companionship, and the consciousness of virtue enforced by deadly weapons." In fact, Fussell says, "there is nothing in infantry warfare to raise the spirits at all, and anyone who imagines a military 'victory' gratifying is mistaken." Fussell (who as an infantry officer was severely wounded in France during the war) is the author of two of the great works of postwar literary and cultural history, *The Great War and Modern Memory* and the undeservedly neglected *Wartime*, which explored the chasm between the sanitized, optimistic publicity and euphemism of the American and British home fronts and the trauma and terror that confronted the fighting men. In *The Boys' Crusade* he applies the critical perspective of *Wartime* to chronicle, in a mere 184 pages, the U.S. ground war in France and Germany. His account is selective: the D-Day landings are so well known that he skips them entirely (but does note the largely forgotten fact that to fool the Germans into thinking that the Allies would land at Calais rather than Normandy, the Americans and the British bombed the former area far more heavily than the latter, so "even the Germans found it hard to believe that their enemy would kill so many civilians merely to maintain a deception"). He focuses instead on small, unnoticed, and invariably unpleasant, if not appalling, details. (For instance, to illustrate the disparity between the relative luxury of the American GIs and the austerity of the British Tommies—which engendered profound ill will on the part of the latter toward the former—Fussell notes that the American Army allocated 22.5 sheets of toilet paper per day for its soldiers, and the British allocated three.) Above all, Fussell honors his fellow combat veterans by treating them not as plaster saints, as Brokaw and Company would have it, but as men—and remembering that when they were shipped to Europe, most were merely boys. To Ambrose, all fighting men "knew they were fighting for decency and democracy



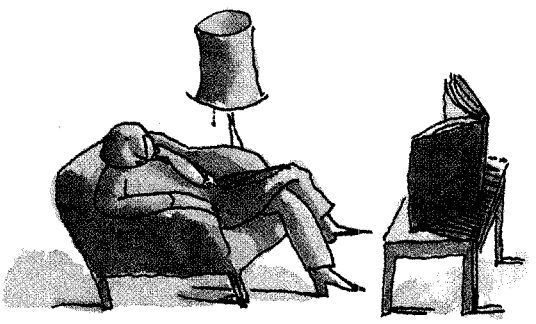
THE BOYS' CRUSADE
by Paul Fussell
Modern Library

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and they were proud of it and motivated by it"; Fussell is highly skeptical that men would kill for such abstract and gaseous sentiments, and knows that "the threat of shame and contempt before an audience of valued intimate acquaintances was more powerful than patriotism or ideology or hatred of the enemy in exacting uncowardly behavior from soldiers." And whereas Ambrose celebrates "the spirit of those GIs handing out candy and helping to bring democracy to their former enemies," Fussell brings a dose of realism to the behavior of seventeen-, eighteen-, and nineteen-year-old American males (rarely drawn from the most refined circles) who had spent months slaughtering and seeing their fellows slaughtered: the French sold the troops watered-down wine; "the GIs countered by throwing from their vehicles, in answer to begging cries for cigarettes and candies, used and ripe old condoms, 'filled,' said one soldier, 'with our drainings.'" And he possesses the intellectual clarity to note the obvious: "What has been celebrated as the Greatest Generation included among the troops and their officers plenty of criminals, psychopaths, cowards, and dolts." Sardonic, with a sharp eye for the absurd, Fussell elucidates both strategy (he's especially insightful on the thorny relationship between the British and American high commands) and the perceptions, behavior, and experience of the troops. His viewpoint—that combat, even combat that defeats Nazi Germany, is without uplift, without virtue, and without purpose—will antagonize some readers and offend the moral narcissism of others. But his book is the best—the smartest, most concise, and most briskly written—introduction to its subject. It would make an excellent high school text (and Father's Day gift). Those readers wishing to explore the topic in more detail should—please—eschew Ambrose and Brokaw and turn instead to three unusually clear-eyed, and hence overlooked, accounts: *The Sharp End: The Fighting Man in World War II* and *Brute Force: Allied Strategy and Tactics in the Second World War*, both by John Ellis, and the often terrifying *The Crash of Ruin: American Combat Soldiers in Europe During World War II*, by Peter Schrijvers, which is a masterpiece.

HISTORY

THE RISE OF WESTERN CHRISTENDOM, Second Edition, *by Peter Brown* (Blackwell). Very few scholars so dominate their fields as Peter Brown does the history of late antiquity and the Dark Ages (roughly the years 200 to 1000), and his supremacy owes as much to the felicity and authority of his prose as to his truly awesome learning. His *Augustine of Hippo*, first published in 1967, remains the definitive account of its topic and one of the great scholarly biographies.



For the next nearly thirty years he wrote a series of monographs that continually revolutionized academic thinking on late antiquity. In 1996 he published his great distillation, the first edition of this book. It instantly became the essential work on the subject. But research incessantly accrues—and, as Brown emphasizes, there was a "dam burst" of scholarship on late antiquity in the late 1990s (an astonishing number of works cited in this latest edition were published after he wrote the first edition)—so, with characteristic rigor and conscientiousness, Brown has comprehensively revised, expanded, and amplified his original study to produce this even richer, deeper, and more polished summa. Surveying economic, military, religious, art, and agricultural history; employing the terms and perspectives of anthropology and social psychology; and ranging from Iceland to the borders of China, from *Beowulf* to the Koran, from the monks on the bleak islands off Ireland to the holy men in the Egyptian desert, from the conversions in Scandinavia to Islamic-Christian contact and collisions in northern Syria, Brown reifies not merely the processes by which Christianity rose to dominate Western Europe but nearly every aspect of a profoundly alien world. Or, more precisely, worlds—for Brown emphasizes both the lack of a defined center in late antiquity (a period defined by many "micro-Christendoms") and the fluidity between barbarian and classical societies, between Islam and Christendom, between paganism and Christianity, and between Eastern and Western Christendom. (In a startling reversal of his readers' Western perspective, Brown reminds us that "Rome was a frontier city" from 535 to 800. "It lay on the western periphery of a great, eastern empire. Every document which the popes issued … was dated according to the reigns of East Roman rulers … whose careers were determined not by events in western Europe, but by what happened along the eastern stretches of the Danube, on the steppes of the Ukraine, in Iran, and on the Arabian peninsula.") With its dexterous and confident handling of an array of subjects and disciplines, and its exhaustive and detailed endnotes and bibliography, this book has encapsulated and synthesized a burgeoning field of scholarship at the point of perhaps its greatest creativity and imagination.

MASTERS OF THE BIG HOUSE, *by William Kauffman Scarborough* (Louisiana). Scarborough is a scholar's scholar of the slaveholding South. His first book, *The Overseer* (1966), meticulously and inventively examined a disregarded and vital functionary in the management of the plantations. For the next nearly quarter century he edited the lengthy and complex diaries of the nineteenth-century agriculturalist and extreme southern partisan Edmund Ruffin. Since finishing that monument of academic publishing he's been at work on this long awaited study of the wealthiest antebellum planters—the tiny cluster of 340 men who each owned 250 or more slaves. In a remarkable feat

BLAIR THORNLEY

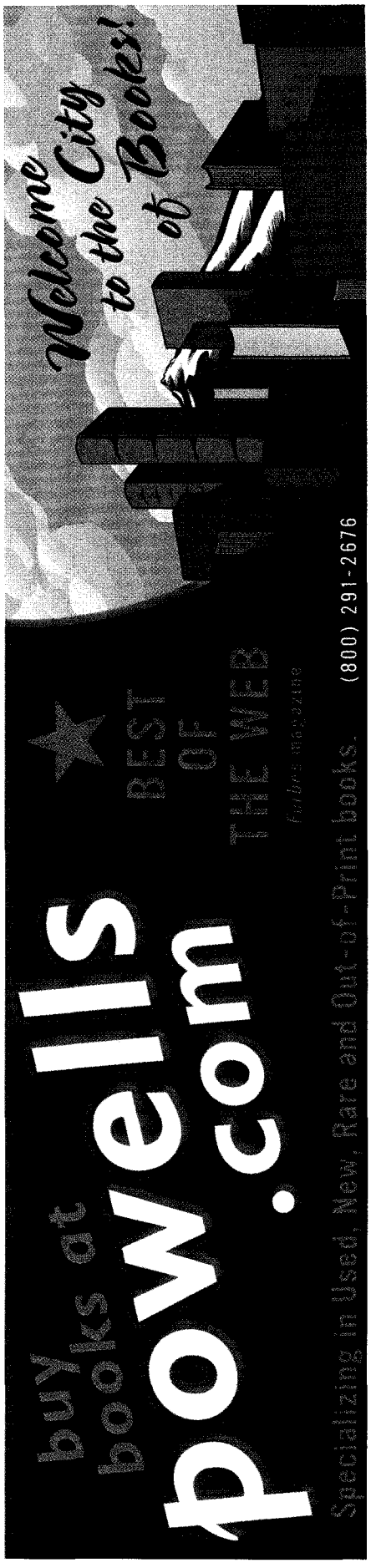
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of archival excavation, Scarborough probes the world of this cosmopolitan, highly educated, remarkably capable, and largely racist group. Not surprisingly, he's most penetrating in his analysis of the nabobs' extensive financial and commercial enterprises and of their administration of vast agrarian empires, which often encompassed holdings in multiple counties and states. But he's only partially successful in his ambition to illuminate the planters' "attitudes, values, and ideology." His assessments of their religious beliefs and practices, their educational values, and their treatment of and feelings toward their slaves are thorough, although they break no new ground. He does, however, echoing Eugene Genovese, convincingly refute the arguments of James Oakes and others that slaveholders were plagued by guilt; on the contrary, he avers, they suffered "absolutely no compunction about their ownership of human property." And he succinctly elucidates the planters' family structure—especially the relations between men and women. (In the process he demolishes the view that planter women and enslaved women were sisters in oppression, stating plainly that "slaves in the antebellum South were oppressed; the wives and daughters of those who owned them were not.") He's least convincing, though, in his "most important" argument—that the master class's ideology wasn't antithetical to bourgeois capitalism. For nearly forty years the debate about whether the elite slaveholders were essentially liberal capitalists or paternalists has dominated the historiography. Scarborough, who holds to the former interpretation, overstates and underargues his case and too crudely characterizes his opponents' position. Although he has unearthed and synthesized an enormous mass of records, general readers should probably wait for the publication of another much anticipated volume: *The Mind of the Master Class*, by Genovese and Elizabeth Fox-Genovese, who will have to address Scarborough's critique of their views.

RED-COLOR NEWS SOLDIER, *by Li Zhensheng* (Phaidon). This horrific book presents the only known photographic documentation of the entire period of China's Cultural Revolution (1966–1976). Li worked as a photographer for the Communist Party–controlled newspaper in Heilongjiang, China's northernmost province, and there he recorded the revolution's sudden grip, its organized violence, the mass hysteria it engendered, and the processes by which it turned in on itself—as purges begat more purges, and tormentors became the tormented. His photographs of orchestrated denunciations and public humiliations, of forced "self-criticisms," of rampaging Red Guards, of executions, all with the stupid, hate-filled, and oddly zeal-less crowd looming, captured events that combined the dull terror of the show trial with the sadism of the lynching. This minutely documented (the 285 prints were gleaned from the tens of thousands of negatives Li hid under his floorboards), scrupulously honest (the book orders all the prints strictly chronologically, and all are uncropped) record of revolution on the grassroots level should at the very least mortify those who, as morally obtuse college students, toted the Little Red Book (unread and unreadable) in their hip pockets.

LITERARY STUDIES

STRANGERS: A FAMILY ROMANCE, *by Emma Tennant* (New Directions). In this deeply sad book Tennant, one of Britain's most exquisite novelists, allusively and elliptically chronicles her dazzling, troubled family. They were nouveau aristocrats: Emma's ennobled great-grandfather built a chemical empire on an ancestral formula for bleach (when he died, in 1906, he was one of the six richest men in Europe). His daughter, the brilliant and biting Margot, married the future Prime Minister Sir Herbert Asquith (four Prime Ministers, past, present, and future, signed her wedding register). Eddy, his son, married the dreamy Pamela Wyndham (after Eddy's death she married Asquith's Foreign Secretary, Edward, Lord Grey of Fallodon). But Pamela, Tennant's grandmother, had been frustrated in a premarital affair with her only real love, and Margot (as Tennant

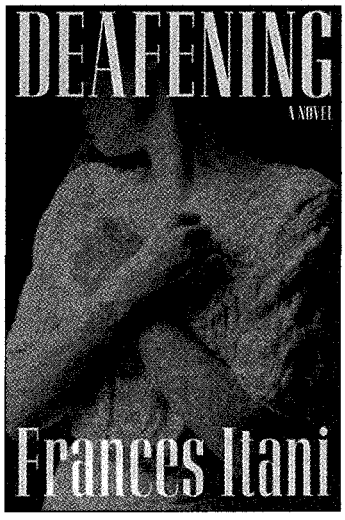


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 2000 Book Sense, Inc.

What's on Your Reading List?™

(Personal recommendations from your independent booksellers with BOOK SENSE)



Marian Nielsen,
Orinda Books,
Orinda, California

"*Deafening* is a beautiful book. The juxtaposition of Grania O'Neill's silent world with the unceasing thunder of the siege guns at the Somme was striking, and Frances Itani makes the pathos of those waiting for news on the home front as dramatic as the events in the muddy trenches of Flanders."

Atlantic Monthly Press
hardcover now in stores.

For your family and friends across the country, the Book Sense Gift Certificate is welcome at over 1,200 independent bookstores with Book Sense.
It's the perfect gift for all occasions.
For an independent bookstore near you, call
1-888-BOOKSENSE
or visit
BookSense.com
where you can shop for this book and two million other titles.

BOOK sense®
Independent Bookstores for Independent Minds

PERSONALITY
PASSION
KNOWLEDGE
COMMUNITY
CHARACTER

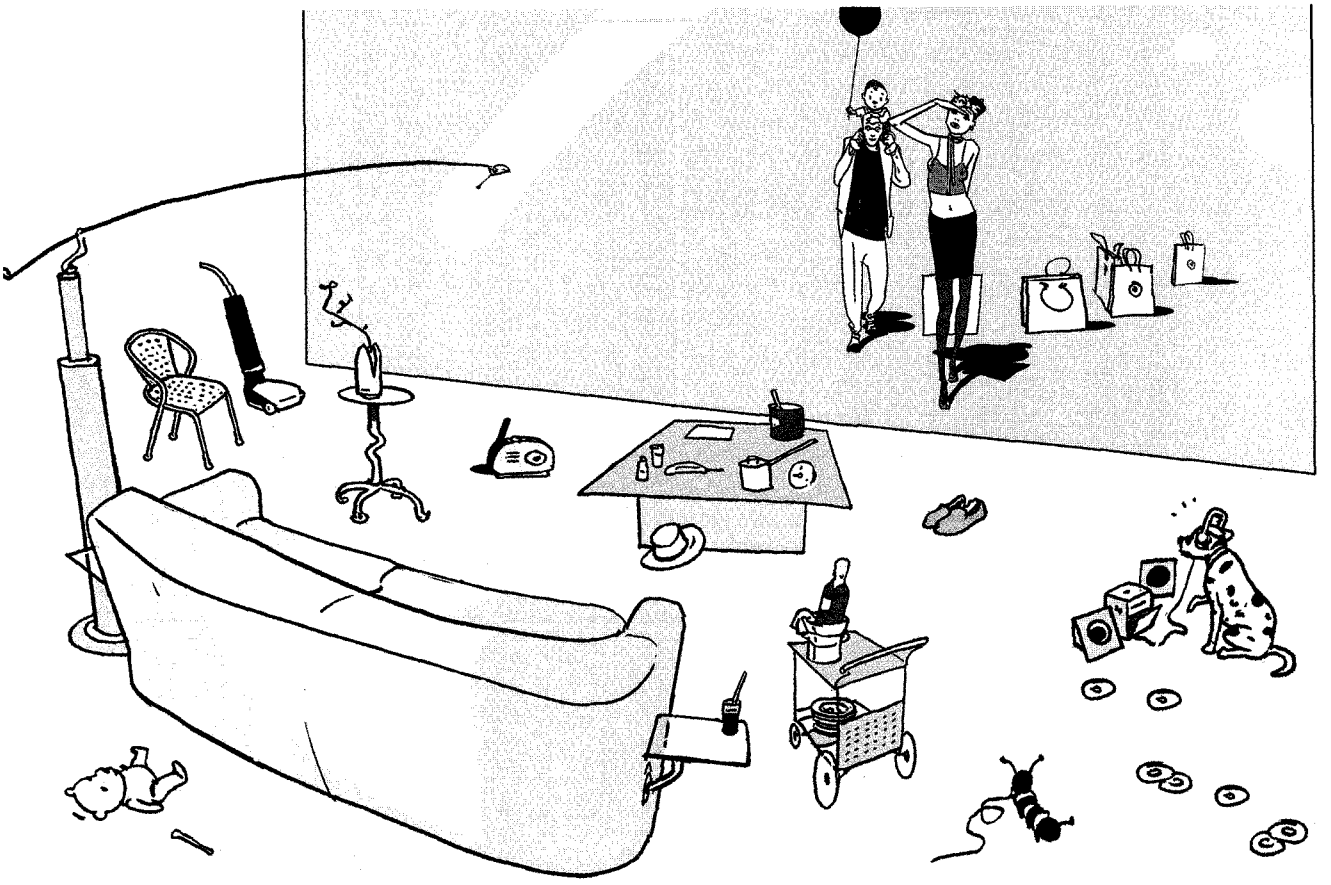
writes in her haunting present tense) "makes it plain whenever she can that she pities her brother for being married to Pamela, who gives him so little of her love and has an unhealthy obsession for her children." Tennant's account hinges on her discovery as a girl of a cache of Pamela's letters, the precise contents of which she never tells us, but which to Tennant reveal that all her family's famous unhappiness was caused by "the loss, the thwarting of love … by a life where love, diverted, must flow underground and feed those for whom such intensity of feeling is not naturally intended." Pamela's oppressive love for her children—her "jewels"—cripples three of them: the wayward, thrice-married Clare (whose doomed first husband's letters from the trenches go unanswered as she carries on an affair with Lionel Tennyson, the grandson of the poet—the best dancer in London, and England's great cricket player); the decadent and equally sybaritic David; and the effeminate (he was encouraged by his mother to dress as a girl) aesthete Stephen (unforgettably depicted by V. S. Naipaul in *The Enigma of Arrival*). Tennant's book—first published in the United States in 1999 and now reissued in paperback—is too oblique to be called a family portrait, let alone a history, and although its subtitle is apt, the story is a testament to the destructive selfishness of romantic love. But I think above all it's a meditation on the reverberations of the Great War, which for Tennant's class will not cease. On the eve of war, as Tennant reconstructs the scene, Asquith visited the estranged Margot in her room, kissed her, and told her that "the world indeed is doomed to die." (At dinner with the Asquiths the next night were Churchill and Rupert Brooke. The poet would be dead in a year, en route to Gallipoli, the military disaster planned by Churchill.) Asquith's son, Raymond, the most sparkling and accomplished man of his generation (as Tennant doesn't even have to tell her readers), would be killed, as would Pamela's most beloved jewel, the charming and sweet Bim, who could quote from the *Iliad* "with modesty and finesse." Years after 1918 Pamela and Grey were both "steeped in the miasma of death that hangs still over the country," and in the book's final chapter Tennant writes that in 1983, at her father's funeral, she found a wreath from his first wife, of the British Legion red poppies of Remembrance Day, with a card carefully tied on: "In memory of the *Lord Nelson*"—his ship, nearly half a century earlier, at Gallipoli. As Tennant's romance attests, for some, still, the First War is not yet merely history.

ARCHITECTURE

LOUIS I. KAHN, *by Robert McCarter* (Phaidon). With his obvious and intense indebtedness to historical models (especially Roman and monastic architecture), his infatuation with light, his conviction that construction materials and methods should determine design, and his emphasis on combining monumentality with contemplative spaces, Louis Kahn is indisputably the most humane of the great modern architects of the second half of the twentieth century—and arguably the greatest. Surprisingly, though, few full-length studies have been devoted to him, and in fact Vincent Scully's laudatory 1962 assessment, which remains the most incisive, was in many ways prophetic, since he wrote it before Kahn had designed his most important buildings. This richly and precisely illustrated book focuses on the buildings themselves, rather than on Kahn's ideas and theories (thankfully, since nearly all theorizing about architecture in the academy is flatulent and woolly, and that of Kahn, who was a professor throughout his career, is no exception). McCarter's text and the photographers' work are especially revealing concerning those buildings devoted to study and reflection—Kahn's most dramatic, and among his finest: the stark, intimate Salk Institute for Biological Studies (his greatest design); the soaring and serene Phillips Exeter Academy library (McCarter perceptively notes Kahn's artful devising of the study carrels, each of which he conceived as a "room within a room"); and the at once luxurious and severe Yale Center for British Art.

Benjamin Schwarz is the literary editor of The Atlantic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ISTVAN BANYAI

BOOKS

MATERIAL GIRL

For Virginia Postrel, the only thing wretched about the culture of consumerism is the excessive criticism of it

BY TOM CARSON

.....

Artifice has somewhat traditionally been humanity's best bet for making our surroundings more congenial, but a daunting wad of highfalutin opinion tells us that what was fine for the Medicis turns wicked once Dubuque gets in on the act. Nine tenths of the critical writing about commodity culture could be anthologized under the title *Killjoy Was Here*; whether the point of view is Marxist alienation or poststructuralist hauteur, it's a given that the critic is monkishly immune to the gratifications involved. Yet that's just why, tested against everyday life as most people experience it, the bulk of all this intellectual hectoring is inhumane rubbish—contemptuous of desires that aren't necessarily as unworthy or manipulated as charged.

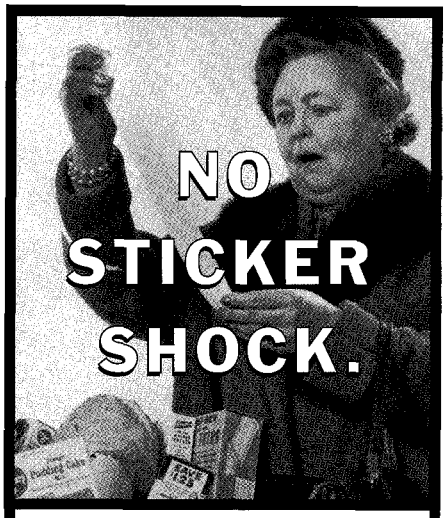
THE SUBSTANCE OF STYLE
How the Rise of Aesthetic Value Is Remaking Commerce, Culture, and Consciousness
by Virginia Postrel
HarperCollins

It's in debunking materialism's Gradgrinds that Virginia Postrel's brightly argued, maddeningly blinkered *The Substance of Style* is most provocative. A consumer advocate of a distinctly novel sort, Postrel defends our right to follow our bliss to the mall, pursuing beauty however we see fit; she also celebrates the vastly expanded options for doing just that in today's varied marketplace. Even when you want to quarrel with her, you're exhilarated by her challenge to preachy notions about the spuriousness of all manufactured delights. From Walter Benjamin to Thoreau wannabe Bill McKibben, we've never gotten a break from hearing that the contrived, sensational world we live in is a travesty. But after a century-plus of mass communications and mass manufacturing, can't we at least agree that the shock has worn off a bit?

Because it's groundbreaking, *The Substance of Style* is likely to annoy people both for what Postrel is saying and for what she omits (and I'd disagree with the second complaint far less than the first). But it deserves to be taken seriously, because it's the kind of book that crystallizes attitudes and assumptions that have pervaded contemporary life without much intellectual rationale. If sixties counterculture was—as critic Robert Christgau once called it—"that unprecedented and probably insupportable contradiction in terms, mass bohemia," today's cultural keynote, though a contradiction only to snobs, is something weirder: mass aestheticism, sought not in museums or concert halls but in practical everyday objects, home and commercial décor, hairstyles and costume.

Postrel, an economics columnist for *The New York Times*, is marvelously informative about two related phenomena that educated, moderately affluent Americans simultaneously enjoy and deride: first, consumer items, from tchotchkes to whole environments, now cater to pretty much every conceivable taste; and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At these scandalously low prices, you can squeeze even more books into your budget.

It's enough to make you weak in the knees. Brand new, top quality books — covering hundreds of topics and titles — at less than half the list price. Daedalus offers an incredible selection of remainder books from mystery to philosophy, cooking to photography, history to gardening, and kid's classics too.

What are remainders? They're "surplus" books. The difference between what a publisher prints, and what gets sold. Daedalus sells the best of them at up to 90% off. So call today for your free catalog. Or visit our Web site and order online. You'll be amazed at what buying remainders can do for your bottom line.

daedalusbooks.com

You can also find us at salebooks.com

Bargain Books At Up To 90% Off

For a free catalog call 1-800-395-2665

second, all sorts of items formerly peddled (and purchased) on strictly utilitarian grounds now emphasize design and sensual appeal. Even when Postrel's examples are familiar, the specifics can be eye-popping; it's one thing to know that architect Michael Graves designs household items for Target, but another to learn that the chain now sells over 500 Graves-designed products. In one of her funniest set pieces, Postrel lists the currently available models of the lowly toilet-bowl brush, from Rubbermaid's choice-of-seven-colors $5.00 version to the eight-buck Michael Graves one at Target to designer Philippe Starck's $32 Excalibur model and up.

One reason this gambit has a nervy side is that Postrel isn't using designer toilet-bowl brushes to send up ridiculous excess. While you wish the $400 gold-plated version gave her pause, she's trying to bring her readers around to recognizing the contrasting absurdity of thinking we're more virtuous if our brush stays spartan, ugly, and generally unlovable. In this case, her claim that aesthetic pleasure is the only conceivable motive—because prestige can't be involved, she says—is fairly shaky, since every hausfrau and most hausherrs know that bathrooms are the acid test of gentility. Yet she's right that there's no reason to keep toilet-bowl brushes unattractive, and so long as we need 'em, why shouldn't Graves design them? He's making himself of use to the public—a good thing for an architect to do, even if Frank Gehry will go to his grave believing otherwise.

On a cultural level, Postrel's larger contention is that today's let-a-hundred-flowers-bloom proliferation of aesthetic options is liberating, not debauching. As she sees it, consumers' pleasure in those options, besides being valid in its own right, involves meaningful self-expression. It's no longer about keeping up with the Joneses, if indeed it ever was, but about declaring either independence from or tribal kinship with them.

The book's best chapter, "Meaningful Looks," elucidates the workings of what Postrel calls (I'm assuming it's her coinage) "aesthetic identity," putting a name to human construction projects you can't walk a city block without encountering a dozen examples of—and may well be busy at yourself. Because the values and affinities asserted by everything from wearing dreadlocks to buying green iMacs are now subjective, rather than hierarchically imposed, she's excited by people's freedom to make their outer lives describe their inner ones—to, in one of her favorite formulas, turn "I like that" into "I'm like that."

This, of course, is exactly the transference—identity defined through material correlatives—that consumer-society critics deplore. Yet they're often impressed when folk societies make every bauble a complex emblem of identity. If the purpose is similar, which it is, and we don't live on the banks of the Amazon, finding something pernicious in people's buying their emblems from Target instead of hacking them from trees is sheer humbug. Postrel's most moving example of how much these accoutrements can matter to people is Charles Paul Freund's account of the Soviet Union's *stilyagi*, or "style hunters"—Stalin-era kids so desperate to mimic American culture that they chewed paraffin wax when they couldn't get gum and, Scarlett O'Hara–style, cut up curtains to make gaudy ties. The *stilyagi* would never have improvised this stuff if they could have bought it; do they get more moral credit because they had to resort to a folk version?

Closer to home, Postrel's most delightful proof that all subcultures are sisters under the skin is a Web site called Gothic Martha Stewart, whose founder perceived that her fellow Morticias were no less obsessed with presentation than Stewart herself. "Little did Martha realize how easily her elegant eggshell blues and seafoam greens could be turned to black and burgundy!" her parodist cackles. In *The Substance of Style*'s brave new world, however, Westport's glue-gun queen—now doing unjust penance for Ken Lay's sins; my own "Free Martha" bumper sticker is chartreuse, thanks—is something of a throwback. Postrel thinks it's overwrought to ascribe all aesthetic consumerism to status-seeking, and it does seem incredible that sociologists keep marching past the most obvious hypothesis, which is that having stuff gives people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleasure. Stewart, however, was put on earth to prove Vance Packard right. That assault-on-Everest clank of social climbing is unmistakable.

Thanks to her old-style class insecurity, the faux-WASPy Stewart also feels compelled to present herself as Authority—improvisation is not encouraged—and in this she's adhering to a tradition of dictated taste that *The Substance of Style* argues is moribund. All the same, she might be astonished at the company she's in. Postrel's well-chosen samples showcase the arrogance of the modernist belief that people had to be taught what was good for them, an attitude epitomized by Walter Gropius's crazed remark that if any students didn't like his arrangement of the furniture in a new Harvard dorm then they were neurotic. Swallowing the Bauhaus whole, British authorities during World War II felt that the austere furniture imposed by rationing offered a great chance "to accustom the public to a better standard of design." At least they didn't think that about wartime food, or maybe they did.

Today we're a long way from the nutball strictures of proto-modernist Adolf Loos, whose 1908 essay "Ornament and Crime," castigating all decoration as degenerate, could have forced Cotton Mather to change his first name. Still, the urge to equate asceticism with virtue dies hard. When Anna Quindlen, quoted in Postrel's introduction, laments the "depressing" sight of "Afghan citizens celebrating the end of tyranny by buying consumer electronics," you're amused to realize that *Newsweek*'s Mother Discourage—presumably tapping away on the only PC ever powered by a treadle—never considered that celebrating tyranny's end via a chaste contemplation of their inner light might smack to Afghans of what they'd had a bellyful of. Quindlen was also resorting to a false dichotomy, since wanting consumer electronics doesn't prove your values are debased; it may even mean that you want to listen to the news.

Postrel is at her best tackling the issue of "authenticity," by now aesthetic authoritarianism's last resort. The problem with this "rhetorical club to enforce the critic's taste," as she calls it, is that it's a club in more than one sense, with an unmistakable aura—if I can mischievously borrow a Walter Benjamin term—of an in-group determined to keep its experiences privileged. The anguish of Benjamin's famous 1935 essay "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction" is obviously genuine, and his abbreviated life makes it poignant, but that doesn't make him right. He's simply expressing the aesthete's version of a bourgeois fear of perks lost to the mob, which is why he's now the stuffed Eeyore propped on the dais at countless academic conferences.

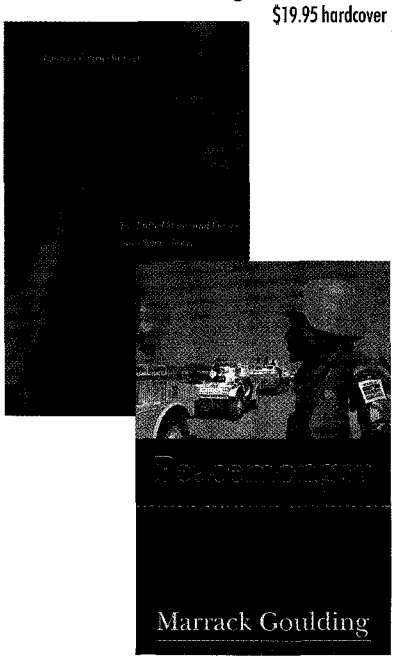
To demonstrate how fungible authenticity can be, Postrel brings up southern California's non-native palm trees—imported by early-1900s realtors to simulate paradise, but now as indelibly "Californian" as the Alps are Swiss. Her definition of authenticity as a subjective "match between form and desire" will horrify purists, not least because they'll be put out of a job by her insistence that "we can decide *for ourselves* what is authentic *for our purposes*" (aggressive italics hers). Early on, she describes a Johannesburg casino that replicates a Tuscan village in every detail, which does sound bizarre. But how would objecting to such artifice on *moral* grounds be less antediluvian than Benjamin's fear of photographically reproduced artworks? For whatever it's worth, Postrel reports that Jo'burgites have a blast in their fake Tuscany—and they're under no more impression that they're visiting the real one than postcard recipients are that they now own the actual *Mona Lisa*.

The danger in refuting anti-materialism is in swinging to the other extreme, embracing consumerism and fabulist contrivance with a mindless Tom Wolfean "Yippee!" (Of course, when Wolfe does it, it's not mindless; it's calculated, though no one has ever figured out to what end.) Postrel is too intelligent not to preserve—or affect—a sense of proportion, but she's still a cheerleader. Like most writers who praise dawn, she makes the night before too dark. As conformist as she thinks the fifties were, all those bullfight posters and Scandinavian coffee tables surely expressed "the desire to be different but

"This passionate appeal for transatlantic cooperation couldn't be more timely. Cohen-Tanugi's is a fresh voice that deserves to be heard, in Paris and in Washington."
Robert Kagan

An Alliance at Risk
The United States and Europe since September 11
Laurent Cohen-Tanugi
translated by George A. Holoch, Jr.

"An important contribution to the ongoing European-American dialogue, perceptive in its observations and constructive in its recommendations."
—Zbigniew Brzezinski
$19.95 hardcover



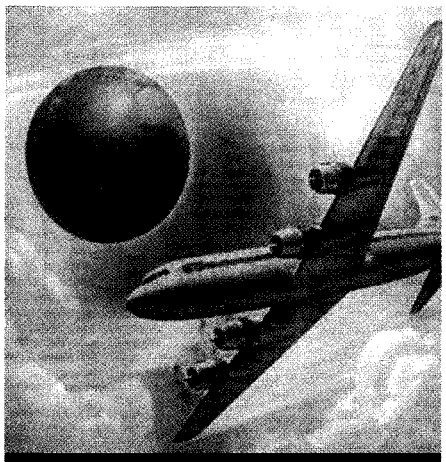
"Required reading for all who care about the diplomatic and military aspects of modern peacekeeping operations by the United Nations."
James A. Baker, III

Peacemonger
Marrack Goulding

"Never before has a UN official surveyed this aspect of the UN's work in such detail or with such style and distinction."
—Adam Roberts, *Times Literary Supplement*
$29.95 hardcover

The Johns Hopkins University Press
1-800-537-5487 • www.jhupbooks.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Send Some Warmth

Batdorf & Bronson Coffee Roasters features exceptional Certified Organic and other sustainably grown coffees from around the globe. Visit our website to learn more about our premium single origin coffees and blends. You can also order coffee subscriptions, gift selections and fine teas. Your order will be shipped immediately and is guaranteed fresh.

BATDORF BRONSON
Coffee Roasters

www.batdorf.com
800-955-5282

not too different," her modest appraisal of current consumer goals.

More off-putting, however, is Postrel's peculiar disregard for the human element, paradoxical as that may sound in a book hailing the age of identi-kit materialism. Even though she pegs the social factors that helped generate today's smorgasbord—women's new economic clout, the mainstreaming of gay sensibility, the rise of subcultures whose sartorial symbolism inspired epigones—they don't seem to interest her much. As a rule, she's much too eager to congratulate the keen designers (and nifty corporations: man, does this woman love Starbucks) who gave us our world of wonders, while slighting the inventive consumers whose creativity with what they had induced capitalism to offer them more. When she appreciatively notes that shopping malls are now designed as attractive social environments, she never thanks those lowly agents of change, America's much maligned mall rats—who turned shopping emporiums into community centers because they needed them.

Postrel's heedlessness turns into something worse when she hauls off at one Jennifer Portnick, a 240-pound San Francisco woman who sued Jazzercise Inc. for refusing to hire her as an aerobics instructor. Such cases often give people like me mixed feelings, since there's equal opportunity and then there's kidding yourself. But Postrel isn't ambivalent; she's stupefied that media commentators, who mostly sympathized with Portnick, were indifferent to Jazzercise's "aesthetic strategy." In fact, she can't contain her disgust that "outside observers"—uninvited, ignorant, and probably ugly too—"second-guessed the company's judgment and identity." While that's bad enough, what's truly atrocious is that this occurs in a chapter called—no kidding—"The Boundaries of Design," which otherwise is devoted to legal wrangles about inanimate materials: annoying zoning restrictions, excessive design review, and the like.

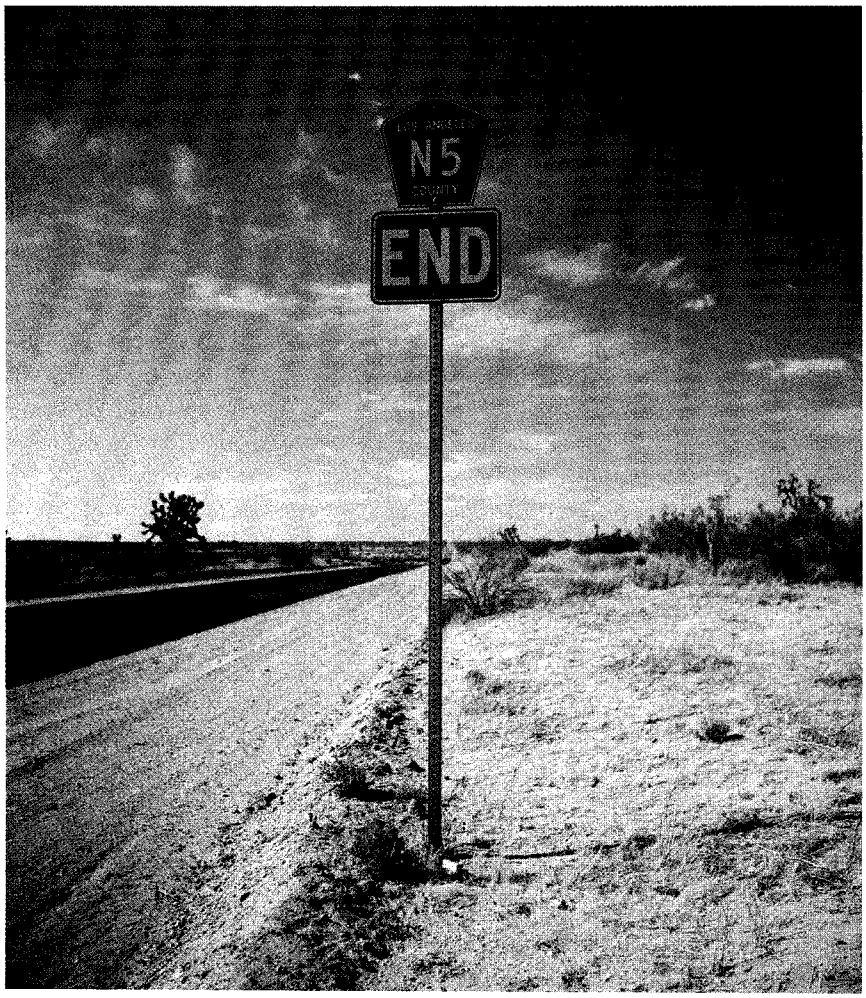
Aerobics instructors aren't much better paid than most service-sector workers, making me guess that Portnick fell victim to the biggest mote in Postrel's eye: class, a subject her approach elides at every turn. Or almost, since she's no elitist if you've got the MasterCard; it's part of her purpose to hail the "democratization" of consumer aesthetics, and she applauds the way affordable luxuries now let untold millions enjoy aesthetically gratifying lifestyles once reserved for the rich. Nonetheless, when this author writes "people," she almost invariably means "middle-class Americans and Europeans with disposable income to burn." Through the smoke of flaming checkbooks, they appear to be white; most are brandishing college degrees.

Postrel's one direct mention of a "two-tiered society" is a quotation from Pat Buchanan, whose trepidation she quickly pooh-poohs. In virtually the lower tier's only other appearance, she quotes a female journalist's amused recollection of the day she realized that, what with cook, housecleaner, colorist, dog walker, personal shopper, and so on, "it must have taken sixteen or seventeen other people to help me do all the things I needed [sic] to get done in that 24-hour period." Although Postrel concedes that "most of us" don't need a team of seventeen, she's delighted that, "if trends continue," more and more busy doctors, TV costume directors, magazine stylists, and even graduate students—a list that appears to be her idea of the human caravan on display—will enjoy a system that delegates the grunt work to anonymous peons. She doesn't seem to realize, or care, that she's implying such lesser sorts are our day's equivalent of what convenience foods were to the Eisenhower era.

You'd hardly expect a writer with her priorities to protest this state of things very vigorously, but does she have to be so damned euphoric about it? Since I'm not an ascetic, I'm all in favor of Postrel's praise of the material world's attractions. I'm even prepared to go along with her hints that our age of artificial marvels, teeming with new expressive possibilities accessible to almost all, may be the Renaissance, Part Deux—a parallel she can't quite bring herself to state bluntly, but we get the drift. But I'd like her better if, just once between Starbucks and Tuscany-in-Africa, she'd had the grace to recognize that lots of people during the Renaissance had it just rotten. Good luck, Ms. Portnick, wherever you may be. A

Tom Carson writes the Screen column for Esquire *and is the author of the novel* Gilligan's Wake.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MARK HANAUER / CORBIS

BOOKS

NOTES FROM A NATIVE DAUGHTER

Joan Didion's decline

BY BENJAMIN SCHWARZ

.....

For the past forty years Joan Didion has taken upon herself the task of explaining, or at least exposing, California to the New York literary world. She set her first novel, *Run River* (1963), written when she was twenty-eight, in her native Sacramento Valley, but her reputation as California diviner rests on her astonishing first two books of essays, *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* (1968) and *The White Album* (1979). At once romantic and jaundiced, elegiac and cold-eyed, her pieces largely defined the state—or, more accurately, the Central Valley and Los Angeles—for two generations of readers who came to see it through her eyes rather than their own. (The foreboding verging on existential angst with which Angeleno book-reading transplants from back east feel they must greet the coming of the Santa Ana winds in October is inexplicable absent the influence of Didion's essays "Some Dreamers of the Golden Dream" and "Los Angeles Notebook.")

WHERE I WAS FROM
by Joan Didion
Knopf

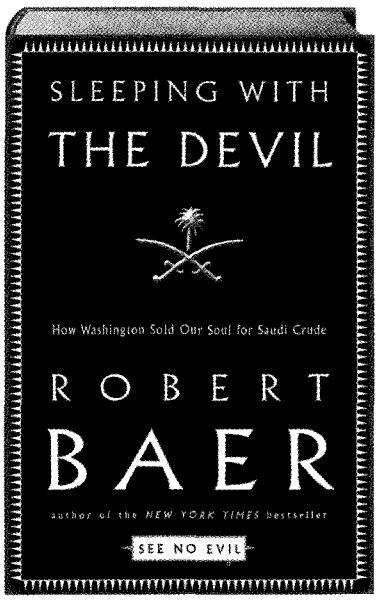
This native daughter mingled icy, matter-of-fact observation of lust and murder in the San Bernardino Valley and the less than savory aspects of the Summer of Love with lyrical descriptions of swimming the American River, which ran "clean and fast with melted Sierra snow until July"; of the first fall rains; of the Pacific off Malibu on winter mornings. Writing of James Jones's Hawaii, Didion said, "A place belongs forever to whoever claims it hardest, remembers it most obsessively ... loves it so radically that he remakes it in his image." Plainly, Didion's ambition was to do that with California, and few critics and readers believed she would fail to become one of the most important writers in the state's history.

But she went astray. It's clear in retrospect that even *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* and *The White Album* contained the seeds of Didion's literary decline. A self-important ennui infected too many of the pieces; her rhetoric too often drifted from the stylized to the mannered; and her embrace of her brittleness got on one's nerves, as did her penchant for investing too many things—paying the phone bill, spending the night in a motel—with a portentousness that approached the apocalyptic. Certainly, in part the explanation for Didion's decline is geographical, political, and social. In the 1980s and 1990s she was transformed from a quirky but essentially apolitical western Goldwater libertarian to a conventional and highly smug progressive New Yorker, very much at home in the most rarefied literary circles (a shift that coincided roughly with her removal first from funky Trancas to fancy Brentwood in Los Angeles, and then from Los Angeles to Manhattan). No essayist has written more originally or wrenchingly about forsaking romance for emotional survival and domesticity, but Didion has never had anything imaginative or interesting to say about politics, and her attraction to it as a writer is a mystery and something of an artistic disaster. Even those who applaud her current political views can't help noticing how banal and predictable her outlook has become. Reading Didion holding forth on El Salvador or the Starr report was not very different from reading any *New York Review* contributor expatiating on those subjects—but was in some ways worse, in that her pretentious rhetorical tics (among them a disdain for verb contractions) had ossified, which made her every mundane pronouncement sound, well, pretentious. Her essay collection *After Henry* (1992), composed mainly of pieces she wrote following her move east, contained the results of her occasional California forays (including, it must be acknowledged, a stunningly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the author of
The New York Times bestseller
See No Evil

"Saudi Arabia is no abstraction. It's a powder keg waiting to explode. When that happens, it could carry me, you, our savings and security away with it…



…The house of Sa'ud knows what the West is only beginning to learn: Worse horrors are out there waiting, worse than Usama bin Laden. We have to face up to a kingdom at war with itself."

—Robert Baer, 20-year veteran of the CIA's Directorate of Operations

Robert Baer tells a true, alarming story of raw corruption, terrorist connections, and dangerous compromise—between Washington and American business—that has turned Saudi Arabia into one of the most dangerous spots in the world. It's a marriage of blood, money, and oil, ripe for disaster.

As seen in *The Atlantic Monthly*

Crown Publishers
Wherever books are sold
A member of The Crown Publishing Group
CrownPublishing.com

precise line describing the hard light that hit the side of the now former Carnation milk building, on Wilshire Boulevard in the Miracle Mile), but these were narrow essays of political reportage that, the rare vivid detail excepted, could have been written by pretty much any affected journalist parachuting in from the East.

Many of Didion's devotees (including me; discovering *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* was among the most thrilling events of my reading life) waited hopefully for her return, figuratively and perhaps literally, to California, where her insights might again be fresh and her observations startling. I'd heard rumors for years that Didion was working on her big California book, in which she would revisit and develop the themes she'd adumbrated in her early work. But instead she has bestowed this slim volume, which purports to be an extended meditation on California's history—and confirms her apparently irreversible decline. To be sure, there are the same lovely, romantic reminiscences of Sacramento's old governor's mansion, of her family's tarnished silver, of how the stories and landmarks of the westward migration—the Donner Party's ordeal in the Sierras, Independence Rock, the Sweetwater, the Hastings Cutoff—became embedded in her memory (as anyone who has read nine sentences of hers knows, Didion is a sixth-generation Californian). But these are now a bit shopworn, and they carry a heavy tinge of snobbery—a vice she's often been accused of, but which seems somehow more unbecoming now that she spends a good deal of time castigating those greedy (and so vulgar!) Republicans. And the self-important prose is now almost a parody of itself. "Much of the California landscape has tended to present itself as metaphor …" is quintessential Didion—"tended" being a favorite term of hers. But what could it possibly mean? The reader is informed, contractionlessly, that "a good deal about California does not, on its own preferred terms, add up" and then later is told that "not much about California, on its own preferred terms, has encouraged its children to see themselves as connected to one another." Leaving aside the fact that "own preferred terms" is another of Didion's own preferred terms, can a state have them?

The book itself is a diffuse assemblage. Didion, for instance, shoehorned a lengthy piece on the "Spur Posse" in the southern-California city of Lakewood, which she wrote for *The New Yorker* in 1993, into a volume otherwise largely devoted to the settlement and agriculture of the Central Valley. (That piece, which suggested that the southern-California economy wouldn't recover from the end of Cold War–era defense spending, proved obviously wrongheaded soon after its original publication. Didion still adheres to the conviction that it was "impossible to sell a house in Los Angeles" in 1992 because "the money had gone away," presumably forever, with the defense industry. But to reprint that assertion in 2003 stubbornly ignores the fact that housing prices in the region have in fact risen for the past seven years.) The thrust of her argument is that the myths of California's past are … myths: agriculture was developed there not by yeoman farmers but by large capitalist enterprises; the state and federal governments' long history of subsidizing such enterprises belies and subverts the individualist ethos of the American West. That Didion can present these items as revelations would seem to display an astonishing ignorance of the historiography of and commentary on California written over the past sixty years, including that of Carey McWilliams and Kevin Starr. Didion, though, is hardly ignorant. Rather, she seems to have shrunk from her intimidating, youthful aspiration to "claim" her state, and so has retreated to the safety of clichéd (if largely accurate) revisionism. But whatever explains the shallowness of her book, it's clear that California is no longer hers, and she can't go home again.

Benjamin Schwarz is the literary editor of The Atlantic.

Recent books by *Atlantic* authors:

The Two Percent Solution: Fixing America's Problems in Ways Liberals and Conservatives Can Love, by Matthew Miller. PublicAffairs. A portion of this book first appeared as "A New Deal for Teachers," in the July/August *Atlantic*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whatever happened to that nice Jewish boy from down the street?

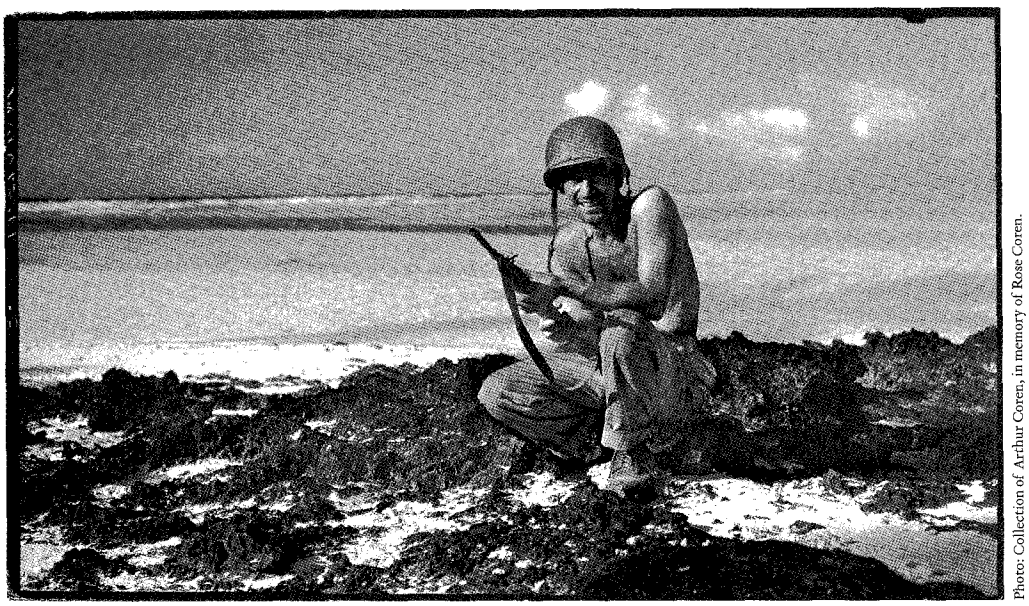


Photo: Collection of Arthur Coren, in memory of Rose Coren.

OURS TO FIGHT FOR
AMERICAN JEWS IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR

Exhibition opens October 21, 2003

They were on the battlefields of Europe, in the skies over the Pacific, tending the ironworks of Pittsburgh. They were your parents, grandparents, friends and neighbors. During the Second World War, Jews were accepted and integrated into America as never before.

This October, you'll have the opportunity to experience a personalized view of history's most defining conflict through the lives of Jewish men and women. People like Arthur Coren, pictured above, a New Yorker from the Bronx who served in Tarawa, Saipan, Guam and Tinian—through some of the most difficult fighting of the war. The individual stories, told through photographs, films and personal artifacts, intimately relate how the war affected people, families, communities and, ultimately, the world.

Visit the inaugural exhibition of the Robert M. Morgenthau Wing of the Museum of Jewish Heritage—A Living Memorial to the Holocaust. It's a one-of-a-kind experience that will expand your understanding of America.

MUSEUM OF JEWISH HERITAGE | A LIVING MEMORIAL TO THE HOLOCAUST

36 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK, NY 10280 212-968-1800 WWW.OURSTOFIGHTFOR.ORG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NANNYHOOD AND APPLE PIE

As capitalism's "latest recruits," American women may know less than their nannies about loving care

BY SANDRA TSING LOH

.....

On the bulletin board at my frantic Gymboree in Los Angeles there are flyers, business cards, and tear-off slips for services targeted at every brand of overbooked, underappreciated post-feminist new mother. There are lactation support groups, baby yoga classes, eco-friendly housecleaners, Reiki-trained doulas, and a service that takes the notion of mother's helper to a whole new level: "Nanny and Me: For your caregiver and child—courses in Spanish that lovingly teach your Latina nanny the customs and daily practices of Jewish culture."

THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF INTIMATE LIFE
by Arlie Russell Hochschild
University of California

This would be ripe fodder for Arlie Russell Hochschild, a sociologist and the author of *The Second Shift* and *The Time Bind*. In her opportune and profoundly fascinating new book, *The Commercialization of Intimate Life*, she writes, "Love and care, the very basis of any social life, are a source of great confusion in America today." This eclectic collection of essays—which Hochschild describes as "lanterns to shed light on what's happening to care in everyday life under global capitalism"—covers (and contrasts) a wealth of topics: Japanese versus American advice books, the transmission of patriarchal Indian customs from mother to daughter, male bias in academia, modern marriage, contemporary work. Although the lantern light can at times flicker, particularly in the sections originally presented at academic symposia, this collection is a must-read sociological primer for anyone concerned with the intricacies and ironies of American family life today.

Hochschild begins the book with a lyrical recollection of her own parents in the 1950s. Her mother was a troubled caregiver, cooped up at home, who "gave us many gifts of love, but each with a touch of sadness." In contrast, she writes, "When I remember my father, I picture him skip-stepping down a long flight of stairs in front of our house, whistling a jaunty tune, facing away from the house and from us." It's no surprise, then, when she informs us that "like many white middle-class women of my generation, I became a 'migrant' in the 1960s from the emotional culture of my mother to that of my father."

However, problems have ensued in this personal—and cultural—migration. Hochschild refers to feminism here—as she did in *The Second Shift*—as a worthy but "stalled" gender revolution. Women did skip-step off to work, but no one moved home to take their places. Men kept working the same long (if not longer) hours, while adding 20 percent of the housework to their loads, and although their fathers had done no housework whatsoever, these modern men drew resentment because their contribution wasn't 50 percent. Hard-driving wives trying to make partner at their firms felt it was unfair that they should do more housework than their hard-driving husbands. "Instead of humanizing men," Hochschild concludes, "we are capitalizing women."

Like some Big Mother in the sky, though, capitalism both creates the problem and rushes in with a solution—of sorts. Echoing Max Weber's *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, Hochschild writes, "Feminism is to the commercial spirit of intimate life as Protestantism is to the spirit of capitalism. The first legitimates the second. The second borrows from but also transforms the first." And incorporates, co-opts, and abducts it. At the product level capitalism proffers relatively be-

RICHARD THOMPSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nign items, such as Instant Quaker Oatmeal for busy mothers (an ad for which Hochschild winningly deconstructs). At the service level, plugging what Hochschild calls the "care gap" left open by women, we have, she notes, "childcare workers, eldercare aides, hospice workers, summer camp counselors, psychiatrists, and for the affluent, chauffeurs, family photo assemblers, and birthday party coordinators."

I think only a mother with a psychochemical disorder would fondly miss the light-headedness and nausea that come with blowing up birthday-party balloons, but here's where things get creepy:

> Especially in their more recent incarnation, the commercial substitutes for family activities often turn out to be better than the real thing. Just as the French bakery often makes better bread than mother ever did, and the cleaning service cleans the house more thoroughly, so therapists may recognize feelings more accurately, and childcare workers prove more even-tempered than parents. In a sense, capitalism isn't competing with itself, one company against another, but with the family, and particularly with the role of wife and mother.

So, fifty years of progress later, men are men, women are men, and a Third World nanny is home lighting the menorah candles. (Economic inequalities being what they are, tending strangers' children may be the nanny's only means of supporting her own five, back home in a different country—a phenomenon Hochschild describes in "Love and Gold," an essay that previously appeared in *Global Woman*, a collection she co-edited with Barbara Ehrenreich.) Perhaps more damning still, when it comes to child-rearing, the nanny (along with other "commercial substitutes") is fast becoming the new ideal. A nursery-school director quoted by Hochschild remarks,

> "This may be odd to say, but the teacher's aides we hire from Mexico and Guatemala know how to love a child better than the middle-class white parents. They are more relaxed, patient, and joyful. They enjoy the kids more. These professional parents are pressured for time and anxious to develop their kids' talents. I tell the parents that they can really learn how to love from the Latinas and the Filipinas."

Who or what, then, comes first in professional parents' hearts? Hochschild argues that owing to the "religion of capitalism" and the "emotional draw of a work culture," what many Americans find easiest to love is work. In a capitalist society work dictates the schedules, the deadlines, the urgency; product life cycles supersede family life cycles at every turn. (The capitalism so beloved of "family values" conservatives—the same capitalism that is so friendly to radical individualism—is by its very nature inimical to the nuclear family.) In a study Hochschild did at Amerco, a Fortune 500 company, she found that many employees with twenty or more years at the company were on their second or third marriages. "To these employed," she wrote, "*work* was their rock, their major source of security. They were getting their pink slips at home."

So sweeping a cultural trend is easy to track. But Hochschild's theoretical contributions to the field of sociology may prove harder to follow, at least for non–Ph.D. candidates. One of her major stratagems is re-examining the writings of the sociologist Erving Goffman —the results of which can include sentences like "But if we do presume a self with an interior life, we are led to explore gender codes that regulate the emotional bottom of that life fully as much as the interactional surface."

More potent are Hochschild's own thoughts on the American family under capitalism.

> When in the mid-nineteenth century, men were drawn into market life and women remained outside it, female homemakers formed a moral brake on capitalism. Now American women are its latest recruits, offered membership in the public side of market society on the same harsh terms as those offered to American men. The result makes for a harshness of life that seems so normal to us we don't see it.

As normal as a mother's hiring out the raising of her children to a woman physically separated from her own, though schooled in her mistress's customs. Such is the magic of the marketplace. A

Sandra Tsing Loh is a writer and performer whose solo show I Worry *was given its premiere at the Kennedy Center in March. Her most recent book is* A Year in Van Nuys *(2001).*

Tulips To Conjure With

From the vast universe of Tulips, we have combined top-size bulbs of 50 different varieties, all the long-stemmed strains prized by garden designers and flower arrangers. Colors are in the pastel range, including delicate ivories and creams, soft pinks and lavenders, and luminous melon shades, all of which blend perfectly with each other and with the rich greens of spring. We call the mixture Pastel Stretch, because it will extend your notion of what Tulips can do. Planted close together for maximum impact, spotted among a mixed border to get the season going, or even lined out in the cutting garden for bouquets, it's a show you will never forget.

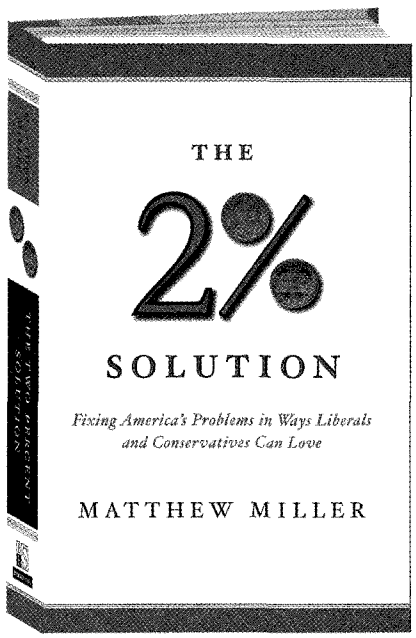
To order your Pastel Stretch Tulips, F977201, visit **whiteflowerfarm.com** or call **1-800-503-9624.** The mixture is priced at $25 plus delivery for 50 bulbs and includes detailed instructions. Your Tulips will be delivered at the right time for fall planting, with notice by E-mail before arrival. Please mention Source Code 32083. We look forward to serving you.

White Flower Farm

GARDENING BEGINS HERE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is a solution to America's problems.



"If liberals and conservatives could ever agree on anything, it would have to be something as blazingly simple—and original—as Matt Miller's 'two percent solution.'"
—BARBARA EHRENREICH

"Most people think that making America a far more decent place... is an unattainable dream. It ain't so... and this book is the best explanation I've seen so far of how a bit more money and a lot more sense can improve our society."
—PAUL KRUGMAN

"Matthew Miller shows that the biggest crisis we face is the crisis of imagination. Political leaders refuse to think outside the conventional ruts. But Miller has done just that, superbly."
—DAVID BROOKS

At bookstores, on-line or call 877-PUB-1234

PUBLICAFFAIRS www.publicaffairsbooks.com

DIVINE COMEDY

"Here is the real core of the religious problem: Help! Help!" said William James. In Michelle Huneven's irresistible second novel, the quintessentially American philosopher's fictional great-great-granddaughter Alice Black desperately needs a spiritual and romantic assist. She is responsible for a senescent great-aunt who mistakes her for various famous ancestors, and is pursued by the wrong kind of men—from academics "keen to sleep with a distant relative of the author of *The Golden Bowl*" to dippy psychical researchers (William James supposedly appears to more mediums than anyone else except Elvis). Some measure of salvation lies in friendship. Alice begins attending church, where she meets Helen Harland, a Unitarian Universalist minister at odds with her contentious flock, and a Falstaffian chef named Pete Ross. The three gather for gourmet dinners prepared by Pete, and the camaraderie gradually repairs past injuries.

JAMESLAND
by Michelle Huneven
Knopf

Huneven's closest literary equivalent is Richard Russo: both have an old-fashioned authorial munificence, a leisurely way of developing their threadbare characters, and an exasperated affection for unlovable places (her first novel, *Round Rock*, was dubbed a "*Magic Mountain* for alkies," because of its rehab setting). Although spirituality provides the bass line for the makeshift Los Angeles community Huneven explores in *Jamesland*, it's the inhabitants and the variety of their religious experience that keep the story humming. Huneven presents devotion in all its messy incarnations: Pete's mother grudgingly abandons a Carmelite order and Jesus Christ, her "second husband," to nurture her troubled son, and Helen switches her dissertation topic to Buddhism after discovering that "women of a certain age" commonly embrace William James. "She thought she'd discovered his contemporary relevance only to find out that she was yet another starstruck reader who'd fallen like a wallflower for the most popular guy in the pantheon." Helen, one of Huneven's imperfect saints, can pursue faith in bad faith—for vanity's sake—but somehow stumble toward redemption anyway. By underselling religion (Huneven casually suggests that "people who *choose* to believe in God and an afterlife often lead calmer, happier and more productive lives"), this divine comedy offers a glimpse of transcendence that's refreshingly believable. —*ELIZABETH JUDD*

ALPINE DAISY MILLER

For accuracy's sake, Diane Johnson's new novel should probably be titled *Le Mort*, since its clever complications—*affaires* both legal and sexual—all proceed from the demise, under an avalanche in the French Alps, of spry, seventyish Adrian Venn. Over the past few decades he has fathered four children by three different women—one French, one British, and, most recently, one American, Kerry, who is temporarily comatose from her own brush with the avalanche.

L'AFFAIRE
by Diane Johnson
Dutton

Johnson assembles a gaggle of potential heirs and *amoureux* inside the Hôtel Croix St. Bernard, and it is mostly through the earnest, well-intentioned gaze of one of the guests, Amy Hawkins (a wealthy California dot-commer, not quite thirty), that we perceive them: self-pitying Posy (Venn's British daughter) and her sunny French half-sister, Vee; Kip Canby, Kerry's teenage brother; Robin Crumley, an unexpectedly heterosexual British poet; and Emile Abboud, Vee's sexy French-Tunisian husband, whose success as a TV talking head is assured by his loathing of all things American.

The uncertain cause of the avalanche and the *Orient-Express* feel of the shared hotel push the novel toward the mystery genre, and conflicting French and English inheritance laws induce some fine cross-cultural commotion. An element of farce—zippy but not Feydeau-frantic—keeps everything energized.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Johnson must have begun this book—the third in a loose trio with *Le Divorce* (1997) and *Le Mariage* (2000)—before the run-up to the Iraq War, but *L'Affaire*, which more than earns its epigraph from Giraudoux ("The destiny of France is to irritate the world"), could scarcely feel more *courant*. Poor Amy, who longs to improve herself with further knowledge of all things French, finds herself instead "being made to stand for all Americans." Her belief in cooperation and her somewhat blundering generosity make her the variant of a familiar utopian type, an American character whose lineage stretches back through *The Bostonians* to *The Blithedale Romance*. And, of course, her manner and money make her as ripe for the picking as Daisy Miller. Before things are over, she'll have received the attentions of Paul-Louis, a ski instructor; Otto, a property-developing baron; and Emile, the pseudo-intellectual jerk.

For all her appeal, Amy cannot match the charms of *Le Divorce*'s Isabel Walker. Johnson herself seems to know this; she won't entrust her new leading character with the first-person narration she gave to the earlier heroine, also a Californian, whose combination of shrewdness and okay-whatever insouciance was a particular pleasure. (Careful readers will spot Antoine de Persand, one of *L'Affaire*'s lawyers, as a direct link to *Le Divorce*, whose Merchant Ivory adaptation reached theaters in August.)

Still, *L'Affaire* is full of tip-top invention—CNN arrives to speak with a post-comatose Kerry about the Joan of Arc vision she may have had prior to the accident—along with Johnson's always felicitous description (Vee, with her "tendencies to happiness," has "the fair ringlets and wide blue eyes of putti in paintings"). The novel seems oddly more confined when it forsakes the alpine hotel for Paris, and at the end it packs its bags rather hastily, leaving some minor plot lines sticking out like socks. But these flaws are of little consequence. Diane Johnson has a lightness of touch that has nearly disappeared from literary fiction, comic or otherwise. What a pleasure to be hit with her fluffy, sparkling avalanche, instead of the usual ton of bricks from almost anybody else. —*THOMAS MALLON*

Get our latest catalog FREE!
1 800.517.0318 • www.surefit.com

the **nature** of change

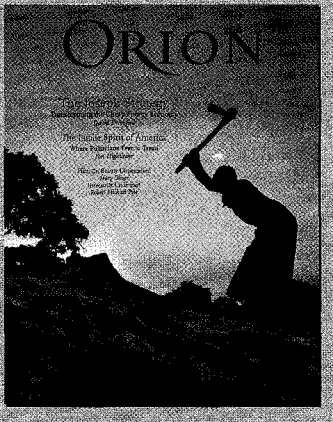
ORION
Culture, Creativity, and Change

In the September/October issue of *Orion* Magazine

The Joseph Strategy
Transforming the Cheap Energy Economy
David Ehrenfeld

The Public Spirit of America Where Politicians Fear to Tread
Jim Hightower

On Beauty Unperceived
Mary Oliver



How to get ORION?
Read excerpts or request a free copy online at **www.oriononline.org** or call toll free 888-909-6568.

orion**online**.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LADY OF SHALOTT, BY JOHN WILLIAM WATERHOUSE (1849–1917) / TATE GALLERY, LONDON / ART RESOURCE

BOOKS

THAT BLESSED PLOT, THAT ENIGMATIC ISLE

Is there such a thing as "Englishness"—and if not, then why can't one imagine Samuel Johnson as an Italian?

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

.....

What is it to be English? I should say for a start that to be English is to be mildly embarrassed by the very concept of "identity." To continue with the paradox for a moment: The English are famous above all for their insularity. That they are located on an island is essential to them. But not an island like Iceland or Samoa; rather, an island that is within swimming distance of the mainland, and thus an island that can be easily invaded, or employed as a base for invasion. Therefore, the insularity of the English has been complicated by two striking anomalies: their ethnic dilution and their history-making propensity for exporting people. Whole continents were settled by English (and Scottish and Welsh and Irish) emigrants, and I have hardly ever visited a country that doesn't have a sizable English/British cemetery. Then, owing in part to its extraordinary capacity to borrow and assimilate, the English language has become nearly sovereign as a global lingua franca; but there are areas of the nation in which I can barely make out a word that is uttered, and the class and regional aspects of Englishness ensure that England's sons and daughters are "branded on the tongue," to make them more readily classifiable by their betters.

ALBION
The Origins of the English Imagination
by Peter Ackroyd
Doubleday

The English have a justified reputation for being sturdy and prosaic, yet they have excelled in poetry above all the arts. They are often thought to be shy and retiring and even (by Hollywood especially) affected to the point of effeminacy. Yet few peoples have shown a more frightening and ruthless aptitude for violence. Their fondness for flowers and animals is a national as well as an international joke, yet there is scant evidence of equivalent tenderness in, say, the national cuisine. The general temper is distinctly egalitarian and democratic, even populist, yet the cult of aristocracy and hierarchy is astonishingly tenacious.

When asked by an interviewer if he was English, Samuel Beckett is supposed to have replied, *"Au contraire."* The nation whose passport I carry doesn't even really have a name, except the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, which is the bureaucratic result of a seventeenth-century compromise. (Northern Ireland is legally part of the United Kingdom but not of Great Britain.) The country can be identified in shorthand as England, Britain, the UK, and—"in very exalted moments," as Orwell once wrote—Albion.

Foreign observers of the islanders, from Hippolyte Taine to Nikos Kazantzakis, have stressed certain distinctively

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

English contributions to civilization, from the country house to the dissemination of Shakespeare to the idea of the "gentleman." And one would have to leave room for the figure of the English eccentric, of which Peter Ackroyd is a salient and florid example. Omnivorous, graphomaniacal, and polymathically camp, he has set himself to mine the English character out of the very landscape, and to quarry further into the architecture, the folklore, and the mythology in search of national traits.

Ackroyd's last exploration of this kind, a "biography" of the city of London, showed a certain talent for heroic generalization, which recurs here with redoubled force. He has two well-wrought passages, about the importance of old stone in English architecture, and about the strong feeling for trees and forests. Yet of what old established country could such things not be written? Greeks and Italians and Indians have a reverence for the mason's art that is no less, and probably more, intense. German and Russian obsession with forests is celebrated in music and literature. There may be no Sissinghursts or Garsingtons in Portugal or Sicily, but the love of the average person for an individual plot of garden is as old as the olive grove itself. Admittedly, the English often evince a high degree of confusion on this point: William Blake's "Jerusalem," celebrated for its line about "these dark Satanic Mills," still manages to speak of "England's green and pleasant land." The country that generated the Industrial Revolution and built the largest modern empire still has a self-image that is somehow bucolic. So we may add sentimentality to the list.

And yet, and yet, I know Englishness does exist, and I know it not when I see it but when I feel it. My ancestry is typically mixed. On my father's side were the Anglo-Saxon yeomen who still made jokes about the Normans (to the toff who said "My ancestors came over with William the Conqueror" the reply was supposed to be "Yes. We were waiting for you," or, alternatively, "And how are you liking it over here?"). On my mother's side were immigrants from what was then Germany and is now Poland—local hospitality to persecuted refugees, from the Huguenots to Marx and Mazzini, being an admirable part of our national history. Hitchens is actually a Cornish name, so there must be some Celtic blood to leaven this further.

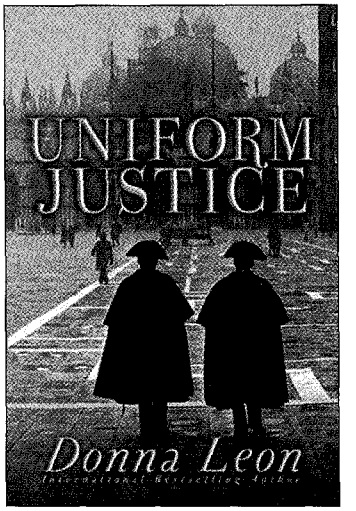
In my boyhood, much of which was spent on the western peninsula, King Arthur was a quasi-real figure to me. Ackroyd's chapter on Rex Quondam Rexque Futurus, "The Once and Future King," is a lovely meditation on the legend and literature surrounding this figure, who has inspired poetry from Malory through Tennyson to T. S. Eliot. (Both Malory and Tennyson referred to the post-Arthurian landscape as a waste-land.) Yet the more he strives to define the elusive leader, the more Ackroyd undoes his main thesis. If Arthur existed at all, he was a product of the West Britons' *resistance* to the English—or, at any rate, Anglo-Saxon—invasions of the late fifth century. The romantic verses that first tell of the chivalry of the Round Table were written much later, by Frenchmen, in French. Medieval English monarchs from Henry II to Edward I were accustomed to plundering the supposed grave site of Arthur at Glastonbury, in search of kingly legitimacy for themselves, thereby demonstrating that the "invention of tradition" is no recent phenomenon. All of this compels Ackroyd to a distinctly lame conclusion: "It has often been surmised that fact and fiction strangely mingle in English biography and historiography, so the story of Arthur may be adduced as the harbinger of a great national tradition." To say that this has "often been surmised" is putting it very mildly. But was it also a tradition when it began? The New Age hippies who these days flock to Glastonbury for the solstice are, according to this reading, the heirs to a long line of kitsch—including the Lerner and Loewe musical that gave the word "Camelot" to the United States.

It is of course essential to the myth that Arthur only sleeps, and will one day return to save his people in their hour of danger. Again, most cultures have such a figure of legend (the emperor Barbarossa is perhaps the best-known example). Sir Francis Drake, another West Countryman, who scattered the Spanish Armada in 1588, is likewise believed to

© 2000 Book Sense, Inc.

What's on Your Reading List?™

(Personal recommendations from your independent booksellers with BOOK SENSE)



Susan Diffenderfer,
Tall Tales Bookshop,
Atlanta, Georgia

"A riveting mystery set in Venice captures the heart and mood of this beautiful city. Commissario Brunetti proves a likable, intelligent detective, and his family and other characters in the book stay with you long after the novel is completed."

Atlantic Monthly Press
hardcover now in stores.

A Noble Radiance is being published simultaneously by Penguin Books.

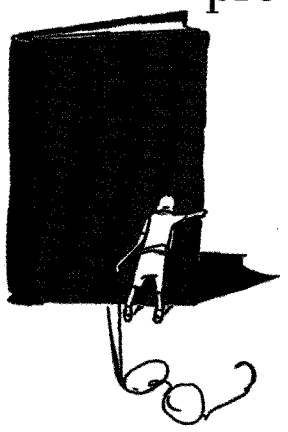
For your family and friends across the country, the Book Sense Gift Certificate is welcome at over 1,200 independent bookstores with Book Sense.
It's the perfect gift for all occasions.
For an independent bookstore near you, call
1-888-BOOKSENSE
or visit
BookSense.com
where you can shop for this book and two million other titles.

BOOK sense®
Independent Bookstores for Independent Minds

PERSONALITY
PASSION
KNOWLEDGE
COMMUNITY
CHARACTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Atlantic. preview



CAN'T WAIT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF *THE ATLANTIC*?

Sign up for the new *Atlantic* Preview—
the free e-newsletter that gives you an advance look at what's upcoming in *The Atlantic*.*

Before the next issue of *The Atlantic* hits the newsstand, before it arrives in subscriber mailboxes, the *Atlantic* Preview provides you with an exclusive sample of what you can look forward to. Editorial sneak peeks, article summaries, the annual "Year in Review," special offers for Preview subscribers only, and more—all in bright HTML formatting.

The *Atlantic* Preview is for the reader who wants even more from the magazine that already delivers the country's best writing on politics, society, literature, the arts, and more.

SIGN UP TODAY (FOR FREE) AT WWW.THEATLANTIC.COM/NEWSLETTERS

**The Atlantic* does not share any e-mail addresses with third parties.

WWW.THEATLANTIC.COM

be in a state of comatose readiness, though this notion was only really put into poetic words in the nineteenth century, by Sir Henry Newbolt. In rather the same way, William Cowper revived the East Anglian tribeswoman Boadicea, defeated and scourged by the Romans, as the herald of a once and future British dominion. Ackroyd doesn't mention any of this, and it took me some time to notice what is in fact the most astonishing lacuna in his narrative: there is no chapter on warfare, and precious little allusion to it. Yet the English character is and has been formed, to an exceptional degree, by stories of battle, victory, conquest, and defeat or (preferably) near defeat. Noble fiascoes like the Charge of the Light Brigade and the evacuation of Dunkirk are the gold standard here, but victories against overpowering odds are a strong second. And a whole associated "English" tone of laconic understatement and ironic stoicism sub-depends from it.

This is, admittedly, not Ackroyd's field; he much prefers to fossick around with ecclesiastical architecture and cross-dressing at early-medieval festivals. But I have a vague and I hope not unworthy suspicion that the oversight also reflects his own most potent nostalgia, which is for the lost England of Catholic and monarchical unity, and organic social order, that ended with Sir Thomas More. He shows this prejudice in many of his books, but here he expresses it most by omission. Could it be that he subconsciously identifies the martial English tradition with the rise of Protestantism? He would be perfectly correct if he did do so, but that's no reason for leaving out not just Oliver Cromwell but also Horatio Nelson and the Duke of Wellington while trying to profile the English character. A consideration of English poetry is, I should say, next to impossible without a treatment of the theme of war. (Wilfred Owen does receive a brief mention, but only because of a faint Arthurian echo in one of his verses.)

In his alarmingly slight chapter on Shakespeare, Ackroyd touches all the familiar references to "the Genius of our Isle" and "the god of our idolatry," and makes the useful point that the modesty of the great Stratfordian is the glass of fashion and the mold of form when it comes to the national liking for self-effacement. (Can one be proud of one's self-effacement?) However, we cannot know whether the obscurity—almost anonymity—of the man was willed by the man himself. And in any case, Ackroyd pushes eagerly past this problem in order to engage at inordinate length with the likelihood that the national bard was a closet Roman Catholic. That might or might not explain his personal reclusiveness; in any case, I think we may doubt that "in the ritual drama of his last plays he even seems to mimic, or adopt the postures of, the Catholic Mass." What we may not doubt is Shakespeare's absolute mastery of the art of annexation and incorporation—the way that he helped inaugurate the momentous expansion of the English language, in part by borrowing, and thereby lending, so many words. And here again Ackroyd is working somewhat against his own project: "Like the language and the nation itself [Shakespeare] is altogether receptive, taking up external or foreign constituents and molding them instinctively to his purpose." If we exempt the exaggeration "altogether," at least as it applies to the nation, all this means is that the "Swan of Avon" is perfectly intelligible as an internationalist. Indeed, those lonely but honorable crackpots convinced that the plays were composed by the Earl of Oxford rest their case on the evident fact that the author had an uncanny knowledge of Renaissance Italy. One rather well studied play is set in Denmark. To say, as Ackroyd airily does, that this cosmopolitanism "corresponds to the English archetype" is to say too much and prove too little. After the time of Goethe, as Ian Buruma tells us in his fascinating book *Anglomania*, the cult of Shakespeare flourished in Germany as in no other country except, perhaps, America. Ackroyd, discussing Englishness, reports that "an enthusiast once created an enclosure in which were to be planted all the trees of Shakespeare's plays." In Central Park in the early 1890s, as I could have told him, some idiot desiring to release every bird cited in Shakespeare thus introduced the vile starling into the United States. Either

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose 6 CDs for 99¢ each!

The Musical Heritage Society invites you to enjoy membership with NO OBLIGATION TO BUY MORE, EVER!

The Chieftains: The Celtic Harp. #5144883

Balalaika: Russia's Most Beautiful Tunes. The Stars of St. Petersburg. **#5147460**

Vaughan Williams: Hymns & Organ Preludes. Marlow. **#5151553**

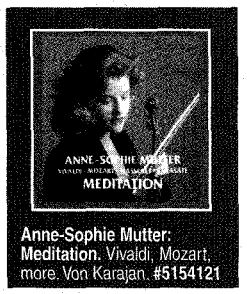
Puccini: Tosca. Callas, di Stefano, Gobbi. La Scala Orchestra & Chorus/de Sabata. **2 CDs #5249734**

Bach: Complete Unaccompanied 'Cello Suites. All 6 masterpieces. Yo-Yo Ma. **2 CDs #5263665**

Handel: Baroque Duets. Also Scarlatti, Bach, more. Marsalis, Battle. **#5164003**

Kissin Plays Chopin. Four Ballades, Bacarolle, more. **#5157511**

Stephen Foster Song Book. The Robert Shaw Chorale. **#5144892**



Anne-Sophie Mutter: Meditation. Vivaldi, Mozart, more. Von Karajan. **#5154121**

Choirboy's Christmas. Way, Soprano. Choir of St. Paul's Cathedral. **#5164012**

Bach: Brandenburg Concertos. Oregon Bach Festival Orchestra/Rilling. **2 CDs #5260346**

Oxford Church Anthems. Darlington. **#5157084**

Beethoven: Hammerklavier. Vladimir Feltsman. **#6710723**

20 Best "Tango Argentino." Trio Hugo Diaz. **#5150698**

Celtic Lullaby. Baloo Baleerie, Lea Rig/Kind Robin, Gaelic Cradle Song, more. **#5148950**

Amazing Grace: The Best of Scottish Pipe & Drums. Beeston Pipe Band. **2 CDs #5245596**

Bach: Four Great Toccatas & Fugues. E. Power Biggs. **#5164263**

Verdi: Il trovatore. Price, Domingo, Milnes, Cossotto. New Phil./Mehta. **2 CDs #5252864**

Mozart: Vespers. MHS exclusive! King's College Choir. **#5153266**

Joplin: The Easy Winners. Perlman, Previn. **#5139951**

Baroque Favorites. Pachelbel's Canon, Albinoni, Purcell, Vivaldi, Handel, more. English Chamber Orchestra/Leppard. **#5165762**

Symphonic Battle Scenes. Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Liszt. Bavarian/Maazel. **#5149619**

Mahler: Symphony No. 8. "Symphony of a Thousand." Chicago SO/Solti. **#5145006**

Sea Shanties. Men of the Robert Shaw Chorale/Shaw. **#5156601**

Mozart: Requiem in D Minor, K. 626. St. Martin/Marriner. **#5142983**

The Music of Debussy. Clair de Lune, Syrinx, more. Galway, Robles. **#5125948**

US Marine Band: Sound Off. Sousa, more. Bourgeois. **#5155675**

Horowitz: Early Romantics. 2 CDs. #5264431

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6. Oslo Philharmonic/Jansons. **#5146587**

Eliot Fisk Performs Bell'Italia. Scarlatti, Paganini, more. An MHS exclusive. **#5133877**

Bach: Goldberg Variations. Glenn Gould. **#5165413**

Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites Nos. 1 & 2. Plus Holberg Suite. St. Martin/Marriner. **#5158789**

Van Cliburn in Moscow. Moscow Philharmonic/ Kondrashin. **#5156530**

Fiedler and Friends. Boston Pops. **#5145506**

Vaughan Williams: A Sea Symphony. London/Haitink. **#5145560**

Schubert: Quartet No. 15. Also Mozart Adagio and Fugue. Ma, Kremer. **#5164503**

Brahms: Double Concerto, Piano Quartet No. 3. Stern, Ma, Laredo, Ax. Chicago Symphony/Abbado. **#5164923**

Mozart: Sonata for Two Pianos in D Major. Schubert Fantasia. Perahia, Lupu. **#5165717**

Sibelius Tone Poems. Finlandia, more. Berlin/Karajan. **#5143802**

Handel: Messiah Choruses. Malgoire, Conductor; Hunt, Choirmaster. **#5165860**

Brahms: The 'Cello Sonatas. Ma, Ax. Grammy® Winner! **#5156352**

Brahms: Ein deutsches Requiem. Grammy® Winner! San Francisco Symphony & Chorus/Blomstedt. **#5143099**

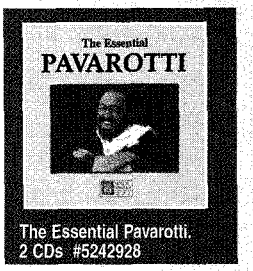
Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Play the Beatles. 16 tracks. **#5158985**

The Complete Rags of Scott Joplin. 34 tracks. Albright. **2 CDs #0706123**

Ravel: Piano Trio (1914). Gershwin, more. Eroica Trio. **#5152141**

Canadian Brass: All You Need is Love. When I'm 64, Michelle, Yesterday, Blackbird, more. **#5152936**

Vivaldi: The Four Seasons. Mutter, Vienna Philharmonic/ Karajan **#5153220**



The Essential Pavarotti. 2 CDs #5242928

Sergio Franchi: Romantic Italian Songs. Tosti, more. **#5149968**

Dvořák: Piano Quartet No. 2 in E-Flat. Also Romantic Pieces, Sonatina in G. Stern, Ma, Laredo, McDonald, Ax. **#5165913**

Rachmaninov: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2. Lill/ Otaka. **#5150367**

Isaac Stern: 60th Anniversary Celebration. Also Perlman, Zukerman, New York Philharmonic/Mehta. **#5164914**

Trios for Piano, Clarinet & 'Cello. Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms. Ax, Stolzman, Ma. **#5165477**

Bizet: Symphony No. 1. Also Offenbach, Von Suppé. New York Phil/Bernstein. **#5166725**

Vivaldi: 6 Flute Concertos Op. 10. Rampal, Linell, I Solisti Veneti/Scimone. **#5165486**

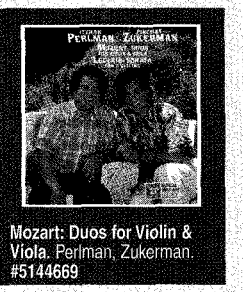
Mozart: Four Horn Concertos & Quintet. Brain. Philharmonia/ Karajan. **#5151277**

Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto in D Major: Meditation, more. Sitkovetsky. St. Martin-in-the-Fields/Marriner. **#5158547**

Mozart: Overtures. 9 opera overtures. St. Martin/Marriner. **#5133564**

Mozart: Concertos Nos. 17 & 18. Perahia. English Chamber Orchestra. **#5165726**

US Marine Band: Uncommon Valor. Bourgeois. **#5155666**



Mozart: Duos for Violin & Viola. Perlman, Zukerman. **#5144669**

Paganini: 24 Caprices on Guitar. Fisk. **#5135553**

Barber: Complete Solo Piano Music. Browning. **Grammy® Winner. #5135973**

Flamenco Clásico. Earthy guitar. Koster. **#6719920**

We'll rush your choice of 6 CDs to you for only $5.94 plus shipping and handling. About every three weeks (18 times a year), you'll receive a complimentary *Musical Heritage Review*. Each issue offers insightful commentaries by knowledgeable writers on classical music. We believe our selection of the finest recordings is so tempting, we don't need to pressure you to buy. That's why we place no purchase requirements on our members.

Reviews include "Recordings of Distinction" singled out by our editors for special excellence. If you'd like to receive that selection, you need do nothing; it will be sent automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, simply return the response card, fax or respond online by the date specified. You'll always have at least ten days to decide — if not, you may return the selection at our expense and owe nothing. **You get a 10-day home-trial audition on every recording you buy.**

For Faster Service, Fax to 732-517-0438

SEND NO MONEY — WE'LL BILL YOU LATER

MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY
1710 Highway 35, Oakhurst, NJ 07755

YES! Please send the six CDs indicated below. Bill me later for $5.94 plus a shipping and handling fee. Enroll me as a Society Member and enter my FREE subscription to the *Review*. I incur no purchase obligation whatever during my 90-day trial membership.

Write item numbers below for a *total* of 6 CDs (sets count as 2 CDs as indicated in listings):

E-mail (optional) _____

Signature (required) _____

Phone: _____ (in case we need to contact you)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

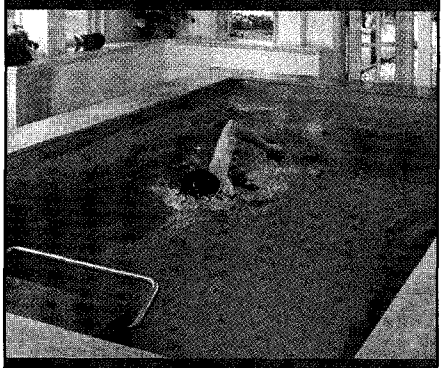
State _____ ZIP _____

Limited to new members; one membership per household. We reserve the right to reject any application and to cancel any membership. Shipping, handling and sales tax added to all orders. Offer valid only in the 48 connecting United States.

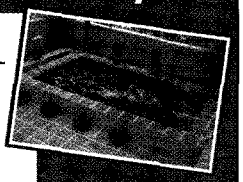
*03G8320 Photocopies of ad will be accepted.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swim at Home™



When exercise is a pleasure, fitness is easy...



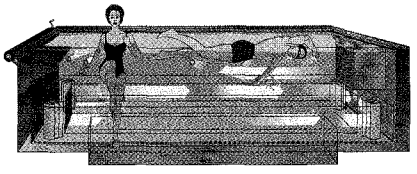
Now you can swim whenever you like, on your own schedule, at your own perfect pace. No traveling, no crowded pools, **no heavy chlorine.** Just your own 8' x 15', technologically advanced "counter current" pool, where you swim or exercise against a **smooth current** that's infinitely adjustable to any speed or ability.

Modular construction means **many sizes** and options are available.

The Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, **economical to run,** and easy to install inside or outdoors. Call us or visit our web site for more information.

- Fits where conventional pools won't: backyards, decks, garages, basements or sunrooms.
- The ideal solution to crowded pools, difficult schedules, "flipturns" and staying fit.
- Excellent for aquatic exercise, therapy and fun.
- Our architects and design staff can help you plan and finish your pool.
- Call today for a FREE Brochure and DVD or Video.

THE WATER CURRENT MOVES...



...YOU SWIM OR EXERCISE IN PLACE

CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-233-0741, Ext. 2517
www.endlesspools.com/2517

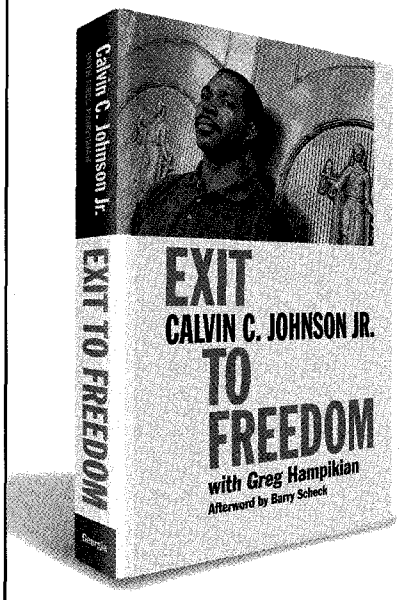
ENDLESS POOLS™
200 E Dutton Mill Rd., Dept. 2517, Aston, PA 19014

Shakespeare is universal, in other words, or he is not.

There are those, preoccupied with Stonehenge and other numinous English sites, who pore over ley lines and claim to detect special energy and presence in certain ordained spots. Ackroyd doesn't quite tear off his false whiskers and announce himself as one of these, but he is very much preoccupied with the "genius loci," and the means by which a place becomes invested with significance. Again, this sense of place is a matter of feeling rather than seeing. When I drive into Virginia, I can be reminded of England very easily, but there is no doubt that the landscape is somehow "newer," lacking the enfolded antiquity of, say, the Sussex downs, where one might come upon a Saxon steading or a prehistoric symbol cut into the chalk on a hillside. Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill* is especially evocative here, and Ackroyd employs the term "inscape," a favorite usage of Gerard Manley Hopkins, to convey the impression of something more in nature than meets the eye. And perhaps something more in art: About three decades ago the elm trees of England were laid waste by a blight known as Dutch elm disease (the English always name diseases after foreigners). I remember reading an account of the devastation that said the paintings of Constable and Gainsborough would no longer seem realistic, or naturalistic, to future generations. Citified as I had become by then, I was surprised by my own distress. In some schoolroom long ago, with chalk motes drifting in the sunbeams, I had been instructed that the line "the moan of doves in immemorial elms" was a near perfect onomatopoeia.

Something similar is to be sensed in towns and cities. George Eliot, in *The Mill on the Floss,* depicts a town "which carries the traces of its long growth and history, like a millennial tree." One knows what she means: place-names ending in "-chester" were once the sites of Roman camps, or *castra,* and some locations are much more ancient even than that. But again, the idea of the mystical place is at least as old as Delphi, or Hebron. Mention of the latter brings one up against Ackroyd's discussion of another national myth—the sixteenth- and seventeenth-

Read the only firsthand account of a wrongful conviction overturned by DNA evidence.



"A story that will have readers grinding their teeth until the end." —Kirkus

AT BOOKSTORES 1-800-266-5842 www.ugapress.org
THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA PRESS

JOURNEY TO SELF-REALIZATION

Paramahansa Yogananda

In-depth talks by the author of *Autobiography of a Yogi* on: War, Peace, Harmony, Karma, Reincarnation, Success, Nervousness, and much more.

Self-Realization Fellowship
Founded in 1920 by Paramahansa Yogananda
www.yogananda-srf.org

CELTIC HEART

A double-sided heart within a heart in Celtic style. Sterling silver $50 or 14k gold $295 on 18" chain. Add $6 handling. Catalog Available. 800-767-6411 or breakell.com

J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring St., Dept. AMCH, Newport, RI 02840

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century belief that the English were in fact "the chosen race," the lost Hebrew tribe specially favored by Divine Providence. This flailing nonsense, which intersected with the legend of Glastonbury and Christianized the story by incorporating the Holy Grail, held that Joseph of Arimathea had brought the boy Jesus to England. Echoes of it are to be found in Milton, who wrote of God's Englishmen; in Blake's "Jerusalem," of course; and in the oratorios of Handel, whose *Messiah* became the anthem of the concept. Ackroyd notes, "Handel himself became a naturalised Englishman in 1727, after his art had been thoroughly assimilated. The power of place is once again manifested. We may call it placism, as an antidote to racism." I find this a trifle glib.

The English have a justified reputation for being prosaic, yet they have excelled in poetry above all the arts. Their general temper is egalitarian and democratic, yet the cult of aristocracy and hierarchy is tenacious.

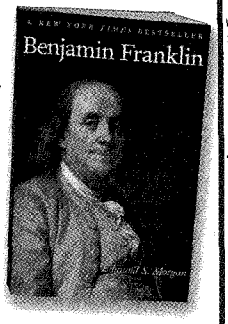
Ackroyd's unresolved difficulty, then, is his frequent inability to identify as "English" anything that could not be attributed as well to other nations. Admittedly, not very many peoples have identified themselves with the wanderings of the Children of Israel (the Mormons might be the most recent example), but it is a rare country that does not cultivate some idea of a special relationship to Divine Providence, and I would want to argue, against Ackroyd's sickly religiosity, that any such illusion is rather antithetical to the mainstream English character in any case. The potential for embarrassment is simply too great ... However, in two related departments Ackroyd is better at isolating something distinctive: the empirical tradition in philosophy does have something particularly English about it; and this in turn does appear to be congruent with something phlegmatic in the national temperament. The easiest way I can devise to justify this assertion is to invite you to picture the figure of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and then to imagine him as an Italian or a Hungarian. Can't be done, can it? It takes less effort to visualize Shakespeare as a Frenchman.

The intellectual traces go back a considerable way, at least as far as the thirteenth century, with Roger Bacon, who stressed pragmatic inquiry as a basis for philosophy; he was succeeded by William of Ockham (he of the razor), who in the fourteenth century stated roundly that all knowledge is derived from experience. From this it is no great stretch to the work of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, and indeed, to the robust and commonsensical figure of the good doctor, tossing and goring the flighty theoreticians and speculators. For good measure, Johnson was a staunch Shakespearean, and a close reader of Robert Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, which, Boswell records, "was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise." Getting up early in order to scrutinize Burton seems pretty English to me; Ackroyd is again right to see a connecting thread of melancholia in the national makeup, and to relate it to the skepticism and even pessimism that are its close cousins. Gray's "An Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard" was more or less the national poem for two centuries; indeed, in some ways it still is. And it's easy to intuit a connection between the writings of Burton and those of such equally classic Englishmen as Thomas Hobbes, Anthony Powell, George Orwell, and Philip Larkin—the latter three almost untreated by Ackroyd. I had intended to see if I could write about Englishness without mentioning the weather, but there's something inescapable in the innumerable implications of the cliché, and I cannot help thinking that Burton's gloomy but strangely bracing reflections had something to do with the dolorous climate of Oxford itself.

It is from the medieval concept of the four prevailing humors, so well adumbrated by Geoffrey Chaucer, that we derive the image of the phlegmatic. Transmuting this term is not easy, but many people (Americans especially) claim to recognize a uniquely English

INSTANT BESTSELLER

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
EDMUND S. MORGAN

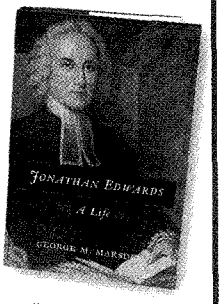


Now a *New York Times* Bestseller in paperback!

"The best short biography of Franklin ever written. . . . Superb."
—Gordon Wood, *New York Review of Books*

"Sublime."—*Newsweek*

JONATHAN EDWARDS
GEORGE M. MARSDEN



"Superb."
—Robert D. Richardson, *Washington Post Book World*

"Marsden makes a convincing case for [Edwards's] greatness."
—Garry Wills, *New York Times Book Review* (front page)

NELSON
EDGAR VINCENT

"Masterly. . . . A remarkable book on all fronts."
—Hilary Spurling, *New York Times Book Review* (front page)

"Extraordinary."
—Benjamin Schwarz, *Atlantic Monthly*

At bookstores everywhere
yalebooks.com

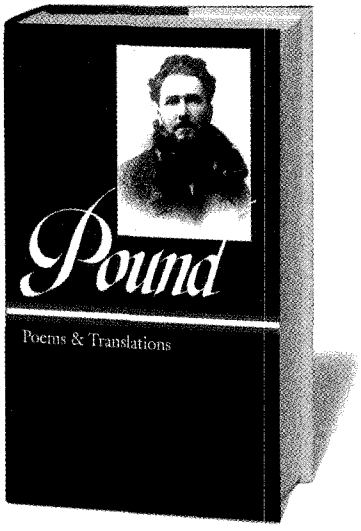
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Muse of the Modern

From The Library of America, the first collected edition of the brilliant and controversial poet

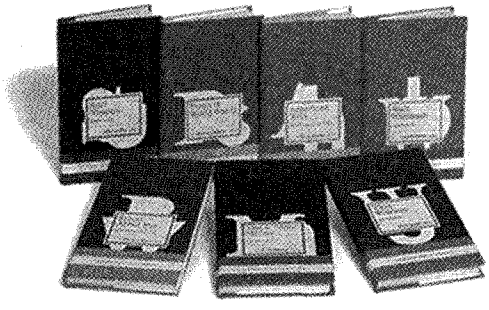
American literature's modernist revolution is inconceivable without the dazzling example and catalyzing presence of Ezra Pound. Gathering all of Pound's poems save his book-length *Cantos*, here is the definitve record of an astonishing American master.

Included are the lush early lyrics, the chiseled free verse of the 1920s, and the remarkable translations that led T. S. Eliot to call Pound "the inventor of Chinese poetry for our time." A newly researched chronology offers guidance to Pound's tumultuous life, and detailed notes clarify his wide-ranging allusions to the poems of the Troubadors and the art of Renaissance Italy, to ancient Chinese philosophy and Japanese mythology, and much more.



Pound: Poems and Translations
Richard Sieburth, editor
1363 pages
$45.00

New from the **American Poets Project**



Edgar Allan Poe
Poems and Poetics
Richard Wilbur, editor
208 pages, $20.00

American Wits
An Anthology of Light Verse
John Hollander, editor
224 pages, $20.00

Yvor Winters
Selected Poems
Thom Gunn, editor
208 pages, $20.00

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA
America's best writers deserve America's best editions

In bookstores October 2003. Distributed by Penguin Putnam Inc.
Visit **www.loa.org** for news, events, excerpts, subscription information, and other special features.

sense of humor. One is on very treacherous ground here. I remember being told quite deadpan, soon after arriving in the United States, that "of course you guys have irony, which we don't." The best I could do was to murmur "Apparently not," but I took care to do so somewhat under my breath. Ackroyd likes a laugh, all right, but his attention to comedy is usually focused on the broad and farcical tradition in English entertainment, with its heavy stress on bodily functions and collapsing scenery. The Monty Python school is fond of anarchy and vulgarity also, but this manic energy would be directionless if it were not a satire on understatement, dryness, and self-deprecation, which are the outward forms that reserved English irony chooses to adopt. In this connection it is astonishing that Ackroyd can have left out P. G. Wodehouse, another individual who meets the test of being unimaginable as a product of any other culture.

But "what should they know of England who only England know?" Kipling and Orwell and Wodehouse spent a large part of their lives outside the country, far away from the reassurance of warm beer, cold beef, drizzle, cricket, and oak-and-elm-infested landscapes. Professional Englishmen like Alistair Cooke, or Anglophile enterprises such as *Masterpiece Theatre* and the Merchant Ivory school, can operate well outside the insular context itself. This is probably why another national elegiac poem—Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier"—is best known for its tear-inducing line about "some corner of a foreign field / That is for ever, England." It is said that the English regiments about to be immolated in Flanders during World War I requested a reading of John of Gaunt's deathbed speech from *Richard II*, replete as it is with semi-magical nationalist references, before advancing patiently and doggedly into the killing fields. "This precious stone set in the silver sea … this fortress built by Nature for herself … this sceptred isle … this little world." Plainly, the officers or chaplains who read the speech must have broken off before reaching the climax, where old Gaunt speaks of the degeneration of the island into something more resembling "a tenement or pelting farm." But the main oration perfectly enshrines

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much of the sentimental self-image of England as something miniature and vulnerable, albeit stern and defiant. In its evocation of "this other Eden, demi-paradise" and "this blessed plot," it further satisfies Ackroyd's insistence on the sacralized sense of place. His own *Albion*, however, overlooks the way in which Englishness was imposed upon others, underplays the emaciation of England's central monarchic symbol, glosses over the spread of parodic "heritage" tourism, and in general reviews the pageant while omitting the elements of tragedy.

Christopher Hitchens is a contributing editor of The Atlantic *and a columnist for* Vanity Fair. *His latest book,* A Long Short War: The Postponed Liberation of Iraq, *has just been published.*

BOOKS

STICKING TOGETHER

Coming (slowly) of age in the Big City

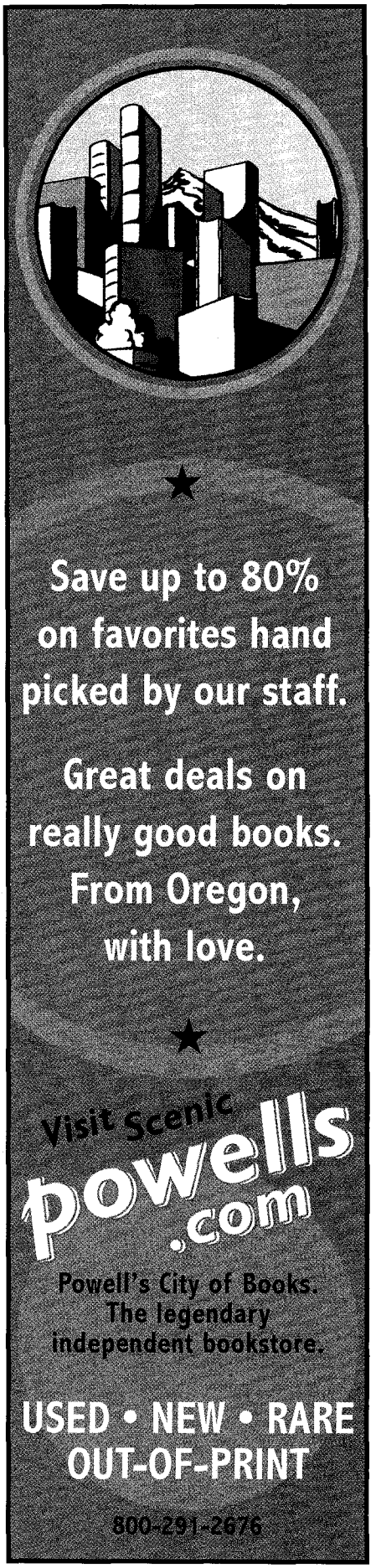
BY CAITLIN FLANAGAN

.....

"I didn't know it back then," Ethan Watters writes of his post-college move to San Francisco, "but I was a harbinger of a massive trend." The trend under discussion is one that will surely be familiar to many readers: the tendency of college-educated young people to delay marriage, often for a decade or more, in favor of extended sojourns in the company of a group of fiercely loyal friends located in the same big city—an "urban tribe." Like so many contemporary nonfiction books, *Urban Tribes* consists of a decent magazine piece that has been force-fed enough survey results and statistics and "research" to justify two hard covers and a twenty-four-dollar price tag. When Watters gets bogged down in theories of group behavior and social evolution, the book plummets. But when he writes anecdotally (the best parts of *Urban Tribes* concern the difficulty of teasing an entire "trend book" out of a thousand-word essay), he displays a light touch and is often entertaining. We learn a good deal about Watters's own tribe, busy little beavers who are forever throwing theme parties, chewing over the state of gender relations, and whipping themselves into creative frenzies (when one friend gets a glass-blowing commission, a second makes a documentary film about it, a third milks it for a magazine article, and a fourth gets a part-time job assisting in the blower's studio). The book's outlook is sunny in the extreme, and its target audience—and mothers of same—will probably be cheered to learn that sociologists predict that most members of urban tribes will eventually settle down in conventional marriages. Watters has much to say about the opinions and beliefs of his generation, and I assumed I was getting news from the front about what kids are up to these days; imagine my surprise when I learned that the author is almost forty. In this new light I began to suspect that Watters—with his pack of irrepressible housemates and his fondness for making new friends by wandering around the Burning Man festival with an open tub of red licorice—might be representative less of a striking new social trend than of arrested development. But by book's end he has wrestled his commitment "issues" to the ground, made a partial break with his buddies, and gotten married to a young psychiatrist whom he met when she showed up at a tribe party dressed as Betty Rubble. In fact, by the epilogue it's dateline Hawaii, where he is on his honeymoon—soft breezes blowing into the connubial bedchamber, his bride frolicking on the beach below—and putting in a wholehearted endorsement for the grand old institution of marriage. I got the distinct feeling that a second trend book may soon be upon us; awash in the self-satisfaction that so often gathers around a man on his honeymoon, he ruminates, "I suspect that I am again a bellwether."

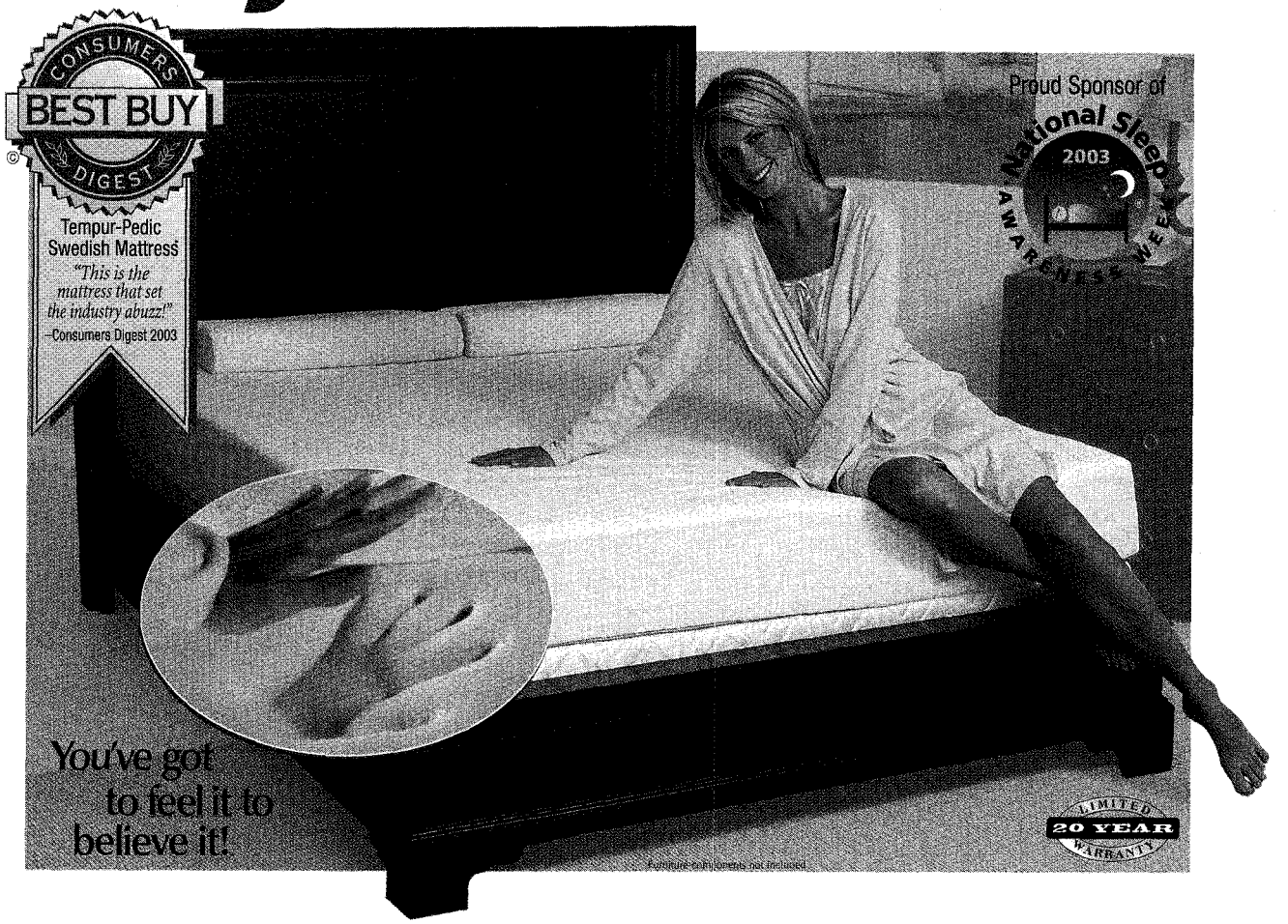
URBAN TRIBES
A Generation Redefines Friendship, Family, and Commitment
by Ethan Watters
Bloomsbury

Caitlin Flanagan is a contributing editor of The Atlantic.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How well-equipped is your bedroom?



Old-fashioned is out. Tempur-Pedic is in. In fact, our high-tech Weightless Sleep® bed makes all others obsolete.

Our incredible, state-of-the-art sleep technology is the *only* one recognized by NASA. The *only* one certified by the prestigious Space Foundation. The media have given us untold rave reviews—and more than 25,000 medical professionals worldwide recommend Tempur-Pedic to their patients.

Yet this miracle has to be *felt* to be believed.

Although the thick, ornate pads that cover most mattresses are needed to keep the hard steel springs from poking through, they create a "hammock" effect—and can actually *cause* pressure points. Inside our bed, billions of microporoscopic memory cells function as molecular springs that contour precisely to your every curve and angle.

Tempur-Pedic's scientists used NASA's early anti-G-force research to invent a new kind of viscoelastic bedding—TEMPUR® pressure-relieving material—that *self-adjusts* to bodyshape, bodyweight, bodyheat. It's the reason why millions of Americans are falling in love with the first *really* new bed in 75 years: our incredible Weightless Comfort® marvel.

Our bed utilizes *natural* principles of physics—nothing mechanical or electrical. No motors, switches, valves, air pumps, or water heaters. It can't break, leak, short-circuit, or stop working. It never needs rotating, turning, or flipping.

Small wonder, 3 out of 4 Tempur-Pedic owners go out of their way to recommend our Swedish Sleep System® to close friends and relatives. Furthermore, 88% of "problem sleepers" report real improvement.

Please telephone, without obligation, for a FREE DEMONSTRATION KIT.

FREE SAMPLE
FREE VIDEO/FREE INFO
Everything you need to know about the high-tech bed that's changing the way the world sleeps! Free Demo Kit also includes a **FREE IN-HOME TRYOUT CERTIFICATE.**

YOURS FOR THE ASKING!

1-888-238-3091
Call toll-free or fax 1-866-795-9367

TEMPUR-PEDIC®
PRESSURE RELIEVING
SWEDISH MATTRESSES AND PILLOWS
1713 Jaggie Fox Way, Lexington, KY 40511

© Copyright 2003 by Tempur-Pedic, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PURSUITS & RETREATS

INNOCENT BYSTANDER

FEUDAL GESTURES

Why the Middle Ages are something we can still look forward to

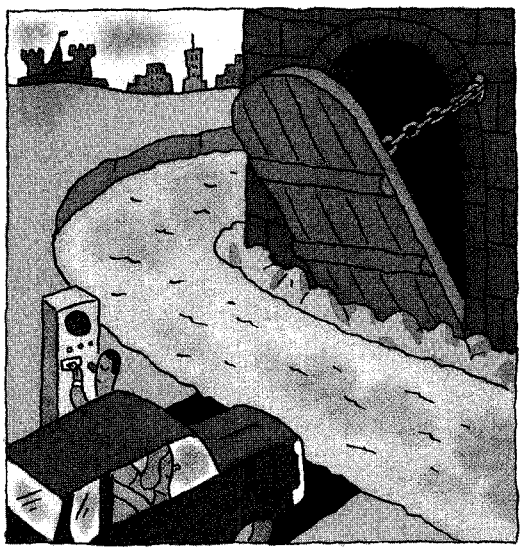
BY CULLEN MURPHY

.....

With a mixture of distaste and satisfaction Americans last July took in the news that U.S. forces in the city of Mosul, in northern Iraq, had surrounded a house harboring the two sons of Saddam Hussein, Uday and Qusay, and after an intense firefight lasting several hours had succeeded in killing them both. The Hussein boys were abominable people by any standard, and few expressions of regret were heard. No world figure sought to reprise the role of Ireland's Eamon De Valera, who in May of 1945, upon receiving the news of Hitler's death, visited the German embassy in Dublin to offer his formal condolences.

What did prove to be something of a surprise was the degree to which ordinary Iraqis refused to believe that Uday and Qusay were dead. Faced with this reality, American officials allowed photographs of the bodies to be made public. Shortly afterward the former CBS and NBC newsman Marvin Kalb, in a radio interview, observed, "In a funny way it's similar to what used to happen in the Middle Ages when, say, a conquering army would come into a town. And they would behead the leader of the old regime and then put that head on a spike and put the spike right in the middle of town so that all of the people could see that the old regime was truly gone."

Kalb's analogy was apt. But insofar as latter-day parallels with the Middle Ages are concerned, he could have gone a lot further. To be sure, the self-perception of people in the developed world has very little of the medieval about it. We inhabit the Information Age. We proclaim the Era of Globalization. We consider ourselves postmodern, maybe even posthuman. But it is also true that elements of a prior regime were never quite eradicated, and in some cases are growing back. The geographer David Harvey once wrote that "modernity is not a time—it's a place." The Middle Ages, one might add, are not an epoch—they're an outlook.



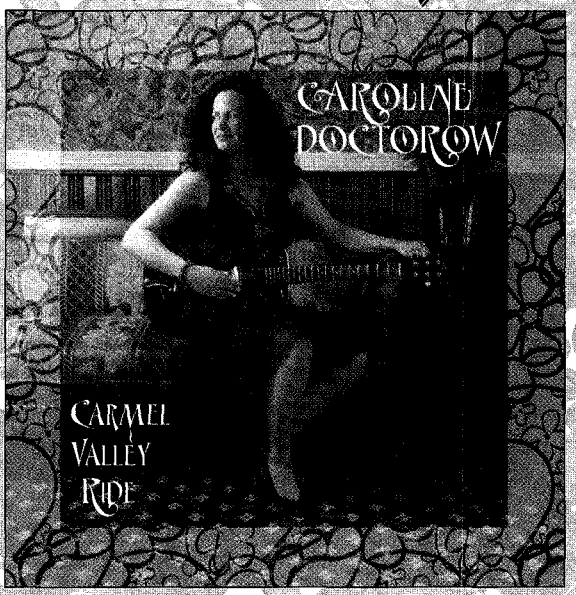
MARC ROSENTHAL

What are some of the medieval characteristics of the present day? Looking about idly, one could point to the growing prevalence of barter as a form of economic transaction. One could note the emergence of something akin to heresy trials, as outspoken people in academe and other areas of public life are subjected to harassment or worse for their political and cultural views. One could cite the new federal insistence that able-bodied people in public-housing projects devote time to community projects—a dusting off of the ancient *corvée*, which entitled an overlord to acts of service from those living on his estates. Although there is no longer a single Church, as there was in the Middle Ages, some powerful corporations are setting themselves up in its absence as enforcers of social morality. Home Depot is enacting a ban on wood harvested from endangered rain forests. Wal-Mart has banned *Maxim* and similar magazines from its shelves, and offers only cleaned-up versions of some videos and many CDs. Its drugstores don't stock the Preven "morning-after" pill.

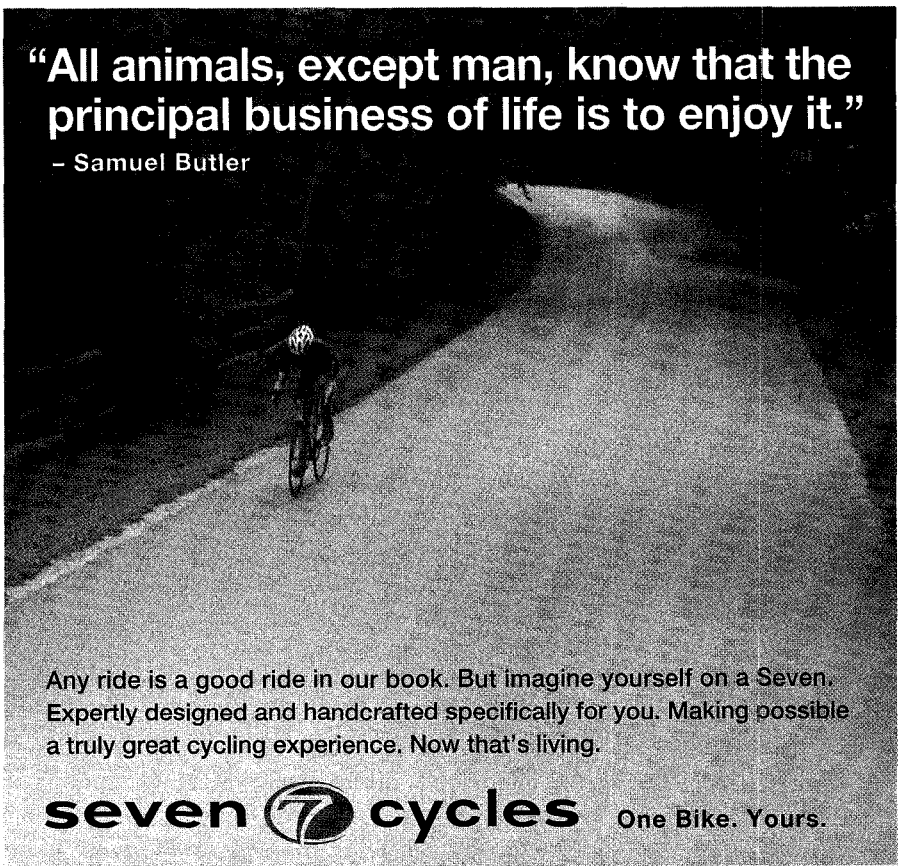
The manner in which movers and shakers wind down their careers frequently has a medieval flavor. Aristocrats of yore often forsook their earthly obligations in late career, entering the cloister and devoting the rest of their lives to study and prayer. In much the same way, modern grandees seek monastic solace in the nonprofit world. Isn't this what the former senator Bob Kerrey has done, taking over the presidency of New School University? And Walter Isaacson, leaving the chairmanship of CNN News Group to become the president of the Aspen Institute?

Medieval society was essentially an oral one, dominated by the spoken word rather than the written text. Words on paper surged in influence during the first several centuries after Gutenberg, but in recent years technology of various kinds has greatly enhanced the capabilities of speech. Nowadays people never have to stop talking. One of the iconic sights in airport men's rooms is a line of well-dressed gentlemen standing at urinals, all of them conducting phone conversations, wires dangling from ear to chin. This post-flight ritual stands as a contemporary analogue, possibly, to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HER NEW ALBUM ◎ SONGS WITH A LITERARY SENSIBILITY
CAROLINE DOCTOROW
"A sweet voice plus a great way with a lyric and a guitar... a little Victoria Williams... a little Emmy Lou... and a lot of heart."
—Bonnie Grice | WLIU
CARMEL VALLEY RIDE
"The acid test for me as to the power of a new recording is how frequently I play it at home after it gets into my hands. If that's a valid benchmark, *Carmel Valley Ride* is an exceptional recording. Since it appeared on Saturday, I've listened to it about eight times, in its entirety."
—Charlie Backfish | WUSB


A mix of folk, pop and alternative country songs that float on waves of rough acoustic guitar sounds and distant pedal steel, bringing to life a ride across the country and a tale of redemption and forgiveness.
CD Baby!
Order direct toll free Narrow Lane Records 1-800-675-4112
www.carolinedoctorow.com
Hear it and buy it online at www.cdbaby.com

"All animals, except man, know that the principal business of life is to enjoy it."
– Samuel Butler

Any ride is a good ride in our book. But imagine yourself on a Seven. Expertly designed and handcrafted specifically for you. Making possible a truly great cycling experience. Now that's living.
seven cycles One Bike. Yours.
tel 617 923 7774 email info@sevencycles.com www.sevencycles.com

chanted refrains of ancient monks in their stalls at Westminster or Chartres.

But these examples are frankly trivial. There is a far more basic parallel between medieval times and our own. The precise definition of "feudalism" is one of those things on which medievalists can't quite agree—the field is divided into warring fiefdoms—but the historian F. L. Ganshof discerned in feudal society "a dispersal of political authority amongst a hierarchy of persons who exercise in their own interest powers normally attributed to the State." In the West the path away from the Middle Ages was marked by the evolution of governments and nation-states with a sense of responsibility for the public interest rather than merely private interests. Power was no longer a form of property. Social services and protections became a consequence of citizenship, not a private deal between a lord and his vassals, or between a private entity and its clients.

But at some point in the late twentieth century evolution's arrow began changing direction—toward the reprivatization of everything. It was not until the nineteenth century that governments, through local police forces, managed to make an ordinary citizen's personal security a matter of public responsibility. This was a major, if temporary, advance. No one with money relies on such guarantees any longer. More and more people have withdrawn into moated, or gated, communities. Private security is a huge growth industry; in 1970 America had about one and a half police officers for every hired security guard, whereas today the private guards outnumber the police by three to one. Individuals may give titular allegiance to a town or a state, but their oath of fealty is to Securitas or Wackenhut.

In the Middle Ages one of the chief obligations of a *seigneur* was to "give justice"—to resolve disputes, oversee legal business, mete out punishment. These functions gradually migrated out of private hands and into those of what we recognize as governments. Now they are migrating back. Lawyers and clients increasingly shun the civil court system and instead buy themselves a bit of private arbitration, provided by a growing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

list of profitable "rent-a-judge" companies. In medieval times education, too, was almost exclusively a private—indeed, an individual—matter; Joan of Arc and Ethelred the Unready were entirely home-schooled. These people turned out to be ahead of their time. Almost a million children are being home-schooled today—including two of the top five finishers in the 2003 National Spelling Bee—and have opted out of the public school system it took so long to build. Another 700,000 are in charter schools, which represent a step away from public status. The very idea of a "charter" is medieval.

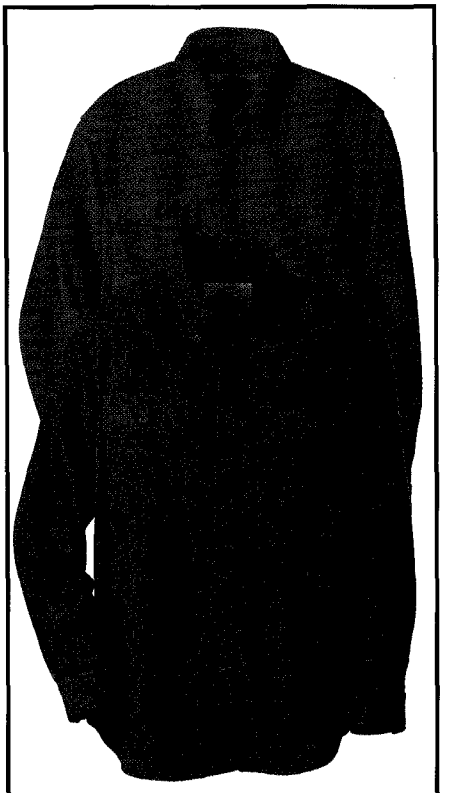
What some might call the New Feudalism, sociologists call the "externalization of state functions." Whatever one calls it, the phenomenon is accelerating. Public airports are being privatized, as are water and sewage systems, and prisons and hospitals. Portions of Social Security may eventually become privatized. FedEx and UPS and DHL have already gone a long way toward privatizing reliable postal service. One study from the late 1990s suggests that the "privatization rate"—the rate at which public functions are being "outsourced," or turned over to private ventures—is roughly doubling every year.

The most astonishing surge in outsourcing has come in the realm of military power, with the partial displacement of standing national armies by corporate armed forces. The monopolization of military power by the central government was one of the signal characteristics of the emerging nation-state. Before that medieval rulers depended on armies raised privately, by their vassals. During the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance, warfare in Italy was largely in the hands of mercenary armies whose fighting men were known as *condottieri*, from the Italian *condotta*, or "contract." Throughout Europe private entrepreneurs formed what were known as "companies," available to fight on a freelance basis, and demanded not only a fee for service but also a share of the spoils. "Frankly, I'd like to see the government get out of war altogether and leave the whole field to private industry": Milo Minderbinder's remark in Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* was meant to be absurd, but it actually describes the military system that existed through much of history.

And more and more it obtains once again. The examples above are drawn from a new book, *Corporate Warriors*, by the Brookings analyst P. W. Singer, which provides a sweeping survey of the work of MPRI, Airscan, Dyncorp, Brown & Root, and scores of other firms that can variously put troops in the field, build and run military bases, train guerrilla forces, conduct air surveillance, mount coups, stave off coups, and put back together the countries that wars have just destroyed. Those medieval "companies," like the famous White Company of Arthur Conan Doyle's novel, are the lineal ancestors of ArmorGroup and Halliburton, Saladin Security and Sandline. The finances of these entities often lack transparency, to put it mildly, but *Corporate Warriors* estimates that $100 billion is spent on private military forces every year, and that the amount will double by 2010. In his classic study *The Soldier and the State*, written nearly half a century ago, the political scientist Samuel Huntington observed, "While all professions are to some extent regulated by the state, the military profession is monopolized by the state." He could not write that sentence today.

"I am unabashedly an admirer of outsourcing," General Barry McCaffrey, the nation's former drug czar, once stated when asked about the American use of private military forces in Colombia. "There's very few things in life you can't outsource." By now there seem to be none that we don't. Well, wait, there's one: tax collection by the Internal Revenue Service. This is still a government monopoly, though precedent exists for a vastly different regime. Under the system known as "tax farming," a monarch sold to entrepreneurs the right to collect the crown's taxes; the entrepreneurs contracted to pay the king a certain sum, but could keep anything raised in excess of that sum. How commoners loved this system! A modern version would turn tax collection over to, say, credit-card companies and trial lawyers. It wouldn't be long, I suspect, before we saw some heads on spikes in the town square.

Cullen Murphy is The Atlantic*'s managing editor.*



Modern Miracles

We grew up believing in wool, cotton, and silk. We still do. But modern fabrics have produced wonders, foremost among them our Microfleece Shirt (Sizes S-XXL; $82.50). Using patented weaving techniques, we have created a cloth that is unbelievably soft and light, extremely warm, and just slightly stretchy. By comparison a traditional chamois shirt feels like roofing felt. Add twin breast pockets, a generous cut, unbreakable buttons, plus a range of rich colors, and you have a shirt for the field or a night at the movies.

To order a shirt, review our fall line, or request a free catalogue, please visit **lewiscreek.com** or call **1-800-255-0206.**

LEWIS CREEK

American Countrywear

lewiscreek.com

L3A24

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVELS

INSIDE JOB

Below the high altar of St. Peter's, investigators have found sheep bones, ox bones, pig bones, and the complete skeleton of a mouse. Was Peter himself ever there?

BY TOM MUELLER

.....

It was death, aptly enough, that brought me back to the necropolis. Sitting against the obelisk in the center of St. Peter's Square, I saw the decorous black crosses in *L'Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican newspaper, announcing the passing of Padre Antonio Ferrua, age 102, the grand old man of Christian archaeology. In a series of heartfelt obituaries Ferrua's fellow scholars and Jesuit confreres took their leave of him, commending his intellectual rigor and his remarkable scientific output. In a longer article a former student remembered with obvious affection the generosity of his maestro, the iron constitution that kept him working into his nineties, and the precise little notes he used to write, in a clear but tremulous hand. The accompanying photograph showed Ferrua in a cassock, holding his thumb and index finger together like a conductor with an invisible baton as he explained some fine point of his art. The jutting jaw suggested a truculence that no one had mentioned, and the searching, melancholy eyes were those of a man who had looked deep into the follies and foibles of mankind, and often laughed at them. Here was someone I wished I had met.

The article described Ferrua's many discoveries in the Roman subsoil, one of which was directly beneath me: a vast Roman cemetery that underlies St. Peter's Square and the basilica itself. Ferrua's excavations there had unearthed some twenty pagan mausoleums along with a grave thought to be Peter's. The former student also mentioned a "diatribe with other scholars that dragged on for years, concerning the delicate question of the Apostle's remains and their identity."

Beneath the finely tuned phraseology bigger things lay buried—and I had an idea what they were. I lived in Rome in the mid-1990s, and had researched and explored many of the hundreds of archaeological sites beneath the modern city. In the process I had learned of Ferrua's dramatic discovery of the pagan cemetery beneath St. Peter's, and of the resulting bitter controversy with the epigraphist Margherita Guarducci over the identity of bones found in Peter's supposed tomb. According to many Vatican sources, this quarrel had cost Ferrua a cardinalate.

I decided to revisit the necropolis, and with a guide and a small group of visitors, I once again descended into the underworld of St. Peter's that Antonio Ferrua had revealed. As we walked down a long, dark stairway, the air grew moist and deep-earth cool, pungent with mold. We found ourselves on a twilit roadway fronted by stately little mansions of the dead, with two-story façades of thin Roman brick. Within were walls of lush frescoes and stuccowork, and an exotic profusion of the old gods: falcon-headed Horus with his sacred ankh, Venus rising fair and perfumed from the waves, Dionysus and a drunken rout of nymphs and fauns brandishing phallic wands. Our guide, a young archaeologist with clear blue eyes, a blonde bob, and a patter polished by many tours, explained that these mausoleums had once stood beneath the open sky. Some had courtyards for graveside banquets, with terra-cotta pipes leading down into the graves, through which banqueters poured wine to slake the thirst of the dead. As we proceeded, grates overhead revealed a distant, luminous ceiling of coffered gold. I realized that we were directly beneath the nave of the basilica, approaching the high altar.

At the end of the roadway, under the altar itself, was a rough block of masonry. Through a crack in the brickwork a slender column of white marble could be seen, like a bone laid bare. "This is the tomb of the Apostle Peter," the guide announced, "marked by the so-called *aedicula*, a memorial to Peter with two marble columns, raised in the second century." The other side of the masonry block was covered with a web of ancient graffiti, she said, left by pious visitors to the tomb. She indicated the strata of stonework built up over the *aedicula*, a neat core sample of the site: the fourth-century masonry of Constantine the Great, who built the first church of St. Peter; an altar of the seventh century; another of the twelfth; and finally the present high altar, raised in 1594, after Constantine's original church had been demolished and New St. Peter's had been built in its place.

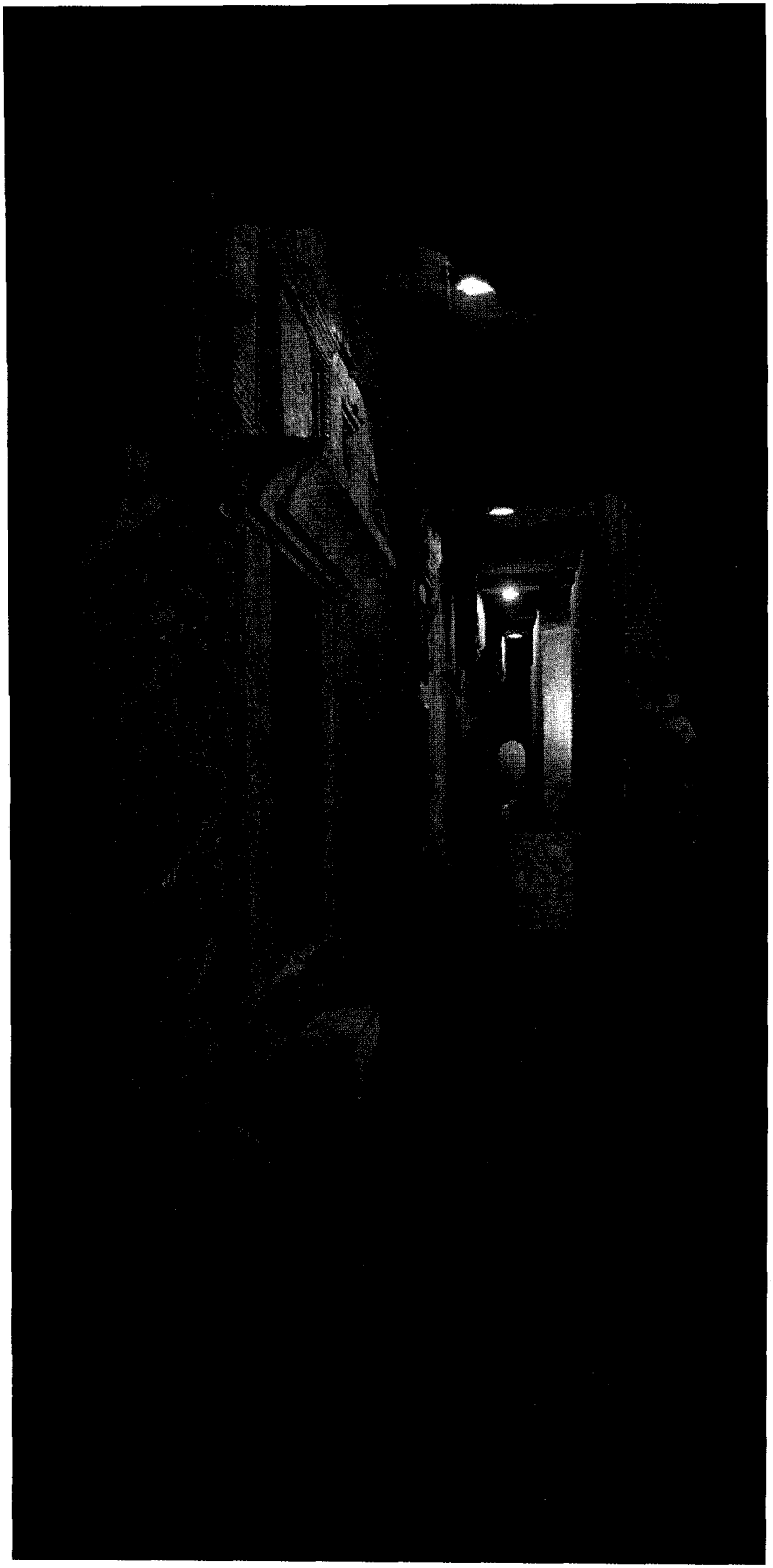
"We should not be surprised that Peter's grave is surrounded by pagan tombs," our guide said. "Remember that in 64 A.D., when Peter died, Rome's Christians were an obscure Eastern cult, a tiny enclave in a predominantly pagan population." In that year Nero, the reigning emperor, rounded them up in the Vatican circus. Striding among them dressed as a charioteer, he watched as some were wrapped in animal skins and savaged by dogs, others crucified and set alight, human torches to illuminate the spectacle. Peter, their leader, died that hellish night, she continued. He was buried on a slope of the adjoining Vatican Hill, which once rose where the basilica now stands; in time an extensive pagan necropolis grew up around his simple grave. Two hundred fifty years later, when Constantine decided to erect a basilica over Peter's grave, his workmen buried part of this necropolis in a million-cubic-meter landfill, to create a level foundation for the church. This was the area, preserved beneath a thick blanket of earth, that Ferrua's excavation had revealed.

The guide's story matched the official Vatican account of Peter's martyrdom and grave. But she had never mentioned the question of Peter's bones.

In 1939 workmen preparing a tomb below the high altar for the recently deceased Pius XI unearthed a stretch of ancient masonry, part of a sumptuous Roman building. The scholarly new pontiff, Pius XII, ordered a systematic excavation of the site by Antonio Ferrua and three distinguished colleagues. It was a courageous decision (previous

ALBERT MOLDVAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



popes had prohibited such exploration), though courage had its limits. All four excavators were Vatican habitués, who worked under a vow of secrecy. The decade-long investigation, which brought to light, along with the necropolis, the *aedicula* thought to mark Peter's grave, was closely overseen by Pius XII's longtime collaborator Monsignor Ludwig Kaas, and the actual digging was done by the *sampietrini*, the hereditary corps of Vatican City workmen. It was an inside job.

In 1951, after twelve years of silence from the excavators and feverish speculation in the world outside, Ferrua and his colleagues published their official report. It caused an immediate uproar. Critics accused them of faulty and haphazard archaeology and the loss of valuable artifacts. Evidence emerged of a running feud between the four excavators and Monsignor Kaas, and of nocturnal meddling at the work site. Kaas had even begun cutting the power to the dig when he and the *sampietrini* were absent, to prevent the archaeologists from making any unsupervised discoveries.

Given the inherent difficulty of the site, Ferrua and his colleagues had in fact worked with remarkable objectivity: despite intense pressure from the Vatican community, they reported no trace of Peter—not one inscription that named him, not even amid all the graffiti on his supposed tomb. Strangest of all, they discovered that the earth directly beneath the *aedicula* was empty.

Pius XII soon authorized further research in the necropolis by Margherita Guarducci, an eminent classical epigraphist and another fervent Catholic. Guarducci rapidly overturned the previous findings and admitted a sultry breeze of Italian-style *polemica*. She discovered inscriptions and drawings in Peter's honor that Ferrua and his colleagues had, in her view, inexplicably omitted from their report; the most important of these, an inscription near the *aedicula* that she read as "Peter is within," she claimed Ferrua had removed from the site and secreted in his monastic cell. In the snarl of graffiti on Peter's tomb she discerned a "mystic cryptography," with countless coded messages about the Apostle. At length she even pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speak a Foreign Language? Speak It Better.

Champs-Elysées (from France), *Schau ins Land* (from Germany), *Puerta del Sol* (from Spain), and *Acquerello italiano* (from Italy)—uniquely lively "audiomagazines," guaranteed to reenergize your language study or your money back!

These hour-long audio periodicals, produced in Europe by top broadcasters and journalists, sound like public radio in a foreign language. Each edition comes with a booklet containing a transcript, glossary, and extensive annotation.

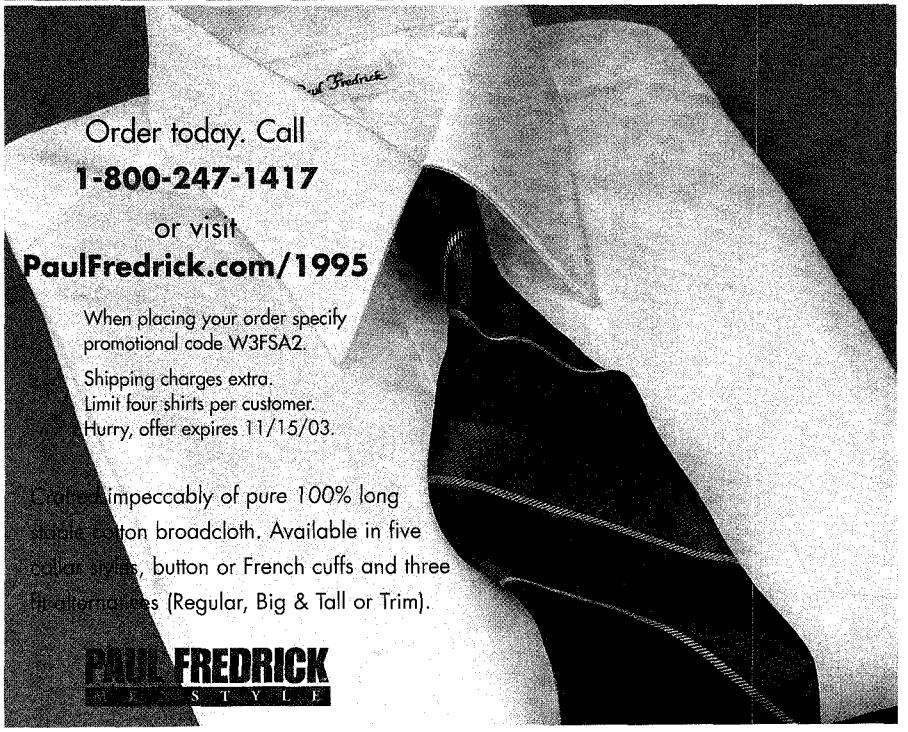
From New York to London to Singapore, thousands of passionate Europhiles are buzzing about this innovative way to stay in touch with the languages they love. Get details by calling **1-800-824-0829**, or visit our Web site at **http://ads.audiomagazine.com/AN44.**

cé "...better than a language course" —*about.com*

Paul Fredrick white 100% cotton dress shirt

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE $19.95

(Regularly $36.50 - $44.50)



Order today. Call

1-800-247-1417

or visit

PaulFredrick.com/1995

When placing your order specify promotional code W3FSA2.

Shipping charges extra.
Limit four shirts per customer.
Hurry, offer expires 11/15/03.

Crafted impeccably of pure 100% long staple cotton broadcloth. Available in five collar styles, button or French cuffs and three proportions (Regular, Big & Tall or Trim).

PAUL FREDRICK STYLE

duced Peter's remains. A *sampietrino* had shown her a wooden box of bones, she explained, which were inside the masonry surrounding the *aedicula* when the archaeologists first discovered it. Somehow they had overlooked the precious relics, and Monsignor Kaas later tucked them away for safekeeping. Scientific tests arranged by Guarducci indicated that the bones had been wrapped in a cloth of royal purple stitched with gold, and were those of a man of sixty to seventy years and a robust physique—the bones, she argued, of the Apostle.

Guarducci's results, which she published in a steady stream of articles and books, were criticized by the scholarly community in tones ranging from derision to outrage. Her mystic cryptography was widely questioned, as was every scrap of logic and science she had used to link the bones in the box to Peter. Her most caustic critic was Antonio Ferrua, who subjected each of her publications to a withering (and frequently hilarious) review. "Thus one can either commiserate with or admire the illustrious Authoress for her immense exertions, carried out with commendable passion and ingenuousness, and indeed with a faith that ought to move mountains," he wrote of Guarducci's three-volume exposition of the coded graffiti at Peter's tomb. "But all this cannot suffice to make us accept a work that is fundamentally wrong." Some time after Guarducci announced that she had found Peter's actual remains, Ferrua wrote a ferocious memorandum to put Pope Paul VI on his guard. Having methodically dismantled Guarducci's account, he reviewed with high irony the contents of the famous box, which in addition to human remains held sheep, ox, and pig bones, and the complete skeleton of a mouse.

Paul VI apparently believed Guarducci, for he soon announced that Peter's authentic relics had been found. But Padre Ferrua had the last laugh. Shortly after Paul's death, in 1978, Guarducci was banned from the necropolis, and subsequently from the basilica archives. The presumed relics, which had been reinstalled with great fanfare in the masonry surrounding the *aedicula*, were removed. In later writings a bitter Guarducci criticized Paul's succes-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sor John Paul II for his lack of attention to Peter's remains, and implied that the forces of darkness, in the person of Antonio Ferrua, were sabotaging her work in the necropolis—her "apostolate," as she called it. Nonetheless, Vatican guides today refrain from reading mystical meanings into the graffiti on Peter's grave, and make no comment about his bones.

This is only the most recent episode in the age-old mystery of Peter's tomb. In 1624 Pope Urban VIII ordered that the deep foundation work for Gianlorenzo Bernini's towering bronze canopy over the high altar begin. No sooner had ground been broken, however, than the excavators started dropping dead. Urban himself fell ill, and all Rome whispered of Peter's curse, said to strike down those who disturbed the Apostle's rest. Meanwhile, horrified eyewitnesses watched a steady stream of pagan relics issue from the Church's holiest soil, some so scandalous that the Pope ordered them dumped in the Tiber. One of the finds, a funerary statue of a man reclining bare-chested on a dining couch with a gentle epicurean smile, fortunately survived the papal wrath, together with its inscription:

> Tivoli is my home town, Flavius Agricola my name—yes, I'm the one you see reclining here, just as I did all the years of life Fate granted me, taking good care of my little self and never running short on wine. Primitiva, my darling wife, died before me, she too a Flavian, chaste worshipper of Isis ... Friends who read this, do my bidding. Mix the wine, drink deep, wreathed in flowers, and do not refuse to pretty girls the pleasures of sexual intercourse. When death comes, earth and fire devour all.

In Urban's time speculation about what lay beneath the high altar was already a thousand years old. Writers of the early Middle Ages mentioned the terrifying apparitions that haunted those who dared to meddle with the Apostle's tomb. Others alluded to caves and secret passageways beneath the church, and to the odd notion that Peter lay buried in a pagan temple. Such ideas may have stemmed in part from chance discoveries in the pagan necropolis that we now know underlies the basilica. But they also arose from a deeper uncertainty about where Peter died and was buried that is rooted in the Bible itself.

The New Testament, which contains the only roughly contemporary account of Peter's life, makes no reference to his having been in Rome or to his martyrdom. In the Acts of the Apostles, which chronicle the Apostles' deeds after Jesus died, Peter last appears around A.D. 44, in a Jerusalem jail, from which he is released by an angel. He then disappears from the biblical narrative, with such finality that some scholars take the delivering angel to be a euphemism for death. Paul, writing to and from Rome in the years Peter was reputedly there, omits him from the lists of Rome's prominent Christians that conclude his letters. I Peter, an epistle attributed to Peter himself, is addressed from "Babylon," which may mean Rome. The obliquity of the reference aside, however, the epistle's theology and high Greek style are wrong for Peter, an unschooled fisherman from Galilee. Many scholars reject his authorship.

Critics accused Ferrua and his colleagues of faulty archaeology and the loss of valuable artifacts. Evidence emerged of a running feud between the excavators and Monsignor Kaas, and of nocturnal meddling at the site.

Literary evidence for Peter's presence and martyrdom in Rome remains ambiguous through the late second century. Some researchers see hints in I Clement, probably written in Rome about A.D. 96, and in the letter of Ignatius of Antioch to the Romans, composed a few decades later. But these references are extremely vague, in contexts that seem to demand clarity. And no one ever mentions Peter's grave.

Probably with good reason. Even if we grant that Peter was martyred in Rome, his body is unlikely to have been

Frances Wood
THE SILK ROAD
TWO THOUSAND YEARS IN THE HEART OF ASIA

Covering more than 2,000 years this book, lavishly illustrated with photographs, manuscripts, and paintings, presents an overall picture of the history and cultures of the Silk Road.

$29.95 at bookstores or order
(800) 822-6657 • www.ucpress.edu
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

GARY WEEKS & CO.
FURNITUREMAKERS
888-334-0307
Sit in a Work of Art
(Handmade Dining Chairs also)

Cherry: $1500
Maple: $1500
Walnut: $1550
Mesquite: $3500
The Weeks Rocker
www.garyweeks.com

23 SMILES PER HOUR
Electric cycle turns errands into pleasure trips, commutes into joyrides. Go 25 miles – recharge for a dime. Easy to ride, quiet, pollution free, road legal. $999 with no risk guarantee.
Call for free eGO info kit & EV buyer's guide.
www.egovehicles.com
Call 800-979-4EGO

Give Robert Parker for the holidays!
RobertParker.com
THE INDEPENDENT CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO FINE WINES
Visit us at: www.eRobertParker.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why is this Rabbit smiling?

Winner of Business Week/ IDSA Design Award

We just increased its Warranty to 10 years.

Rabbit owners are smiling too. Because every Rabbit Corkscrew is now guaranteed for 10 years from its date of purchase (even if there's a 2-year Warranty in the box).

After all, the Rabbit has been tested for 20,000 cork pulls*. That's 2,000 bottles a year for 10 years. You're not going to open more wine than that, are you?

*Independent lab test assumed replacement of spiral after 800-1,000 cork pulls.

Where To Go Rabbit Hunting:
Amazon.com, Crate & Barrel, Strawbridges, Carson Pirie Scott, Bergners, Cooking.com, Bloomingdale's, Hecht's, Sherry-Lehmann or your favorite wine store

rabbit corkscrew

metrokane

World's leading line of wine accessories
See them all at metrokane.com

D430994 and other U.S. Patents

recovered for burial, or his grave ever marked. The Neronian persecution made Christianity a capital crime. Under Roman law the body of such a criminal, particularly a foreigner like Peter, was often denied burial, and might be summarily dumped in the Tiber. To recover it, someone would have had to petition the Roman authorities, thereby identifying himself as a Christian—tantamount to suicide.

What is more, few of Peter's fellow Christians would have troubled about his bones. Christians around A.D. 64 anxiously awaited the *parousia*, Jesus Christ's imminent Second Coming. Martyrs' relics and graves seemed of little moment in a world about to be consumed by fire. It wasn't until a century or more after Peter's death that the cult of the martyrs developed in the West.

The first explicit mentions of Peter's Roman sojourn, martyrdom, and grave appear around this same time. From 170 to about 210 three authors—Dionysius of Corinth, Irenaeus of Lyons, and Gaius of Rome—state that Peter and Paul founded the Roman Church. Since Paul clearly denies this in his letters, these authors' testimony is problematic. Yet it is intriguing. Dionysius adds that Peter "gave witness," evidently through martyrdom. Still more significant, Gaius claims that a *tropaion* ("trophy" or "memorial") to Peter stood in the Vatican in his day. Many scholars, including Ferrua and his colleagues, have equated this with the *aedicula* at the heart of the Vatican necropolis, dated by archaeological evidence to circa A.D. 170, making Gaius' the first reference to Peter's tomb.

Gaius, however, wrote 150 years after Peter's death. Christianity was no longer an isolated sect but an empire-wide movement. The hope of an impending *parousia* had faded, and the cult of the martyrs had arisen, presumably from a desire for tangible links with a heaven that had come to seem more distant. But there were practical reasons as well. Church unity had for some decades been threatened by mystical, speculative heresies practiced by Gnostics and Montanists, who claimed access to new divine revelations. Against these dangerous innovators, conventional Christians like Dionysius, Irenaeus, and Gaius insisted that the only valid beliefs were those taught by Jesus and his hearers. They compiled bishops' lists for the major churches, to demonstrate an unbroken chain of leaders back to an illustrious early founder. The presence of an Apostle, confirmed by his tomb and relics, became an ideal pedigree of orthodoxy for a local congregation, and a source of enormous prestige. The remains of Peter, Prince of the Apostles, were the most prestigious pedigree of all.

Sitting in St. Peter's Square, I imagine the Vatican before all this—before the Baroque basilica with Michelangelo's soaring dome, before the majestic edifice of the papacy. I picture Constantine's original church, age-worn and austere, and then look back further still, to the Vatican as Constantine first saw it, in A.D. 312, punctuated by great monuments in various stages of decay: the ruined circus, with the obelisk still standing at its center; the neighboring Vatican Hill, with its noble house tombs and silvery grove of olive trees at the summit; a white marble pyramid more than thirty-five meters high; a watertight stadium for gladiatorial sea battles; and the enormous white drum of Hadrian's mausoleum, long before it metamorphosed into the Castel Sant'Angelo.

Above all I imagine the temples for which the Vatican was famous. In ancient times, Roman historians tell us, this swampy region beyond the Tiber was an eerie borderland of fevers and giant snakes, where the voices of the gods could be heard. These historians derived the name *Vaticanum* from *vates*, a holy seer who understood these voices. Pliny described an ancient oak, still standing there in his day, on which were bronze Etruscan letters of religious significance. Later, extravagant temples and sacred compounds rose here to Eastern deities. The ecstatic rites celebrated there fascinated the Romans, but were too exotic to be held within the city itself. Small wonder that Peter, hero of another marginal Eastern cult, was believed to have come here in the end, or that Constantine built a glorious new temple in his honor. The Vatican has always been sacred soil.

Tom Mueller, a writer based in Italy, is completing a novel about the building and rebuilding of St. Peter's, and the mystery of Peter's tomb.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOD

BIG ORGANIC, SMALL ORGANIC

Organic food may be coming from bigger and bigger producers, but the best flavor is still coming from organic farms, as a case study of good and great yogurt makes plain

BY CORBY KUMMER

.....

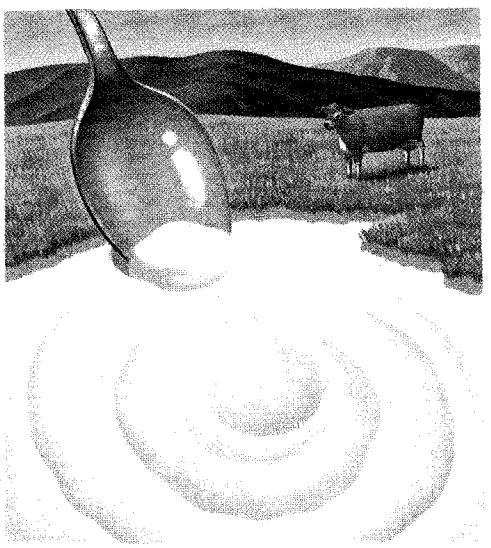
It used to be that buyers of organic food could make some safe assumptions: the food was made close to where it was bought, by someone the buyer could visit or call up; the farmer or food producer cared about the environment and the importance of locally grown food; producer and consumer were likely to read alternative weeklies and listen to the same radio stations.

Once federal standards were passed, in 2000, that picture changed. Large industries, seeing that there was real money to be made, moved in. In supermarkets and food co-ops alike paper bags and bulk containers are giving way to slickly designed boxes of cereal and even frozen dinners, whose ingredients can be assembled from vast farms in California or the Midwest—or, for that matter, anywhere in the world that meets U.S. organic requirements. They may include synthesized flavorings just as artificial-tasting as the ones in anything else in the supermarket: under the new standards flavorings need not be organic if they are used in sufficiently small quantities.

Buying and judging organic products has thus become considerably more complicated, as a recent comparison of several organic yogurts showed me. I liked yogurt well enough before; I love it now, having found a yogurt made with the milk of a "closed herd" of cows fed only on grain grown at the farm that makes it. That farm is strictly organic—and so are the producers of other yogurts that may be admirable but are by no means revelatory.

Flavor, in fact, seems to have fallen fairly far down the list of what motivates consumers and producers of organic food: health concerns and simple market share are taking priority, not only over flavor but also over the environment. Market growth and adoption of the national standards have, of course, brought good things: a wider range of organic products, and attractive rather than gnarled and frankly old-looking fruits and vegetables. As industry encroaches on what was once the domain of artisans, consumers of organic food must decide whether they care about the ideological trappings that used to come with it or simply want organic food to be reliably free of chemicals and pesticides—and the less expensive and easier to find, the better.

I recently visited two New England yogurt producers I admire: the maker of that yogurt I love, and the country's largest producer of organic yogurt. Both are fervent supporters of family farms and a spectrum of environmental causes. The similarities between them pretty much stop there. The head of the big organic company has created a pioneering and successful model that I hope other large producers of organic food will study closely and copy. I fear they won't. As for flavor, I had to conclude that in this case, at least, small organic still tastes better than big.



ROBERT GOLDSTROM

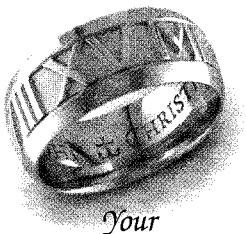
With his bushy silver beard and bright blue eyes and denim overalls, Jack Lazor looks like an organic Santa Claus. When Lazor, a late-1960s radical, met his future wife, Anne, they had something in common: both had worked at Old Sturbridge Village, a living museum in central Massachusetts, Jack as a farmer and Anne as a milkmaid. The two decided to use Anne's graduate-school money to buy a farm in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom, near the Canadian border. Their idea was to raise dairy cattle and grow enough corn, wheat, and barley to feed their livestock and themselves (dense, dark bread was a talisman of the era; think of the added prestige home-grown grain conferred). Butterworks Farm may or may not be "Vermont's original organic dairy," as its label claims, but it is still held up as the small-scale ideal—a place where young people dream of apprenticing so they can learn how to make land sustainable and support themselves doing it.

The achievement the Lazors are proudest of is nurturing their soil. Everything flows from that, Lazor told me: the milk is sweet because they have spent more than twenty years returning the land to rich health, and because the compost they spread encourages particularly fine clover. Luckily, milk tastes the way forage smells and not the way it tastes. I was reminded of this during my Vermont visit by a young farmer, Earl Ransom, of Strafford Organic Creamery, whose subtle and wonderfully full-flavored ice cream has given rise to a Northeast Kingdom cult, and was the reason I called him up. Ransom told me that as the summer goes by, he can trace the forage progression from dandelion to red clover and orchard grass in his ice cream.

In the yogurt Lazor makes for himself (whole-milk, of course; I have yet to meet a yogurt producer who likes anything less), I sampled the full range of flavors in Butterworks milk, from herbal to slightly pungent. The long pasteurization required for all commercial yogurt erases many but not all of the herbal and floral grass flavors, and not the pure, sweet flavor of Butterworks milk. The yogurt he spooned out of a big mason jar for me to try was straw-colored, with the texture and richness of soft

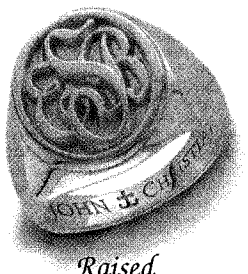
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN ✠ CHRISTIAN
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN

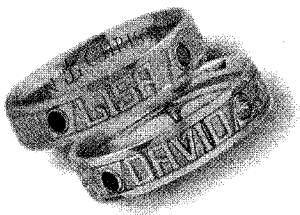


Your Anniversary Date
IN ROMAN NUMERALS!
December 11, 1998
XII XI MCMXCVIII

Raised Family Crest



Raised Monogram



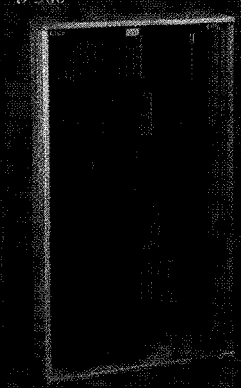
Children's Names & Birthstones

3 DAY RUSH AVAILABLE
14K GOLD: ANNIVERSARY $690, FAMILY CREST $790, MONOGRAM $640, MOTHER'S (UP TO 5 NAMES) $440

FREE CATALOGUE: RINGBOX.COM 1-888-646-6466

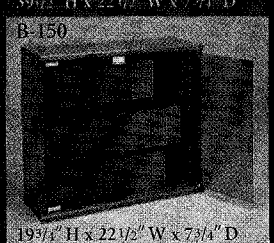
CD & DVD Storage +

B-300



39½" H x 22½" W x 7¾" D

B-150



19¾" H x 22½" W x 7¾" D

The Soricé System includes cabinets for all of your media and components.

Impeccably crafted in Oak, Walnut or Cherry - Premium Solid Hardwoods.

Adjustable shelves store any combination of CDs, DVDs, Videos, Cassettes and/or Collectibles all in one cabinet.

Cabinets can be stacked next to and on top of one another to suit your space and your storage requirements.

A variety of Wood & Glass Doors are available to complement your decor.

Enclosed back provides dust protection.

Cabinets are shipped *Fully Assembled!*

All products are backed by a *30-day money back guarantee* and a *5-year warranty!*

SORICÉ

For Free Color Literature...
Call toll free: 800-895-5241
visit our website at www.sorice.com
e-mail: info@sorice.com

sour cream. "This," Lazor said, taking a spoonful for himself, "is sort of divine."

I was already sold. The Butterworks Farm yogurt I regularly demolish—nonfat, which is almost the only kind I find in Boston stores, and is 80 percent of what Butterworks makes—is a thing of delicate beauty. It breaks into miniature canyons and bluffs, like junket. What Lazor calls a "tender set" results from the absence of the jelling agents that other manufacturers use—chiefly pectin (found in fruits and used in jams) and starch. The flavor is lightly sour, with none of the harsh vinegar sting of many unflavored yogurts. It's just tart enough to be refreshing.

I much prefer yogurt without pectin, which in excess can give a rubbery texture, and without starch, which often leaves a chalky flavor. But manufacturing yogurt without them is a high-wire act. Pectin helps keep the yogurt from separating to form a layer of whey—the liquid at the top of many yogurt containers. (My reflexive draining of the whey, I recently learned, throws out protein and minerals; for the full nutritional benefit of yogurt, stir the whey back in.) The makers of a newly available Greek yogurt I like very much, Total, also omit the pectin but strain out the liquid in advance, putting into small tubs a lightly tangy yogurt almost as thick as whipped cream cheese.

My visit was cut short by a call from Lazor's daughter. "I have to go and chase some cows," Lazor told me. He took me to the barn where his wife was doing the evening milking, helped by their future son-in-law. I saw what Lazor meant when he called their forty-odd Jersey cows "a bunch of pets": each has a name (Menorah, Vetch, Milkyway), and they are much smaller than Holsteins, the usual New England dairy cow. While the Lazors pulled the errant cows back to the barn by their collars, I quietly left with several containers from the big storage refrigerator.

I was surprised by how firm the contents were. The knocking around that cartons get as they are loaded and unloaded (Butterworks Farm yogurt is sold on the East Coast as far south as Raleigh-Durham) disturbs the structure formed while the yogurt cools and sets. As Lazor had recommended, I took a pint, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smallest container Butterworks makes, of maple yogurt, made with New England syrup and no other flavoring. I had always thought that whole-milk yogurt was too rich to eat much of at a time, and of course sinful—although the new bad-guy status of trans fats, found in nearly every packaged baked or fried good, makes cream and butter seem positively virtuous. This was silken and sweet but not too sweet, with none of the blaring synthesized maple flavor we now take for granted. The taste was slightly smoky and reminiscent of butterscotch. The container was empty by the time I turned in.

Gary Hirshberg, the head of Stonyfield Farms, calls Jack Lazor his hero. When executives from Danone, the large France-based conglomerate that bought a 40 percent stake in Stonyfield two years ago, come to visit, Hirshberg's sister Nancy, the company's director of natural resources, drives them several hours each way to Butterworks Farm, so that they can see the kind of organic dairy farm Stonyfield is committed to supporting. Stonyfield, which is based in southern New Hampshire, began selling yogurt in 1983, a year before the Lazors did; for a very few years Hirshberg and his founding partner even had a few Jerseys. Briefly the companies were rivals for shelf space in co-ops and natural-foods stores. Then they went in very different directions.

Stonyfield sold its cows, bought the milk of many breeds from cooperative organic dairies, and pursued the goal of putting its product in every supermarket and convenience store in the land. In the late 1980s, when I first visited Stonyfield, I was surprised to find a low modern factory. Today Stonyfield is among the top five brands of yogurt in the United States, and the only one of the five that makes organic yogurt.

Hirshberg was after market share and the purchasing power that comes with it, which he knew could help keep many of the hundreds of threatened New England dairy farms from having to sell their cows. His background was as an environmental activist; in 1994 the company pledged to donate 10 percent of its profits to environmental causes. The more profits, the more donations.

"To change the food system," Hirshberg says, "means moving toward where people are." This meant making a yogurt that didn't taste like yogurt—or at least one without the sourness that people, especially children, object to. So Stonyfield continually selected bacterial cultures that produce the least amount of acid, evolving an ever milder yogurt. The company has had great success with YoBaby, the first yogurt marketed on a large scale to parents who buy organic foods out of concern for the health of babies and small children—a significant portion of the organic market. YoBaby comes in four-ounce cups, the other Stonyfield yogurts in individual six-ounce portions. The company has phased out eight-ounce cups altogether, following an industry-wide pattern. Some criticize this as deceptive marketing, but I hail it as one way to address the problem of oversize portions' leading to oversize people.

Stonyfield acts like mainstream companies in other ways. It adds plenty of sugar to its flavored yogurts, and offers flavors that appeal to the mass market and make use of essences formulated to its specifications at the same flavoring houses that supply the rest of the food industry (recent flavors include Crème Caramel, very good, and Key Lime, artificial-tasting like everyone else's). Its new "smoothies" no longer say "Drinkable Yogurt" in large letters on the curvy plastic bottles—appropriate, given their almost total lack of acidity. Now Stonyfield is launching a dessert yogurt, Moo-la-la, to take advantage of a rise in sales of full-fat products. (I like rich dessert yogurts, too; my favorite is the non-organic but lovely Yoplait Saveur d'Autrefois, made in France by what the label calls traditional methods, and sold in little clay pots.)

Shrewdly following the concerns of organic-food consumers, Stonyfield now emphasizes health more than the environment. It was among the first producers to add "probiotic" bacteria to its yogurt—that is, more than the two strains required by U.S. standards of identity. Probiotics (the name is a 1900 coinage to designate beneficial bacteria) occupy an increasing amount of shelf space in nutrition stores. Popular strains include acidophilus and bifidus, both of which

"Come say G'day"
this winter in Australia!

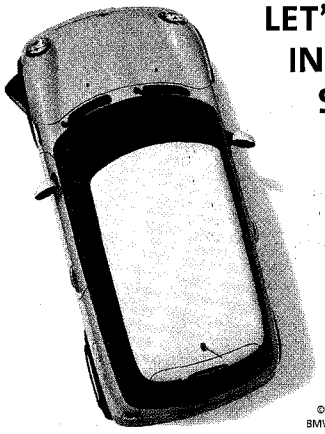
Enjoy Goway's
"Long Stay" Winter Escape
1, 2 or 3 months in a fully self-contained apartment along the "Sunshine Coast" north or the "Gold Coast" south of Brisbane.
Snowbird Getaways from$ 2549.
Include return air from Los Angeles
Call for FREE brochure:
1-877-564-2256
Aussie
Australia Adventures
Robert Fisher
aussiespecialist@yahoo.com

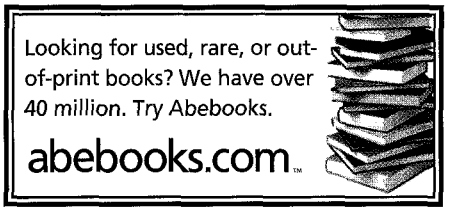
Bargain Books
Shop America's biggest catalog selection, save up to 80%!
● Choose from thousands of titles, hundreds of new arrivals monthly. Quality hardcover books, starting at $2.95.
● Biography, Politics, Fiction, the Arts, History— 67 subject areas.
Free Catalog
800-677-3483
Edward R. Hamilton, Bookseller
486 Oak, Falls Village CT 06031-5005
www.erhbooks.com/fht

8 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
165,000 Patterns • Old & New • Buy & Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.®
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept TA
www.replacements.com

www.dailygrind.com
The finest espresso and cappuccino machines for the home.
plus fresh roasted coffees from the world
Toll Free 888 - 876 - 3222

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Stonyfield added several years ago; it also adds *L. reuteri*, which is thought to help prevent diarrhea, especially in children.

Claims for all these bacteria are manifold and disputed, and come down to a matter of faith. There are no national standards concerning how much of any bacteria is required in order to make any health claim. (The Food and Drug Administration, which regulates most food labeling, does not permit a panoply of health claims for yogurt. This is why Dannon first sold Actimel, a drinkable yogurt with added bacteria, as a dietary supplement—a category that has come under considerable fire for permissive regulation.) What is undisputed is that any yogurt with live, active cultures—meaning any yogurt that has not been heated after it is made, since all yogurt begins with live cultures—helps maintain and could restore beneficial bacteria in the digestive tract, particularly after they have been depleted by a course of antibiotics. Also, the two definitive bacteria in yogurt eat lactose as they ferment milk, making yogurt a safe bet for the lactose-intolerant.

Last spring Stonyfield added a "prebiotic," a nondigestible ingredient that is thought to help good bacteria multiply: inulin, a carbohydrate found in plants such as chicory root and Jerusalem artichokes. This was more than a marketing ploy, although it does lend itself to a fifties-style claim: "And now—with inulin!" Stonyfield values inulin not just for the enhanced calcium absorption it advertises on the lid but also as a thickener. In diet salad dressings and similar products inulin is used to mimic fat, and it does make nonfat yogurt surprisingly creamy. The tradeoff is a viscous, ropy texture and a slightly bitter aftertaste, at least in the unflavored yogurt. But then, few people seem to prefer unflavored.

I greatly admire Gary Hirshberg, who always advances his causes in interesting ways. His latest venture is a chain of organic-food restaurants, O'Naturals, that he hopes will go national and give fast-food chains, already threatened by class-action lawsuits, a run for their money. Stonyfield has helped turn numerous farms in Vermont and Maine organic, by promising to buy all of their milk and to pay a significant premium over the going price of regular milk. It hopes to do the same for fruit growers from California to Chile. And its factory, radically expanded since I first saw it, is a testing ground for innovative environment-friendly production methods.

Hirshberg says that although he began as an adherent to the credo that small is beautiful, he now submits that big can be beautiful too. The company he built is proof that it can—but then, he got a head start on what with luck will be a sustained organic boom. I can't help doubting that other companies will take executives from their parent corporations to visit equivalents of Butterworks Farm, let alone have any interest in helping them.

It will be up to consumers of organic food who are interested in flavor to seek out Butterworks Farm and its fellows—and experience divinity, however transitory.

One way to take initial steps to nirvana, even without transcendent yogurt, is to make one of the many simple condiment sauces eaten daily in India, where milk is a main source of protein in the diet and yogurt a common way to consume it, because yogurt is so much easier to digest and to store. Raita, yogurt with (most often) cucumber and mint, is always cooling; the variants are endless, as books by Julie Sahni and Madhur Jaffrey show. I like *sev ka raita*, a condiment offered by Jaffrey in her *A Taste of India*: Stir together one and a quarter cups of unflavored yogurt, preferably whole-milk, with a half teaspoon of roasted ground cumin seed, an eighth teaspoon of cayenne pepper, a quarter teaspoon of finely grated peeled fresh ginger, and a half teaspoon of salt. Cover and refrigerate the sauce for several hours while the spices are absorbed. At the last minute stir in a coarsely grated peeled and cored tart apple, such as a Granny Smith. This can go with any number of stews, especially vegetable ones that could use some protein, and is perfect for kebabs. It can also persuade you to seek out the best plain yogurt you can find, and flavor it at will.

Corby Kummer is a senior editor of The Atlantic *and the author of* The Pleasures of Slow Food *(2002) and the newly revised* The Joy of Coffee.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

GHOST-BIRDS

What we think is a gesture of freedom is a symptom of our cage

BY NICOLAS PIZZOLATTO

.....

Then the city enters another torpid and simmering May. Parents grimace while pulling their kids through the Museum of Westward Expansion, and barges moan down the Mississippi. Something erupted at the Dowling Industrial factory, and the gases are making our sunsets plum and plutonium orange.

I work from eleven at night until six in the morning. The park is deserted, and I keep watch from a small window in a wall of steel 630 feet above the ground. Ninety acres of grass and trees below, bridges over the river to the east, and the lights of St. Louis to the west. I patrol under purple sky (you can't see stars this month), and after surveying the grounds with my official National Park Service binoculars, I squeeze out my window and drop off the top of the St. Louis arch.

I use a Perigee II, a Velcro-closed, single-parachute container made by Consolidated Rigging. It holds an Ace 240-square-foot canopy, and my gear is black: helmet, knee and elbow pads, scarf for my nose and mouth. My goggles, however, are the blue glass of fourth-generation night-vision. The arch, made of Pittsburgh steel, is called the Gateway to the West, and when my leg hangs out the window and high winds break on my face, I can stare down at the dark forest or turn to a far window beyond which St. Louis smolders. In that moment I feel I might be straddling the sleeping intersection of a country's dreams. Gichin Funakoshi tells us that all truth is contained in dreams.

Wind explodes so hard and loud I might be disintegrating. Three seconds of free fall, about twenty more guiding the canopy down. Sometimes I spiral in descent, like water going down a drain.

The Museum of Westward Expansion, at the base of the arch, has the dimensions of a football field. In its lobby I keep a gear bag and a ranger uniform; I hustle in after a jump and emerge moments later as Ethan Landry, park ranger. Those times I depend on the quiet darkness to remind me that the park is closed, and I am alone.

The stairs to the top ascend in darkness, and I climb them two at a time.

A radio plays music, and I listen to breaks in static on the black call box. Hours crawl toward morning. Since I don't drink anymore, I break up the tedium by reading stuff like *The Book of Five Rings*; *Hagakure: Way of the Samurai*;

ILLUSTRATIONS BY YAN NASCIMBENE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Imagine a sleep surface that molds to your body's contours

Introducing the

Memory Foam Ultra Mattress Topper

The high-tech sleep system that can actually change the way you sleep. In fact, if you suffer from insomnia, back pain—or just can't get comfortable on the bed—get ready to place your order today!

The Memory Foam Ultra Mattress Topper goes on top of your current mattress to turn it into the most comfortable sleep surface you've ever experienced. Here's how:

- **Scientific design uses 100% visco-elastic foam to support and conform to your individual body shape.**

- **Grid-pattern surface creates variable support zones from head to toe**—Unique-sized "comfort cells" in six zones support specific body area weight. The largest cells provide maximum support for your shoulders and hips, while the medium-sized cells support the lower back and legs, and the smallest cells support your head and feet.

- **2-inch thick temperature-smart foam adjusts to your shape.** Heat- and pressure-sensitive foam reacts to your body's weight and temperature, and molds to your exact body shape. Whether you sleep on your back, stomach or side, your weight is evenly distributed and your spine remains in an ideal neutral position.

The Memory Foam Ultra Mattress Topper comes with a 5-year manufacturer's limited warranty and TechnoScout's exclusive in-home trial. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return it within 30 days for the full purchase price.

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day

888-923-6684

2P-2870 . . . . . Prices starting as low as 2 payments of $49.95 each + S&H

FREE mattress pad cover included... a $59.95 value!

Mention promo code 25226.

TECHNOSCOUT
1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

All rights reserved. © 2003 TechnoBrands, Inc.

www.technoscout.com

32667

The Tao Te Ching. I enjoy the writings of Black Elk and some of Emerson's essays, but the Eastern mind seems a lot clearer to me. Clarity, I think, is the chief thing. Find a road and walk it.

Which as much as anything explains my jumps. The literal definition of BASE jump is to parachute off a stationary object (building, antenna, span, or earth), but for me it means narrowing your senses and joining the void. The great samurai Miyamoto Musashi says it is necessary to lose the self and become one with *Mu*, the emptiness at the heart of existence to which everything returns. Thus the warrior finds life in death. That's tougher than it sounds, and I've come close only once. Three years ago, kayaking on the Buffalo River in northern Arkansas, I overturned and kicked loose. I smacked into a rock and the kayak shot at me, broke my ankle, whipped around and knocked out a molar and vanished downstream. Pounded by waves, swallowing water and nearly blind from pain, I clung to the rock, knowing that if I got washed away, I was gone. On the bank of the river I noticed a squirrel staring at me. It cocked its head, as if asking what I thought I was doing, and spiraled up a tree, where I lost it in the branches. I remember a sense of calm, stillness, and thinking, *This is my death. Interesting.*

That moment was a glimpse of the true universe, a galactic procession that marched on without me. What Dogen calls "The Ten Thousand Things." My ankle healed, but kayaking lacked something after that, and I discovered skydiving, which led to BASE jumping. I started kayaking in the first place because one of the basics they tell you in rehab is that if you're going to stay sober, you have to get physically active.

But if none of that makes much sense, let's just say that with the hours I keep, my main relationship is with gravity, and we're intimate every moonless night around 3:00 A.M.

And we're in May. The skies are hued amethyst and green and, as I said, I can see no stars. At night the woods take on a flatness and seem to stretch out in a single plain, like the overgrown grazing fields on the farm where I grew up. The two spotlights at the bottom of the arch aren't a problem—I fall between them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Though there's no moon tonight, I'm a little wary of the illumination the strange sky creates. BASE jumping is effectively illegal in the United States. Many jumpers take falls in national parks, and park rangers are their traditional nemeses. The irony of my life is so obvious that I don't even think it's irony.

Before I jump, I check the park with my binoculars: clipped grass, patches of pine and broadleaf poplars, concrete walkways converging at the Old Courthouse, to the west. A gleam—behind a tree I spot a shining flash. I zoom in and see at least two people huddled in the shadows. I'm about to call it in on the radio, but then I see what was gleaming: glass lenses. One of them is looking up at the arch with binoculars. Three o'clock has brought something new tonight; I shed my rigging and become a park ranger.

The elevator chugs me down, and I creep between trees and crouch behind tall shrubs. I find three people—a girl and two boys. They're pretty young, and I remind myself to take it easy on them. At twenty-eight I can still remember the thrill of sneaking around at night. I once had a girlfriend who loved exploring forbidden places. Our nerves humming along on whatever we copped, Mabel would lead me through dark spaces crammed with steam pipes and no-trespassing signs, up staircases to rooftops that ended in a kiss. I hold off on my flashlight and move closer, because I can hear voices and I want to know what they're saying.

A burly kid with fat cheeks and glasses is speaking to a thinner boy in a baseball cap and a trenchcoat.

The girl, who has the binoculars, lowers them and interrupts the boys: "I think I saw a ranger up there."

Then a human moan breaches the air. I look around and see outcroppings of shadow everywhere. Beyond this grove people dot the park, at least a dozen of them. A girl and a boy are lying on their backs, the girl pointing to the sky. Another couple, making out against a pine tree, explains the moan I heard. I've stumbled on some dream of youth and lust. For vague reasons this angers me—these young people intruding on my sacred and necessary moment.

The flashlight ignites, and my deepest voice comes with it. "What's going on here? The park is closed." I trap these three in my beam; everybody else bolts. Leaves rustle, and the dull reverberations of footsteps run through the ground.

The boy in the trenchcoat raises his hands, slowly lowers them, and steps forward. "Um, hi. We know the park is closed. We're sorry. We're on assignment for a class. We all go to Washington University." Over his shoulder the girl watches me.

I'm still angry, and as the boy steps into my circle of power, I ponder various angles of *kokyu nage* I could use to throw his body over the shrubbery. "You're all trespassing."

"We're in this class, Modern American Myth and Legend, and, um, we're working on our final project … see …"

Now the girl speaks up. "There's this urban legend that on moonless nights something flies down from the arch." I can't make out the shade of her eyes, but they're pale. "Frank thinks it's a guy with a parachute, but the descriptions sound like a ghost-bird."

"What?"

"Ghost-birds. Native American thunder spirits. Gigantic, black with glowing eyes. People have seen them for centuries."

"Nothing flies off the arch."

Frank (I guess) interjects, "I personally know three people, who never met each other, who told me stories of seeing this thing fly off the arch. All three described something all in black, with glowing eyes. Another connection? No moon on those three nights. I researched this. Six hundred feet is a totally plausible BASE jump. You can't be watching all the time."

"Listen, kids. *You are trespassing.* This is illegal. You're on government property."

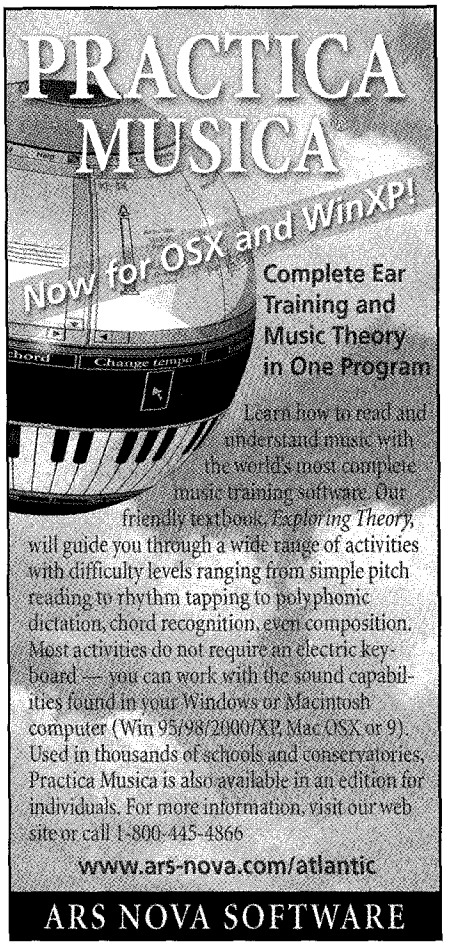
"We're sorry. Really. It was just—you know."

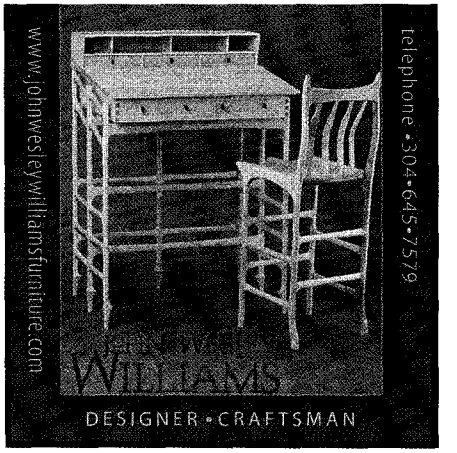
"We wanted to see if it was true."

"It's not," I say. "You need to leave the park."

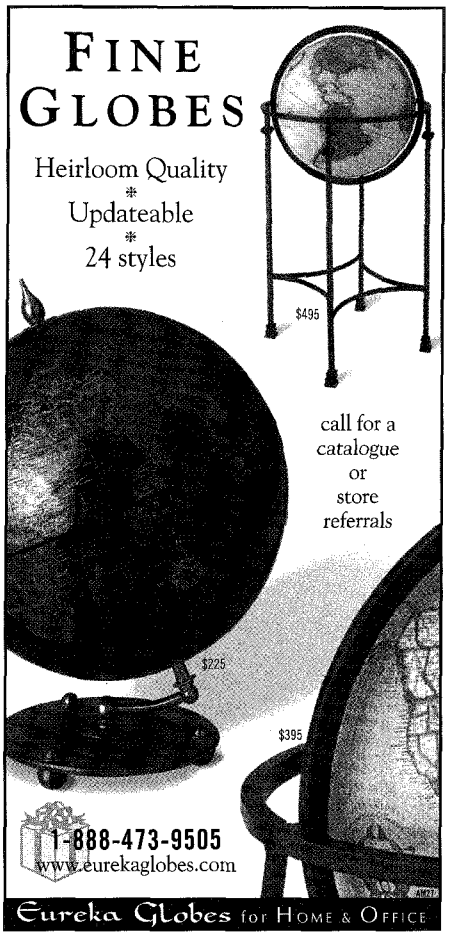
They shuffle off, mumbling apologies. The girl turns her head and glances at me. Soft things gleam on her face—eyes, lips. Then the students vanish.

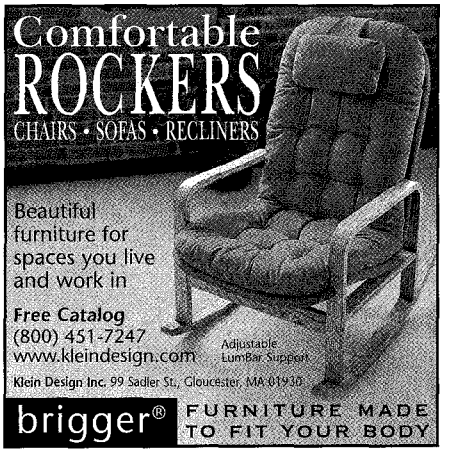
I trudge back to my office with memories of my own college experience in





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





"We Turn Writers Into Authors"
Make your manuscript bulletproof with Michael Levin, 28-time author, ex UCLA and NYU faculty, a "discerning and kind writing coach"—bestselling author Scott Turow.
visit www.Writer2Author.com

mind. I was the first person in my family to attend a university, and I remember the students there, so like these kids—tan, smiling, walking through stone quadrangles holding hands, and they all had haircuts different from mine, different clothes. I learned that I did not know how to talk, or dress, or even smile.

I remember feeling like a fraud that first year, picturing conspiracies all around me, but I had a roommate who bought pot in bulk, and he showed me ways to relax and let the world go. A shiver runs down my spine as I remember those days, before I learned the necessity of control and found my path.

As the elevator takes me up, my mind keeps replaying the girl's parting glance. Miyamoto says the true *bushi* divorces himself from desire, but in tonight's shadows her eyes tugged at something that ran down to the place in my abdomen where *chi* is stored, and I'm compelled to think of Mabel, so I spend the rest of my shift practicing guided meditation. In the lotus position I close my eyes and focus on the Blue Triangle, where I store the egoless self, trying not to remember Mabel's laugh and the cleft at the base of her spine, the taste of her sweat or the purple bath water that covered her on our last night together. Static from the call box hisses, and I block it out.

Morning is a loud wash of white sun, and I hear St. Louis waking up as I ride the tram down. Birds wake, barges wake, everything calling to everything else. A girl stands at the bottom of the arch in a sleeveless white blouse, wind wrapping brown hair around her face, and even before she brushes it away I know who she is.

"The park doesn't open until nine," I say. She looks at me with bleached green eyes; her hair is streaked with shades of orange. "Can I help you, ma'am?"

"It's you, isn't it?" she says.

"I'm sorry?"

The wind keeps playing with her hair. "You're the ghost-bird, aren't you? You know there's a Web site about you?"

The morning gets louder and feels too bright. "What?" If I keep lying, what are my odds? She's much smaller than I am, and I consider a *yonkyo* nerve pinch to make her unconscious. But I'd still have a problem when she woke up. "What do you want?"

"I'll tell you in a second." She looks around at the park and up at the arch. "Can we go talk somewhere?"

A coffee shop that smells like butter and icing. She wears a lot of silver, and rope bracelets on one arm; dusky freckles spot her nose and cheekbones. Her name is Erica Gleason, and she's telling me the history of phoenixes and thunderbirds, working toward an explanation for something she hasn't said yet. "In our class one of the myths we studied was how throughout history, in every culture, an unexplained thing that people see is black ornithologic figures, enormous bird things with glowing eyes. They're called different things, but a lot of theory insists names are meaningless."

"Erica—"

"I mean, angels, demons, monsters, whatever."

"Erica." I lean over the table. "What do you want?"

She deflates a little, and I'm instantly sorry I interrupted what's clearly a passion of hers. She sips coffee and looks out the window. People bustle under traffic lights. Horns bleat, brakes squeal. I'm usually in bed right now, preparing to sleep through the day.

She turns back to me. "I'm just saying, I was disappointed when I figured out it was only you."

"How did you know, by the way?"

She bows her head and stirs her coffee. "I could tell by the way you acted ... And I saw a guy dressed all in black looking at me with binoculars from a window in the arch." Her eyes meet me with consolation. "I didn't tell anybody."

"Right. So. What do you want?"

"Okay. Here's the thing." She puts her spoon down. "I want you to teach me."

"Teach what?"

"BASE jumping."

I try to tell her it doesn't work like that. "You don't just go out and BASE jump. It takes years to accumulate the knowledge for your first jump. It's a continual learning process. I still walk away sometimes."

"I've skydived before."

"How many times?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Twice."

"Jeez." I'm wrong to describe her hair as brown. It's more like burnt wheat, with copper and russet highlights. "This sport isn't about proving anything. It's very personal. People get killed. Very experienced people get seriously injured and killed. Why do you even want to do this?"

"Why do *you* do it?" she asks, and the image of Mabel floating lifeless beneath lavender soap bubbles flashes across my mind.

"You have to master skydiving first. Even after, there are other people who can teach you."

"Look, I didn't say anything to anybody, okay? I didn't turn you in or anything. I mean, then why are you talking to me about it? What are you waiting for?"

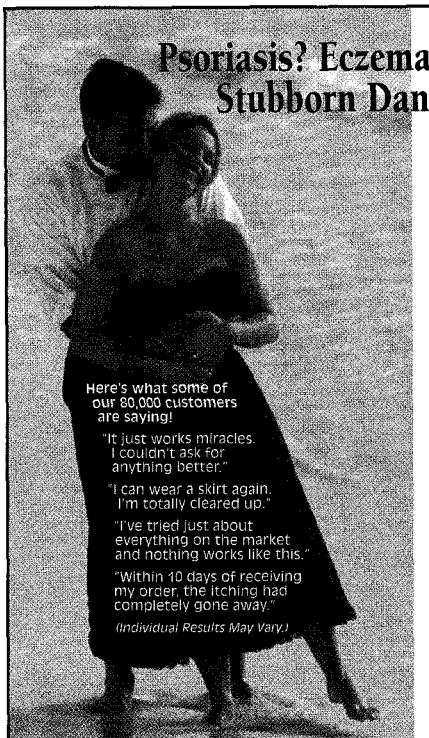
She knows that by deliberating, I've already agreed. Silver jangles on her wrist; her lips are thin and faded; her collarbone spreads like a shadowy albatross above her chest. I'm thinking, *Blue Triangle, Blue Triangle.*

At my apartment the answering machine blinks, showing several messages, which makes me uneasy, because I don't know who could be calling. After ten months in St. Louis, I know a landlord, a mailman, and two park rangers, who think I'm crazy for pulling the hours I do. In *Hagakure,* Tsunetomo writes that there is deep power in the solitary man.

It's my father's voice on the machine. "Ethan, it's your dad. I can't find your mother, son, and I been trying to get hold of you. You need to bring the horses in."

The next message is from an hour later, his voice guttural and slow, twanging words out. "Ethan, it's your dad. I can't find your mother, son, and I been trying to get hold of you. You need to bring the horses in. It looks like rain." Three other messages say roughly the same thing, along with suggesting that I gather up some potatoes and carrots so my mother can make vegetable soup. Our farm was sold some time ago, after my mother died.

I call Green Grove and speak to the head nurse about these messages. She puts me on hold, and then comes back and explains that a temporary nurse was working my father's floor yester-



Psoriasis? Eczema? Seborrheic Dermatitis? Stubborn Dandruff? Red, Scaly, Itchy Skin?

Acadia Skin Care® can help restore your skin to its normal, healthy state. WE GUARANTEE IT!

If you're tired of ointments and creams that are messy, hard to apply and, worst of all, don't get results, then you owe it to yourself to try Acadia Skin Care.® Acadia will help relieve the irritation and embarrassment of Psoriasis, Eczema, Seborrheic Dermatitis, rough, dry skin and Dandruff.

No burning, no prescriptions, no steroids, no alcohol and best of all, it's easy to apply, even in those hard to reach areas.

Call now and put Acadia Skin Care to work for you.

Acadia Skin Care's active ingredients are **FDA approved** and dermatologist recommended, so you know it's safe, and it works. **Don't suffer any longer.** Acadia Skin Care is odorless, easy to apply and very effective.

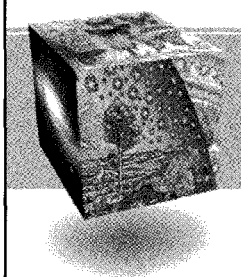
Isn't it time you looked and felt your best? All it takes is a phone call!

Call Now For Your 30-Day Risk-Free Trial!

1-800-840-8020 Ext. S-6641

Mention this ad and receive a FREE bottle of our therapeutic body wash with your purchase. (Active Ingredient FDA Approved)

ACADIA ALSO OFFERS REVOLUTIONARY NEW PRODUCTS FOR BOTH ACNE AND ROSACEA.



CALL-FOR-PROPOSALS

Up to $500,000 Grants over Three-to-Four Years

Templeton Research Lectures on the Constructive Engagement of Science and Religion

Deadlines: January 1, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007.

Science can inspire greater reverence, wonder, and awe. It also poses with urgency traditionally religious questions of meaning and purpose, of virtues and values. Science provides a continuous stream of remarkable insights into the nature of reality across a wide range of domains. By giving rise to astonishing transformations, science changes both our world and our worldviews.

The goal is to promote the constructive engagement and original research between the physical, biological, and human sciences and those modes of inquiry and understanding generally found within the domains of theology, religious studies, and philosophy. This project is designed as a catalyst for original research and progress. The program seeks to create long-term networks for vibrant and broadly significant scholarly exchange and continuing interdisciplinary endeavors.

Administrated by the Metanexus Institute on behalf of the John Templeton Foundation, for more information, go to www.metanexus.net/lectures. Applicants are invited to discuss their proposals with the project director prior to submitting their proposals. All inquiries should be directed to:

Metanexus INSTITUTE

William Grassie, Ph.D.
Executive Director
Metanexus Institute on Religion and Science
3624 Market Street, Suite 301
Philadelphia, PA 19104 USA

Voice: 215.789.2200
FAX: 215.789.2222
Email: lectures@metanexus.net
www.metanexus.net/lectures

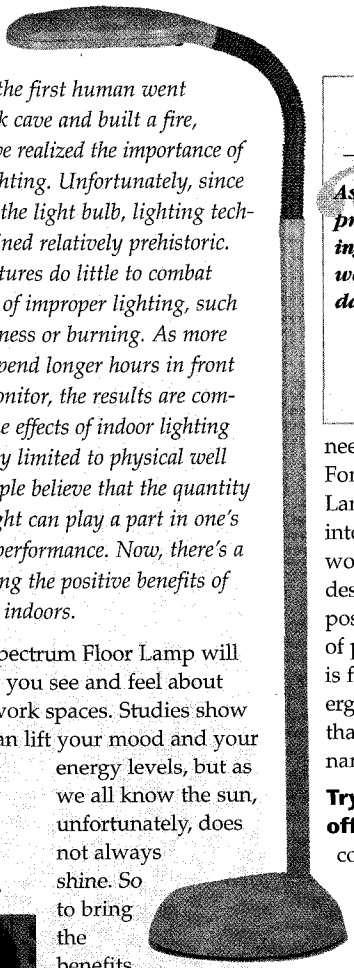
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lighting Technology for eye comfort

A floor lamp that spreads sunshine all over a room

The Balanced Spectrum™ Floor Lamp brings many of the benefits of natural daylight indoors for glare-free lighting that's perfect for a variety of indoor activities.

The Balanced Spectrum Floor Lamp will change the way you see and feel about your living or work spaces.



Ever since the first human went into a dark cave and built a fire, people have realized the importance of proper indoor lighting. Unfortunately, since Edison invented the light bulb, lighting technology has remained relatively prehistoric. Modern light fixtures do little to combat many symptoms of improper lighting, such as eyestrain, dryness or burning. As more and more of us spend longer hours in front of a computer monitor, the results are compounded. And the effects of indoor lighting are not necessarily limited to physical well being. Many people believe that the quantity and quality of light can play a part in one's mood and work performance. Now, there's a better way to bring the positive benefits of natural sunlight indoors.

The Balanced Spectrum Floor Lamp will change the way you see and feel about your living or work spaces. Studies show that sunshine can lift your mood and your energy levels, but as we all know the sun, unfortunately, does not always shine. So to bring the benefits of natural daylight indoors, use the floor lamp that simulates the balanced spectrum of daylight. You will see with more comfort and ease as this lamp provides sharp visibility for close tasks and reduces eyestrain.

Its 27-watt compact bulb is the equivalent to a 150-watt ordinary light bulb. This makes it perfect for activities such as reading, writing, sewing and needlepoint, and especially for aging eyes. For artists, the Balanced Spectrum Floor Lamp can bring a source of natural light into a studio, and show the true colors of a work. This lamp has a flexible gooseneck design for maximum efficiency and a dual position control switch for 18 and 27 watts of power, with an "Instant On" switch that is flicker-free. The high fidelity electronics, ergonomically correct design, and bulb that lasts five times longer than an ordinary bulb make this product a must-see.

Use the Balanced Spectrum Floor Lamp...

...for hobbies...

...at work...

...and when you need a source of balanced light for close-up tasks.

This light can change the way you live and work

"As a commercial photographer, I probably give more attention to lighting than most people and therefore was impressed with the smooth soft, daylight quality of your lamp."

Dennis M.
Richmond, VA

Results may vary.

Try this special manufacturer rebate offer. The Balanced Spectrum Floor Lamp comes with a one-year manufacturer's limited warranty and a $20 rebate. Also, it has TechnoScout's exclusive home trial. Try this product for 30 days and return it for the full product purchase price if not completely satisfied.

Balanced Spectrum™ Floor Lamp was $129.95, *now...*

ZR-3269 . . . . . .only **$~~109.95~~*** + S&H

After the $20 manufacturer mail-in rebate

Please mention source code **25175.**

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day

800-790-0265

To order by mail with check or money order, or by credit card, please call for total amount plus S&H. To charge it to your credit card, enclose your account number and expiration date. ***Virginia residents only—please add 4.5% sales tax.***

TECHNOSCOUT®
1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

All rights reserved. © 2003 TechnoBrands, Inc.

34426

day, and that's why he was able to make so many phone calls. She apologizes for the inconvenience. In my room I lie on a bamboo mat in the center of the floor and put a sleep mask over my eyes to block out the sun that filters through the blinds. When I try to envision a beach where I can align my heartbeat with the breaking of waves, I instead see my father one particular morning during my first summer home from college: at dawn my mother and I found him standing in a field of scrub grass with only a blanket wrapping him, staring at the sun. Brightness engulfed him that morning. We thought he was kidding around at first, but in the intervening years I've wondered what, exactly, he was seeing.

So the ocean in my mind becomes the sound of warblers and wrens at dawn on my father's farm, and then Erica starts lecturing me about spirits disguised as birds while unbuttoning her white blouse. Unable to sleep, what I really want to do is jump off something.

We enter an AFF course—accelerated free fall. It's a seven-step program designed to teach skydiving basics; after that she has twenty jumps till she's a novice jumpmaster. She has money for all this. Her father is a litigator for Dowling Industrial. We start on a small single-engine Cessna whose air tastes like aluminum and petrol. Our bench rattles and dips; the engine sputters. Beyond the door is a roaring radiance. While we're waiting to be flagged out, Erica eyes her static line and says, "Here we go. Geronimo."

"Don't say that. Everybody says that."

"What do you say?"

I admit, reluctantly, "*Banzai.*"

She nods and keeps her gaze steady, being tough, betraying no awe or excitement or fear.

At 12,500 feet a jump doesn't even feel like falling; it's more like being at the center of a cold explosion. You can see the curvature of the planet, the spherical surface that tugs you down. I watch her body tumble, bright-red jumpsuit, limbs arched back in perfect form. She shrinks and breaks into white clouds, and I lose her. My arms go straight at my sides and I dive. At about 140 miles an hour I see her canopy, a ruffled red square

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

below me. My cheeks billow with wind.

On the ground she can't stop smiling, looking up at what we traversed. She cheers and laughs and suggests we go do some shots. I explain that it's just the adrenaline rush, and that I don't drink.

May's air is thick and heavy, trapped under this purple vapor we're enduring. At night I worry. Surveying the park grounds, I wonder who's out there, watching for me. Erica has told me about the Web site: Bird Man of St. Louis. There's a picture on it of a fanged black bird with burning eyes, along with message boards and testimonials from people who have seen me. You can order a T-shirt.

Skydiving doesn't compare to BASE. Out of a plane you're too high and have no real sense of the bottom. *Mu*, the void, is not so immediate; you can't even glimpse it, and gravity's embrace is more like a hug than a violent thrall. I press my hands against the glass and ponder the fall, and the dream life of a sleeping city seems awfully far away as my reflection looks back in the window and parallel light beams shine up from the arch's base like a Zen ladder.

Five jumps later Erica tells me that her mother is an artist who gives lessons at their home, and who lost her left breast to cancer three years ago. We're eating ice cream, walking in the mall, because she wanted to get new shoes. She says, "You know, I was really hoping you were some undiscovered animal, like a ghost-bird."

"I know. You believe in that stuff?"

She shrugs and licks her cone, swinging her bag from Foot Locker. "I guess. Probably. There's always stuff we don't know about. Once, in the 1920s, in Texas, there was a series of sightings of a black bird as big as a city, perched on the moon. I love that."

She wipes caramel off her lip with a finger that she licks while grinning at me, and my *chi* thrums against my abdomen as if I've swallowed a tiny bomb.

Her school lets out for the summer, so we start diving more. Three times a week. Evening sets in as we walk off the airfield. She says her father is working long hours now. The EPA is giving Dowling Industrial hell.

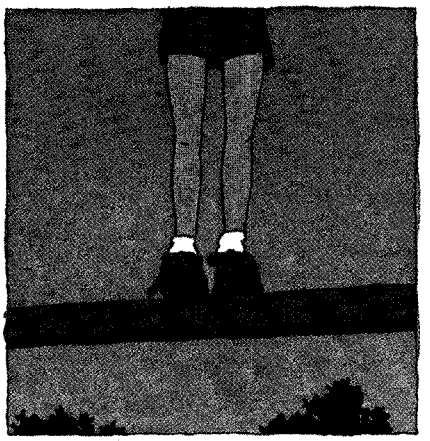
"What is that stuff anyway?" I ask, tracing an arc across the lavender sky.

She takes my hand, and we stop walking. "I don't know what it is."

At first I'm embarrassed, because I don't have any furniture in my apartment, and my bed is a bamboo mat with a single thin blanket. In fading light from the window the fuzz on her chest and stomach is lucent and blonde. Sweat gathers in a salty pool at her navel. Her skin is darker than Mabel's, and she weighs less.

A certain anxiety dissipates as we progress. The touching is fine. As I remembered, but different.

"Tell me about your first time," she says, face flushed and glistening, tips of her hair sticking to my chest.



I tell her about jumping off Bethel Bridge, in Cypress Park. I don't mention my perverse curiosity that cold morning, the clear idea I had, as I dangled my foot off the bridge, to hold on to the bundled chute the whole way down and never release it from my hand.

"Really," she says. "Why did you start doing this?"

I shrug and feign sleepiness. I don't mention the night four years ago when I bought Mabel half a gram of heroin and she passed out and slipped under the bath water we were going to share when I got home.

I want to explain that I'm not just some thrill-seeker—that the arch is the nexus of civilization and wilderness, and there I inhabit a space between spaces, where city and forest are separated by a perfect geometry of solid steel. But we don't talk, and when I close my eyes, burning scarlet fissures erupt and crack the perfect symmetry of my Blue Triangle.

The next morning I call my father at Green Grove. He asks the same two questions four times.

Erica wants me to come meet her mother and "see something." I can guess what.

Her mother, Carol, has hair the same color as Erica's, but much shorter. She asks me what working for the Park Service is like and looks at me softly when I explain myself as a nature lover. Erica is quiet. When she looks at her mother, they don't make eye contact for long, and I find some similarities in their faces. Carol asks me about my hobbies and has a distant look in her eyes. Her voice seems to tremble when she speaks; she absently fingers an earring, as if she's worried about something but doesn't want to trouble anyone. I remember that she lost a breast when she was ill.

A garden in their back yard is elaborate and well pruned. A tiny creek burbles through it. I take a deep breath and confess, "I don't want you to do this."

Her mouth opens, but before she can answer I say, "It's too dangerous," and I reach for her hand.

She crosses her arms and steps back. "I'm good. What are you talking about?" In the kitchen window the back of her mother's head is visible. "Where's this coming from?"

"It's too soon. It's too soon and it's too dangerous. I don't want anything to happen to you." What I don't mention is that I can't possibly handle killing another girl.

The little creek sloshes between us. "No," she says. "I'm still doing it. Forget it. I'm going." Then she breaks our date at 10,000 feet, and I know we won't be up in any more airplanes. She leads me to her bedroom, where her equipment is sprawled on the floor.

"This is what you wanted me to see?"

It's an Ace 240 canopy and a Perigee II container. Black. "Just like yours," she says, moving toward me. "I know how to do it," she says. "And I will. But I'm asking you to."

"Please, Erica, c'mon." I'm allowed to hold her hand.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEOPLE I MET HITCHHIKING ON USA HIGHWAYS
by ERIC CHAET

THE BOOK THAT GROWS MORE RELEVANT

NEWS CYCLE
BY
NEWS CYCLE

ELECTION CYCLE
BY
ELECTION CYCLE

ECONOMIC CYCLE
BY
ECONOMIC CYCLE

&

MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL CYCLE
BY
MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL CYCLE

Order from Amazon.com,
or send $15
to:

Turnaround Artist Productions
1803 County ZZ
De Pere, WI 54115

GIFT PERFECT
Only $29.97 when you order here!
Save 25%
Surprise the crossword lover on your gift list with a subscription to *The Crosswords Club*... 6 original, Sunday-size crosswords delivered each month for a full year. *They'll love it!*
THE CROSSWORDS CLUB
Visit www.crosswordsclub.com
or call toll-free: 1-800-433-4386
Use discount code 6SATW3

Save up to 30% on fine pens!
Pelikan M805 $229
penspiration.com
877.499.4253 • *Stylish Tools For Inspired Writing*

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL • SRI LANKA • TAIWAN
Since 1989
UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas
1-800-234-8327
www.uptontea.com
Free catalog listing over 350 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea
34A Hayden Rowe St. ❄ Hopkinton, MA 01748

"I'm doing it regardless, okay? Whether you do this for me or not. But I trust you." She puts her head on my chest. "I'm still doing it, but I trust you, okay?"

I nod.

I rotate the Perigee II on the floor, harness down, and stow the break lines solemnly. It is grim business. I divide the line groups and run the slider up toward the canopy, observing that the leading edge of the canopy is hanging at my knees while the trailing edge faces away from me. She sits on the bed, watching over my shoulder. The room smells like her, like a young, living girl: some combination of flora and powder, lotion and fruit.

I work the fabric between the line groups to the outside of the lines, and continue flaking it that way for all sections of the canopy. It's like folding an accordion. The idea is to keep all the line-attachment points toward the center of the packjob, with the fabric folded to the outside. The bed squeaks behind me, and her fingertips rub the back of my head. I carefully redefine my previous folds. I bring the center of the trailing edge up and hold it under my thumb. Next I dress the tail and fold it around itself. I stow the lines in the tail pocket and place the canopy into the container. Then I breathe.

She kisses the top of my head. "Thank you."

We sleep apart this night, and I spend two hours in a straight-backed lotus position, mentally defining my circle of power, trying to reconstruct my Blue Triangle.

The very beginning of sunrise. False dawn after the moon vanishes. By now the gases in the air have finally begun to settle, so although the sky is a fairly normal indigo, a thick fog under the Bethel Bridge is opalescent, sparkling with pinks and purples. She wears loose black pants and a tank top, with the Perigee hunched on her back, pads on her knees, her hair tucked under a helmet. I've got my gear on too.

We both look down at the fog, which twinkles and undulates beneath the bridge. Pine trees and shrubbery are hushed; everything exists under a thin, obfuscating coat of colored air that sifts between us.

"You can't even see the bottom," I tell her.

She's looking down. "So? I count off three seconds, right? I'll see it when I get down there."

"I wouldn't do this." My hands start twitching as she climbs onto the railing. "Erica—"

"You don't have to do it. I am. I'll see you down there."

She's taking quick, shallow breaths and can't stop looking down. Her eyes are panicked, and remind me of her mother's. Then, when I see that similarity, I understand what it is between us, what must have drawn her to me and why we're really out here.

"Erica, wait. If you think this will keep you from being afraid—it won't. The fear doesn't stop. It never does."

She looks confused and shakes her head. "What? I don't—I never said that." Her eyes remain fixed on the sparkling fog. "I never said that."

Background noises rise: twittering birds, things scraping in trees and rustling the grass. The trestle begins to rumble from far-off automobiles.

Atop the railing she grips her pilot chute, her knuckles white. She glances at me and fakes a smile. "Okay. I'll see you at the bottom." She takes one giant breath and steps off, leaving a splash of fog lingering where she split it.

I rush to the rail and look down. No, listen, I want to say. What we think is a gesture of freedom, see, is a symptom of our cage. But she's gone. I can't see beyond the mist, already closing the hole she made, and I climb on top of the railing.

What can I do but follow her down?

Before human beings a deep river lived here, carrying tons of life between oceans. Now fog below the bridge conceals only a pebbled canyon of cool, dry stone. A garden under purple gas. Rocks thump against my feet as I stick the landing.

At the bottom she's on her knees, the canopy flapping around her. My chute trails like a black flag. We're small among giant ferns and ivy growing inside the jagged walls of this chasm. I lift her and start undoing her harness.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She's shaking. She reaches around my back to undo mine. A tear streaks behind her goggles. She says she thought she was going to die. The straps slide down, and I feel the dead drag of my own chute drop away.

We promise never to do it again.

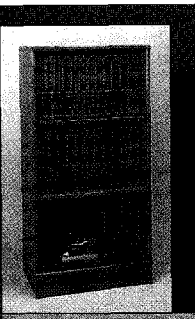
I buy a gel-filled mattress that promises to conform to the contours of my spine. I buy cotton sheets. Erica brings me more pillows than anyone could ever need. I change my schedule so that I'm working only three graveyard shifts.

Erica wants me to teach her martial arts, so I use my empty living room to show her what aikido I know. All the *kokyu nage* body throws end up with us wrestling and then getting pretty dirty on the carpet.

At work I still appreciate the view, but when I contemplate *Mu* and the *bushi*'s goal of joining the void, my feet feel heavy. There's a nervous rumble in my stomach and slight vertigo as I gaze down from my office window. Concerning my relationship with gravity: I start to wonder if it even exists, since "gravity," after all, is just one name assigned to a particular phenomenon. I ponder isolation as the governing physics of this universe: mass attracts mass because singularity isn't natural, sentience or no, and the basic unit of life isn't one but two. Planets and moons form, and people stick to them because something in the cosmos is trying to keep itself company. Below the arch a slight lilac tinting of air is all that remains of the once heavy cloud that distorted our skies these past two months. Dowling Industrial ended up settling with the EPA for five million dollars and a new system of air vents that could suck the eyes out of your head.

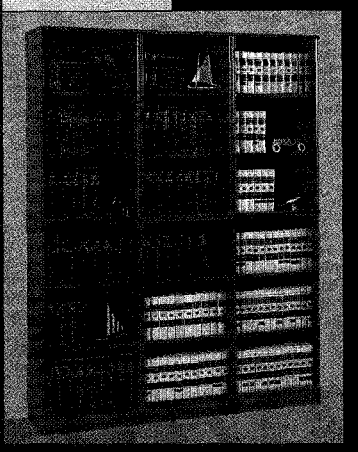
Near the end of July, Erica's father leaves her mother.

The lobby at Green Grove is antiseptic in a deceitful way. The rosy wallpaper and carpet are okay, but the plants are plastic, and Muzak plays at a hushed volume. Ms. Teschmaucher, the head nurse, approaches me sympathetically. The nurses at Green Grove wear light-blue uniforms with navy aprons,



Solid Hardwood Bookcases

The Soricé System combines modular flexibilty with the elegance of Solid Hardwoods.



Cabinets ship fully assembled.

Impeccably crafted in Solid Oak, Walnut, or Cherry.

Bookcases can be stacked next to and on top of one another to suit your space and requirements.

All Soricé cabinets are compatible, so you can combine storage for your CDs, Movies and A/V Components with your bookcases.

A variety of Wood & Glass Doors are available to complement your decor.

All products are backed by a *30-day money back guarantee* and a *5-year warranty!*

SORICÉ

For Free Color Literature...
Call toll free: 800-895-5241
visit our website at www.sorice.com
e-mail: info@sorice.com

More than just a telescope...more than just a microscope...

Episcope™
(the complete vest-pocket optical system)
still only $59.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*

Remove the *Episcope*™ from its fitted leather case and it's a 30-power microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 3x telescope, or a unique 3x telescope-loupe. Another twist, and you have a choice of magnifiers and loupes: 5x, 10x, and 15x powers. The *Episcope*™, only 2" long, was developed in Wetzlar (Germany), the home of world-famous Leica cameras; it's now being made by one of Asia's finest lens makers. The optics are superb: brilliant luminosity, needle-sharp focus, absolute planarity, total chromatic correction, and fully anastigmatic. The *Episcope*™ is the first choice of geologists, biologists, numismatists, philatelists, engineers, and just anybody who likes to see the infinite detail in his/her surroundings. It comes with a plastic "tripod" for extended observations at 15x or 30x magnifications. *Episcope*™ **#1062V932**

•Even at its highest magnification of 30x, the Episcope™ resolves as distinctly as any laboratory microscope, yet it is only 2" long. An optical miracle!

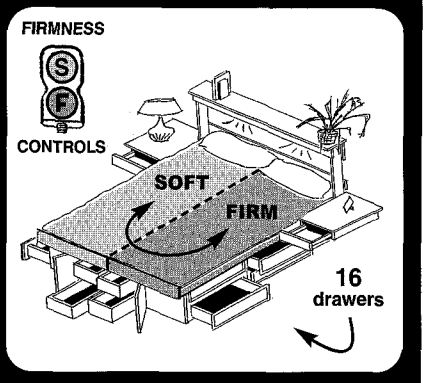
You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa/MasterCard. Please give order number **#1062V932.** Add $6.95 for ship./ins. and sales tax for MN delivery. You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund postage. For customer service or wholesale information, please call (952) 942-8010.

since 1967
haverhills®
5575 W. 78th St., Edina, MN 55439

© Order by toll-free phone: 800-914-4635 or (fastest!) by fax: (952) 942-7999 ©
Visit our website at www.haverhills.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ULTIMATE
BED & MATTRESS



Save space with a top quality solid wood, underbed dresser, side tables, lighted headboard. **Sleep better** with an air mattress featuring dual firmness controls, 3" of visco elastic foam,wool filled antimicrobial treated, dust mite proof, machine washable mattress top. All items can be purchased separately for use with existing beds! 30-day home trial. Ships UPS

FREE CAT. #46 www.ultimatebed.com 800-782-4825

ROOM-SIZED RAG RUGS
Antique Persians, Dhurries, Indo-Persians, Hooked Rugs, Kilims, Striped Rugs
~ since 1978 ~
www.79thstreetrugshop.com

www.bowtieclub.com for the finest silk bow ties available! Call for a free catalog 1-888-BOW-TIES.
THE BOW TIE CLUB
www.bowtieclub.com

WITTY WAYS TO TELL TIME

Digital I Watch. Aluminum case, black leather strap. Time shown: 12:23:05. $130.
To Order: 1-800-721-2611
www.timebydesign.com

The Power of Mindfulness:
A Retreat for Business Leaders & Innovators
April 30 – May 5, 2004
Menla Mountain Retreat – Phoenicia, New York
Conducted by Jon Kabat-Zinn
$4,650 (early registration $3,950) all inclusive
for brochure call: 508-856-5493
Center for Mindfulness in Medicine, Health Care, and Society
University of Massachusetts Medical School, Worcester, MA

and they smell like nurses, like Ivory soap and rubbing alcohol.

She takes my arm as she escorts me past the smiling elderly, who gaze up as if I might be someone they once loved. "I just want you to be prepared," she says, patting my elbow.

My father's room is an eight-by-fifteen space with beige walls and a salmon-colored carpet. Two tall chairs form a V to the left of the television, which sits on a standard wooden dresser. A bookshelf stands against one wall, with pictures of my mother and me and his own parents, a Bible, and some flowers. His bed is made in military style, the sheets so tight that you could bounce change off them. He made his bed like that my entire life, and I wonder if certain things never go away, actions that feel so right they can never be unlearned, no matter what else you forget.

He sits in a rocking chair, wearing his robe and pajamas, staring out the window at the far side of the room.

"Jacob?" Ms. Teschmaucher says, guiding me toward him. "Ethan's here. Your son, Ethan."

He turns from the window and looks up at me. My father's face is a lost expanse of wrinkled flesh and liver spots; he has a still noble jaw and a white crew cut thinning at the crown. His blue eyes search the space where we stand. He smiles slowly and nods. His hand, dry, stretched taut, reaches out and takes mine.

"It's good to see you—really good," he says, with the kind of emotional tone you wouldn't use unless you were faking it.

"Hey, Dad."

He turns back to the window and inspects the bucolic, parklike area that exists at the heart of Green Grove's compound. Ms. Teschmaucher and I exchange glances, and then my father touches my hand.

"I'm worried about the grass out there. It looks dry this season."

I crouch beside him and stare out the window. "It's not so bad." He smells the same: traces of the Brut cologne he splashed on every day I ever knew him. I put my arm around him.

He asks, "Do you know Susie Frenesi?"

"No," I say.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, PERHAPS, A TENABLE HISTORY OF JESUS

It won't be found in the Bible. Critical examination of the New Testament Gospels reveals sloppy history, perhaps deliberately deceptive, giving a picture of Jesus more imaginative than factual. Most Christians seem not to notice or care---transcendentalism spins its own reality. But true realists, for whom historical accuracy matters, may be pleased with what the recently discovered *Gospel of Thomas* provides: 113 notes taken down by Thomas of perplexing things Jesus said. Such notes were probably made at the times they were heard and have not suffered alteration ---the best kind of source for a history.

Jack Hannah in ***You Will Not Taste Death: Jesus and Epicureanism*** recognizes the notes as chronologically ordered and correlative with the skeletal history used in the *Gospel of Mark.* Hannah provides all the text of *Thomas* and all Marcan context, and upon this develops a narrative about Jesus that is tenably historical.

This *historical* Jesus based his teaching on the Epicurean philosophy; e.g. in place of Judaism's practices of fasting, praying, almsgiving, and obeying food laws, this *historical* Jesus said, "Tell no lie and do not do what you hate."

This *historical* Jesus never mentioned devil, demons, or hell. And the most radical influence of Epicureanism on Jesus' thought was that God and Caesar are man-made authorities and that one's ultimate authority should be oneself.

Hannah's book is 321 pgs., pbk., $12 postpaid.
Please order by check or money order from:
Frank Publishing, 1816 Springmill Road
Mansfield, OH 44903-8907
http://bookwire.bowker.com/bookinfo/title.aspx?20690

Grace Rare Tea
Free catalog: Award-winning, traditional, loose teas of unsurpassed cup quality. Since 1959.
Grace Tea Company, Ltd.
50 W. 17th St., NYC 10011 Tel/fax 212 255-2935
www.gracetea.com

hand woven belts

www.tailwags.com
a tail we could wag 866.726.WAGS

European Beret $10
100% Wool • One Size Fits All
Black, Navy, Brown, Red, Camel, Grey
Check or Credit Card w/Exp. Date.
Add $2 shipping per order
www.johnhelmer.com
John Helmer • Est. 1921 • (503) 223-4976
969 S.W. Broadway, Dept. T103 • Portland, OR 97205

TheArtifact™
www.theartifact.com
Art & Artifact Reproductions, est. 1997
Prehistoric, Egyptian, Greek, Asian...
888.965.0001 www.theartifact.com
Own a piece of History...Give a piece of History™

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He turns back to the window and then again looks at me. His eyes blaze with sudden joy. "Bill? Where have you been?"

I used to have an uncle named Bill, my father's younger brother.

"Around. You know."

"I'm worried about the grass out there."

On the way to the lobby Ms. Teschmaucher says that this deterioration will continue and I shouldn't let myself feel hurt by his inability to remember me. I don't feel hurt. He's the one who's having everything gradually peeled from him, his identity falling away, years dropping like skin being shed in preparation for a new spring. As I pull away from the building, I glimpse my father standing at his window, inspecting the grass, and I have a sudden vision of *Mu* claiming him, its bright void drawing him closer with the deftest and most sinister grasp, taking everything he ever was into its light.

It's a time when things are taken away.

A time when I find a brochure for Bridge Day among Erica's textbooks. Bridge Day is an annual gathering of BASE jumpers in Fayetteville, West Virginia. For one day in October BASE jumping is made legal off the New River Gorge Bridge.

She walks back into her room wearing a black tank top and jeans, her hair tied back and her cheeks slightly sunken. She's lost weight.

I brandish the advertisement. "You're not really going to do this, are you?"

She shrugs and starts picking things up, moving loose clothes around and stuffing them into drawers.

"Hey. You're not doing this, are you?"

She looks at me and plops on her bed, throwing an arm over her eyes. "I don't know. I was thinking about it."

"I thought we stopped all this. I thought we talked about it."

She keeps her arm over her eyes. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to," she says. Not changing position, with one hand she uses a remote control to turn on her stereo. The Pixies start playing too loud for conversation.

That night I toss and turn on my new, obscenely comfortable mattress. My thoughts center on a girl's body falling through space, on a chute that opens a split second too late to slow her fall. Her body breaks on rocks and stone, the canopy drifting delicately down upon her. People crowd around, and when that shroud is pulled away, the face I see is Mabel's. My stomach hurts, a cramping I haven't felt since I first went cold turkey, four years ago.

I sleep on the floor.

It's a time of transition, when the eyes of summer close and autumn begins. The I Ching says my dominant Yin is Earth over Fire, which means "Injury to the Enlightened." Confucius advises, "It will be beneficial to be steadfast and break through distress."

Because she asked me to, I pack Erica's chute in preparation for Bridge Day. Then I explain that we can't see each other anymore.

She gets angry. "What? Are you serious? Just because I won't do what you tell me?"

That's meant to goad me, but in my mind I am a perfect Blue Triangle, and my heart is the steady, slow lapping of waves on an inner shore. "Because I don't want to be there when you die."

"What? When I—" She raises her arms. "Nobody's *ever* died at a Bridge Day."

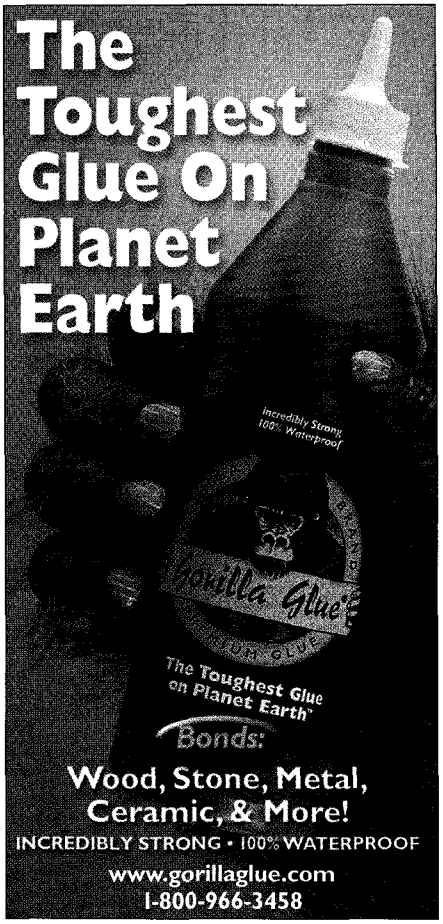
"That's not true. 1983 and 1987."

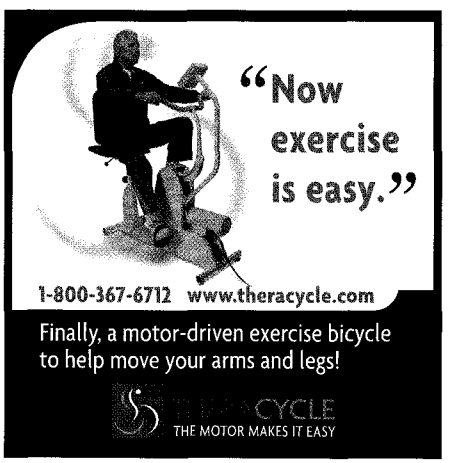
Erica puts her hands on her hips and stares with mock disgust. "Whatever. I'm not going to be, like, some mad BASE jumper. I mean, look who's talking. What's your problem?"

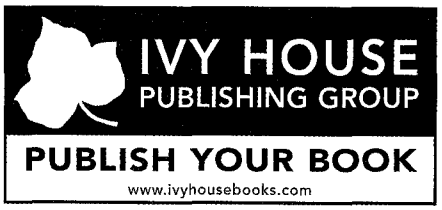
My Triangle holds. I am three lines of perfect order, beating with a cool sapphire glow. "I can't handle losing you," and what I'm thinking is, *I am so tired of everyone disappearing.*

"So, okay, wait." She sits on the bed and makes a tiny box with her hands. "To keep from losing me, you're breaking up with me?"

I don't expect her to understand the logic. She calls me a coward. She says that I'm the one who's afraid. I turn to leave, and she says I'm like an addict: I can't deal with life so I insulate myself with habit and ideas. She says I'm a

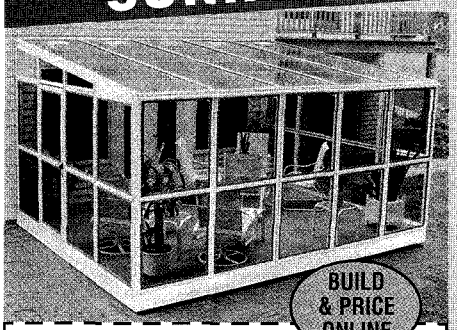






LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENERGY-SAVING
SUNPORCH® CONVERTIBLE
SUNROOM/SCREENROOM



READY TO ASSEMBLE
KIT MOUNTS ON DECKS,
PATIOS, OR LANDSCAPE TIES

Full Top-To-Bottom Wall Area Screens!

□ QWIK® window/screen change system □ Meets building codes for snow & wind loads □ Climate Control System □ No extras, comes complete □ Buy factory direct & save □ America's #1 value since 1974.

DOWNLOAD CATALOG & PRICES
www.sunporch.com (Web Code: ATL)

OR MAIL COUPON WITH $2.
FOR CATALOG & PRICES

SunPorch® Structures Inc.
P.O. Box 368, Dept. ATL
Westport, CT 06881-0368

☐ YES Enclosed please find $2. for Catalog & Prices.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

SunPorch® Structures Inc
P.O. Box 368, Dept. ATL
Westport, CT 06881-0368

SunPorch®

ANSWERS TO THE SEPTEMBER PUZZLER

M	O	N	K	J	A	I	L	L	O	B	O
U	R	G	E	O	N	N	E	A	T	E	N
S	A	G	A	C	I	T	Y	S	R	R	E
C	T	M	T	K	H	O	O	S	I	E	R
L	O	I	S	L	A	N	E	O	D	T	A
E	R	S	T	A	B	E	B	E	E	F	Y
B	Y	T	O	W	A	D	U	S	T	I	H
C	S	E	R	P	R	I	S	T	I	N	E
H	E	R	O	I	C	S	S	E	P	T	C
O	G	M	N	B	O	A	T	N	O	O	K
R	U	S	T	E	D	N	O	T	A	I	L
D	E	M	O	P	E	E	P	H	O	L	E

"Spoonerfest"

Spoonerized definitions are shown in italics after the corresponding clue notes.

Across. 1. JUNK + MAIL 6. BOLO (*beau low* homophone) 9. (s)URGE ON 10. N + EATEN; *do a chore at home* 11. SAGA + CITY 14. (w)HO + OSIER 15. LOIS LANE (anag.) 16. STAB (rev.); *stick with a dagger* 19. PHOEBE (*fee be* homophone) 21. TAE BO (anag.) 22. DUST (anag.); *kind of mop* 25. PR + IS + TINE 27. HEROICS (anag.); *high deeds* 28. N(OTEB)OOK (*to be* anag.) 29. R + USTED 30. TOENAIL (anag.) 31. ME(AD)OW 32. PEEPHOLE (anag.); *a spot to peek* *Down.* 1. MUS(CL)E 2. OR + A + TORY; *rousing declamation* 3. KEATS (hidden) 4. LOCKJAW (anag.) 5. INTO + NED 6. LASS(O)ES; *snares with loops* 7. B + ERE + T; *floppy cap* 8. RUNWAY (anag.) 12. TI + D(Æ)RIP 13. MISTER + M 17. T(OR)ONTO; *cold city* 18. BAR(COD)E 19. BUSS + TOP; *spot for Greyhounds* 20. T(INFO)IL (*lit* rev.) 21. KEY(BOA) + RD 23. HECK + LE; *pester with jeers* 24. SEGUE (hidden) 26. TENTH (hidden); *part of a whole*

Frankenstein of Eastern philosophy. I don't turn around, because I can't think of anything else to say.

What can you say to someone you love who won't abide her own fear?

I take to driving past Green Grove during the day, spotting my father sitting at his window, where he watches tree limbs rustle with squirrels. I don't often think of her.

One day my father isn't at his window. I look, make a U-turn, and pass by again, but in his place I see only a bright pane of glass that reflects the sun. I know he must be in a different part of Green Grove at the moment, yet I stop to stare, and in that window's flat, radiant square I feel I'm seeing my father, perhaps for the first time, with utter clarity.

I get my old schedule back at work.

I stand at the window when 3:00 A.M. comes, tightening my harness. Through the glass the woods are still and mysterious, stretching boundlessly into darkness, while on the other side of the arch a city beats brightly, steaming and vibrating with implied movement. I raise the scarf over my nose and lower the blue glass of my NVGs, and the world becomes a hazy impression of emerald specters. Now I tell myself that I don't straddle the dreams of my culture but stand within them.

I'm like the giant black bird perched on the moon, an idea existing between rumor and imagination, the shape you hope to see when you chance to look up after a late night.

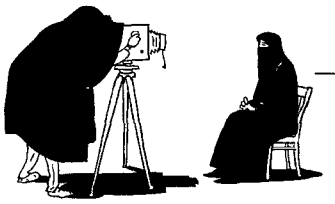
Now I'm like a myth, a UFO, a thunderbird, and this role carries its own concessions, its promise of ritual and reverence, while below, somewhere in the wilderness or in apartments across the river, with telescopes pointed out windows, people wait to see, ready to mold me into whatever they decide to believe I am. I raise the window and let my leg slip out. Wind caresses me. I clutch the pilot chute.

Now I am a ghost.

Banzai. A

Nicolas Pizzolatto is a Walton Fellow at the University of Arkansas, where he is completing a novel and a collection of stories.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



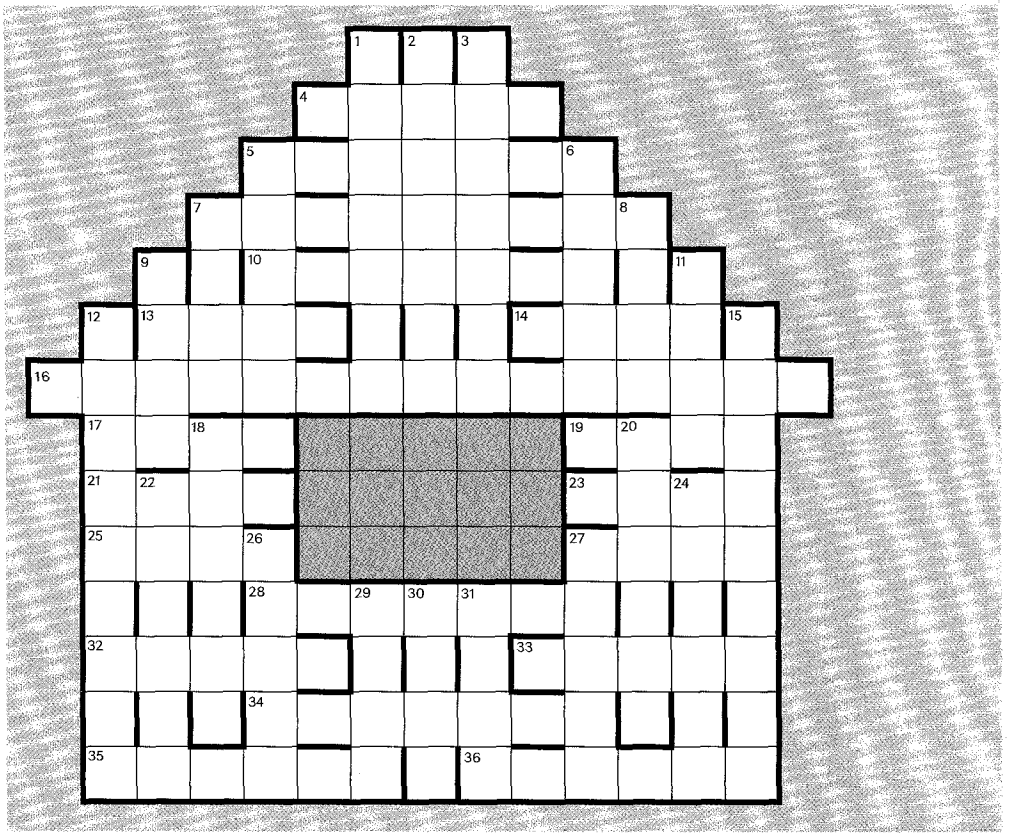
THE PUZZLER

by EMILY COX *and* HENRY RATHVON

Mystery Theater

Answers to fifteen of this puzzle's clues are one letter too long for their places in the grid. The appropriate "extras" from those answers, when transferred to the central "screen" in the order in which they are clued, will form our cryptic feature's title. The unclued two-word entry at 16 Across describes the film's "extras." Eight clue answers are capitalized, and 18 Down is a possibly unfamiliar word.

Last month's Puzzler solution is on page 158.



ACROSS

4. Writer of mystery essay and verse
5. The woman's going around with German spice cookies
7. For police protagonist, left essential vitamin
10. Fuel mixed in container for tuna
13. Part of Tuscany fit for viewing from the east
14. Shift worn by one freak
17. Charge material in a basket
19. Painter, on the other hand, in bed
21. Fabricated with kitchen equipment
23. Country club losing large article
25. In Norwegian, Ibsen's writing tips
27. Forced open vanity for audit
28. Minor lines about creature of the dark time just ahead (*hyph.*)
32. Sunny debut of Carole King
33. Capital loss disrupting enthusiasm
34. Vehicle is one involved in church disturbance
35. Holding pole, catch fish for polite society
36. Absolute ruler's point about unusual power

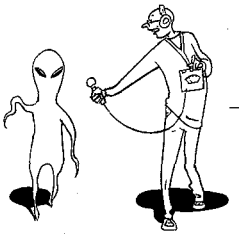
DOWN

1. Announced underground shelter for town
2. Painting an agent encountered on the way back
3. Pipe containing iron is not so long
5. Elf next to sideline
6. Seattle player tossing coins
7. Related to Liberal Democrat
8. Advanced time for fasting
9. Sweetheart heard what Cupid drew
11. Head of Orion brought back *Red River*
12. Howard gets into component of bubble gum record
15. Bad actors, bad show
18. Bar act hosted by Martin on TV
20. Mathematician eats nothing on the road
22. Olivia endlessly playing Anthony's second fiddle
24. European city, mostly fabulous place for composer
26. Consequently, fortify console
27. Sets length in part of a suit
29. Soundly beat heavyweight
30. Bring in vase for recital
31. Blank volume and document containing cipher

Note: *The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving visit www.theatlantic.com/issues/puzzclue.htm or send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 02114.*

The Atlantic Monthly (ISSN 1072-7825) is published monthly except for combined issues in January/February and July/August by The Atlantic Monthly Group, 77 N. Washington St., Boston, MA 02114 (617-854-7700). Periodicals postage paid at Boston, MA, Toronto, Ont., and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription queries: Atlantic Customer Care, Box 37585, Boone, IA 50037-0585 (or call 800-234-2411). Privacy: We make portions of our customer list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe you may enjoy. If you do not want to receive this information, please write to the Customer Care address above. Advertising (202-266-6000) and Circulation (202-266-7205): 600 New Hampshire Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20037. Subscriptions: one year $39.95 in the U.S. and poss.; add $8.00 in Canada, includes GST (123209926); add $15.00 elsewhere. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement 0261327. Back issues: send $7.50 per copy to The Atlantic, Back Issues, 1900 Industrial Park Dr., Federalsburg, MD 21632 (or call 410-754-8219). Vol. 292, No. 3, October 2003. Copyright © 2003, by The Atlantic Monthly Group. All rights reserved. Postmaster: Send address changes to Atlantic Address Change, Box 37585, Boone, IA 50037-0585.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Word Fugitives

by Barbara Wallraff

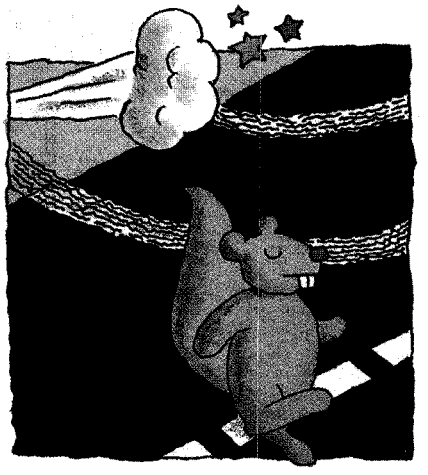
One of the fugitives sought in May was a word for a fear of running over squirrels, and, naturally, many readers took the *phobia* tack. For instance, Larry Neckar, of Blue River, Wisconsin, wrote, "I'm a rural mail carrier in a heavily wooded area and am no stranger to various critters (woodchucks, raccoons, squirrels, skunks, and rabbits) acting out their death wishes beneath the wheels of my car. I would call the fear of experiencing the thud, crunch, and sight of the writhing animal in my rearview mirror *flattenfaunaphobia*."

Mike O'Neil, of Sunnyvale, California, wrote, "I personally detest squirrels, as they have the vile habit of digging up my tiny garden." He was one of several readers to propose *roadentaphobia* or *roadentphobia*; Robert Pollock, of Roseburg, Oregon, offered up the more elaborate *dentarodentaphobia*.

Judith Ghoneim, of Charlotte, North Carolina, suggested the Latinate *sciuruscideaphobia*. It's true that the word *squirrel* came to us by way of Latin, but other correspondents kept in mind that it didn't originate there. Alex Mattera, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, wrote, "*Squirrel* comes from the combination of the Greek words for 'shadow' and 'tail'"—and just for the heck of it he wrote an acrostic poem in honor of squirrels. It begins "Shadow and tail, together the name, / Quiet as nightfall, quick as a flame." Uh, thanks.

Two readers submitted terms that they considered to be properly formed from the Greek. Thomas B. Lemann, of New Orleans, sent in *cataballoskiourophobia*, accompanied by supporting photocopies of the pages from a Greek/English dictionary containing "squirrel" and "run over, knock down." Lena Patsidou, of Houston, submitted *skiouroktonophobia*, though she added, "The only places you would see squirrels in Greece are American movies and zoos!" When I consulted Samantha Schad, Ph.D., who is responsible for the classical component of etymologies in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, about these two coinages, she cautioned, "Obviously it is difficult to have a native speaker's feel for these things," but she went on to say that *skiouroktonophobia* seems likelier to fit the patterns of word formation "that one might expect in Greek."

Beth Kressel, of Highland Park, New Jersey, suggested *squerrulousness*, and John Ramos, of Duluth, Minnesota, *squittishness*. We're getting there! Top honors go to John Strasius, of Chicago, for his right-on-target coinage *swervousness*.



The other May fugitive was a word for realizing, when saying something to your child, that you sound like one of your parents. Alas, the great majority of respondents lost track of the fact that the word being sought was for the realization, rather than for just sounding like one's parent. Maybe the latter is the lexical gap that truly needs filling? Among the ideas submitted, some were gender-specific: Beth A. Norris, of Olathe, Kansas, wrote, "After having my first child, I quickly realized I had experienced a *mamamorphosis*—I had turned into my mother." Elizabeth Norton, of Columbus, Ohio, suggested the subtle *mnemomic*. A father-related coinage submitted by many people was *patterfamilias*; Graham Arnold, of Harbor City, California, suggested *vox pop*.

Other suggestions included *nagatavism*, from Jean-Phillipe Wispelaere, of Beaumont, Texas; *parentriloquism*, from Mike Reiss, of Los Angeles; and *onomatoparentia*, from Elliot Kriegsman, of New York City.

To earn more than mention on this page, however, you've got to supply the word that was requested. Several readers suggested *parentnoia* or variations on that theme. And a number of readers suggested twists on *déjà vu*—for instance, Kevin McGee, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, with *déjà vous*, and Matt Haugh, of Salem, Oregon, with *theyja you*. Taking top honors for the earliest submission of the best twist is Randy Miller, of Washington, D.C., for *déjà vieux*.

Now Michael J. Connelly, of New York City, seeks "a word for a situation in which you refuse to accept that the occurrence of two events is merely coincidental but there is no evidence to link them together."

And Phil Miller, of Denver, writes, "What do you call the phenomenon wherein a mechanical or electronic device, having gone on the blink, resumes working perfectly while the repair person examines it, and then goes kaput again once you're out of reach of the person who can repair it?"

Send words that meet Michael Connelly's or Phil Miller's needs to Word Fugitives, The Atlantic Monthly, *77 North Washington Street, Boston, MA 02114, or visit the Word Fugitives page on our Web site, at www.theatlantic.com/fugitives. Submissions must be received by October 31. Use the same addresses to submit word fugitives that you'd like* The Atlantic *to help in finding. Letters become the property of Word Fugitives and may be edited.*

Readers whose queries are published and those whose words are singled out for top honors will each receive, with our thanks, a selection of recent autographed books by Atlantic *authors. The next installment's correspondents will be sent* The Language Police, *by Diane Ravitch;* The Boy Who Loved Windows, *by Patricia Stacey; and* Monster of God, *by David Quammen.*

MARC ROSENTHAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE.

LIVE IT THAT WAY."

L.L.Bean EDITION

SUBARU OUTBACK® L.L.BEAN® EDITION

The Symmetrical All-Wheel Drive System inside the Outback L.L.Bean Edition can take you to the ends of the earth. Its 6-cylinder, 212-horsepower engine is powerful enough to conquer most terrain. And with features like OnStar,® you're equipped for any adventure. It's just what you'd expect from two outdoor experts. **1-800-WANT-AWD.**

The ABC's of Safety: Air bags. Buckle up. Children in backseat.
One-year OnStar safe and sound service included. Call 1-800-OnStar7 for system limitations and details.

SUBARU
DRIVEN BY WHAT'S INSIDE™

subaru.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOCIAL SECURITY IS IN QUESTION.

PERSONAL SECURITY DOESN'T HAVE TO BE.

Uncertain times call for financial stability. The AIG companies are part of an organization with over $600 billion in assets, 80 years of experience and 40 million customers. We can help you ensure a secure financial future.

Insurance | Loans | Retirement

AIG

WE KNOW MONEY.

Insurance and financial services provided by member companies of American International Group, Inc., 70 Pine St., New York, NY 10270. Consolidated assets from General Insurance, Life Insurance, Financial Services, and Retirement Savings & Asset Management operations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED